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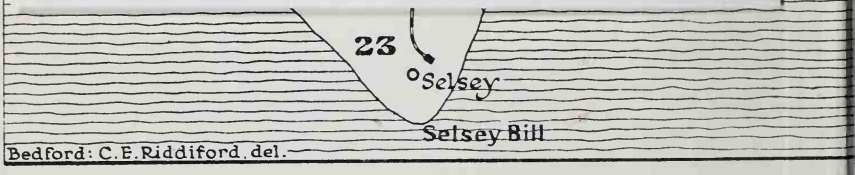

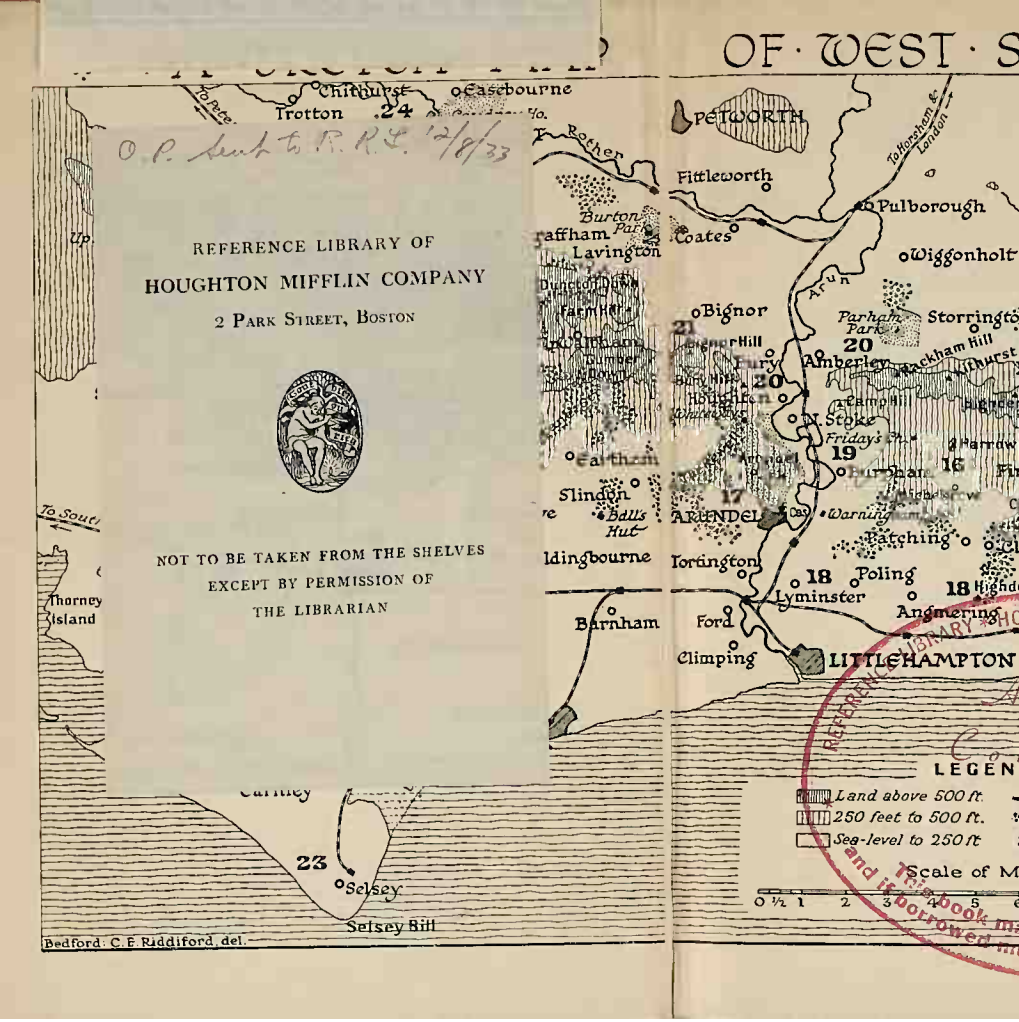

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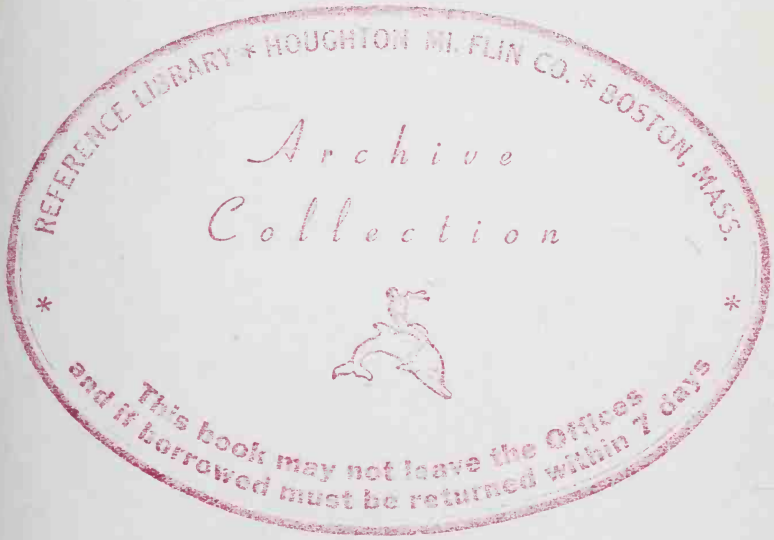
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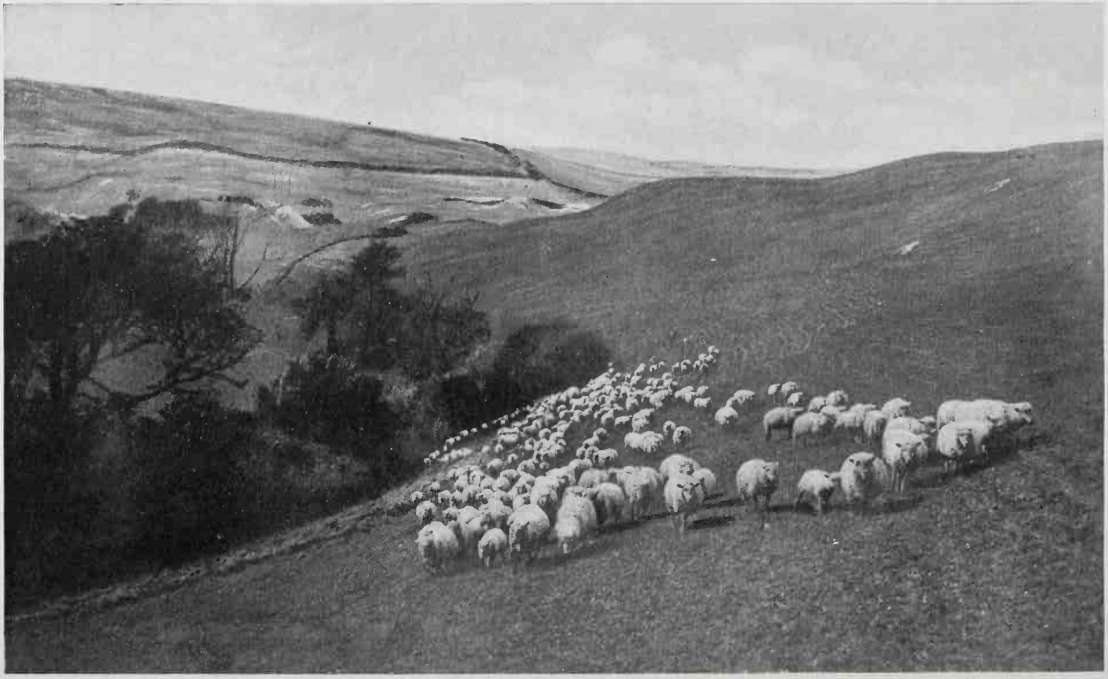

THE DOWNS, WANNOCK

DOWNLAND PATHWAYS

BY

A. HADRIAN ALLCROFT

AUTHOR OF "EARTHWORK OF ENGLAND"

WITH A PREFACE BY

E. V. LUCAS

WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A MAP

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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PREFACE

I have found the proofs of this book fascinating reading, for two reasons. The first is the straightforward natural one that Mr. Allcroft is a very good writer who rejoices in his subject; and the other is that he has taken me over so much old ground, familiar and beloved, and thus has revived many impressions and memories: so that almost again could I smell the thyme on the south-west wind.

Mr. Allcroft begins with Lewes, and Lewes not only has ancestral associations for me but I chanced for some years to occupy an old house under Kingston Hill, just outside the town—a house, as I discovered after I had taken it, in which two celebrants of Sussex had lived before me: William Durrant Cooper (1812–1875) the antiquary, and one of the most learned members of the Sussex Archæological Society; and Louis J. Jennings (1836–1893) who at Kingston Manor dated the preface to that enkindling work—a forerunner of the present book in enthusiasm and sensitiveness to natural beauty—*Field Paths and Green Lanes* (1877) which must have brought to many people the first tidings of the Promised Land of Sussex and of the Delectable Mountains which we call the Downs. Mr. Jennings, although of Norfolk descent, was American in spirit, and a New York editor, and it is not often that a visitor from overseas has the chance to be so ingratiating a pioneer. Thus, as an old resident of Kingston, I was hit in the right place directly I opened Mr. Allcroft's book; and any doubt that I might have had as to the sympathetic nature of him as a connoisseur and observer was removed when I came to his description of the

eerieness of Balsdean, that remote and solitary homestead in the hills between Kingston and Rottingdean—for Balsdean always struck me as sinister too. I once took Maurice Hewlett, who had a fine taste in country and an instant gift for epithet, past this gloomy spot, and he remarked in his incisive way that if the cud of melancholy had to be chewed anywhere, Balsdean was the place to chew it.

Sussex, of late years, has been much in the reader's eye. For too long a time the imaginative writers ignored her, with the exception of William Black, who, living in Brighton, found that town useful. The rest went farther afield for their romantic backgrounds. Whether or not the Cornishmen recently rose in their wrath and said they had had enough of it—and you know what Trelawny's men can do—or for some other reason, Sussex suddenly was discovered and the scenes of most of the new novels seem to have been laid there ever since. The raptures of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Belloc may have had something to do with it, and also the sincerity and eloquence of the late W. H. Hudson; the fact remains that Sussex is at the moment the most popular county in literature as well as among lovers of scenery, and the present book should enormously increase that vogue.

It is a mystery to me why the lure of the South Downs was so long in asserting itself, when one remembers that more than a century ago Turner was making lovely water-colours of the district from Rose Hill to the sea, to be followed by the sunlit combes and deans of Copley Fielding and the romantic misty uplands of H. G. Hine. How could anyone see these pictures—and all, I take it, were from time to time on view—and have no impulse to explore such beauty? But, of course, the Southern Railway was not then the enterprising system it is to-day.

To me the continually astonishing thing about Mr. Allcroft is that he knows so much. Many a man can describe his immediate home surroundings, but Mr. Allcroft

writes as though he had lived for a year or so in a house, or (like the friend he speaks of) in a windmill, every few yards along the whole range. For only thus can one really become familiar with a county. And not always then! My own home was within three or four miles of Buckland Bank, for example, but the first news that has reached me of the wonders of that Roman relic is in Mr. Allcroft's pages; and I have been scores of times to Iford, a neighbouring village near Kingston, without ever supposing that its name had no reference to the river close by. But it turns out (of course) to have nothing to do with a ford at all. I say of course, for that is one of Mr. Allcroft's recurring lessons to us: never to accept face value in Sussex names.

It is not within my purview as the very unnecessary introducer of this admirable book to be annotative too; but Mr. Allcroft in the abundance of his own erudition assumes so much knowledge in the reader that he is sometimes in danger of losing by being too cryptic. I risk the charge of officiousness by coming to the aid of the possibly perplexed, and explaining that the passage on page 174 about Washington ale refers to the book by Mr. Hilaire Belloc entitled *The Four Men,* which is in part a eulogy of Sussex and which contains one of the most beautiful Sussex lyrics ever written—*Duncton Hill*—beginning:—

> He does not die that can bequeath
> Some influence to the land he loves.

Again, there may be outlaws—that is to say, benighted persons who belong to other counties—who will fail to grasp the true inwardness of the phrase on page 246: "*Tupper Redintegravit.*" The explanation is that the floors of the Roman villa at Bignor were laid bare by the plough of a yeoman named Tupper who then farmed the land.

But I hate to interpose longer between the reader and the real thing. Mr. Allcroft should be found by strangers to be an irresistible Sussex advocate; while those who think they already know the South Downs will quickly realize their error. Both classes are to be envied.

E. V. LUCAS

January, 1924

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"What sign of them that fought and died
By shift of sword and sword?
The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunlight and the sward."

—RUDYARD KIPLING

DOWNLAND PATHWAYS

I. LEWES

LEWES is a "city which is built upon an hill." True, its skirts have spread somewhat in the past hundred years or so, insomuch that it now extends over most of the low grounds that encompass three sides of its hill, but the hill is still there, a mile-long tongue of high ground thrust out from the general mass of the westward Downs towards Mount Caburn. South of this and parallel therewith is just such another, but much less elevated, tongue whereon is built the suburb of Southover, at one period a separate entity and even a Hundred in its own right. Between the two runs the shrunken stream of the Winterbourne to join the Ouse, and the Ouse divides them both from the great insulated mass of chalk hills beyond, collectively known as Mount Caburn. Southward beyond Southover lies the wide and winding valley that reaches to Newhaven, eastward opens another that reaches as far as Pevensey, and northward stretches the weald into a blue-green infinity of foliage and distance. Northwards there are trees everywhere ; southward there is scarce one to be seen—nothing but a vast chequer-work of green "brooks" and varicoloured arables embroidered upon a canvas stretched between a frame of the Eternal Hills. Very respectable hills too, for if Lewes itself soars little higher than some 100 feet at most, Caburn is all but 500 feet, Kingston Hill to the south-west is 600 feet, and far off to the south-east, couched like a sphinx and looking out with the impassivity of a sphinx over the dwarfed impertinence of embattled Caburn, Firle Beacon towers

to 718 feet. Gilbert White, who used to ride through Lewes *en route* to certain friends in Ringmer, speaks of the town as ringed by "an amphitheatre of mountains"; whereat the modern Alp-trotter makes great scoff. But White knew what he was talking about. The "amphitheatre" part of the phrase is correct enough for any but a pedant, and as for the "mountains"—haply he rode through in the early dawn of a summer day when out of the mists that cover the "brooks" rise the several hills magnified into veritable mountains. Even when the mists have fled, these hills are real hills: springing from meadows that lie at all but sea-level they show to full benefit their every foot of stature. And, after all, by what foolish convention does a hill begin to be a mountain at 1,000 feet only? Britain has a thousand hills of that altitude which are less impressive than is Firle or even Caburn. So with Lewes hill itself. Its 100-feet altitude is to be laughed at—in a book. You feel otherwise when you see it with its great grey keep still mounting guard over the red roofs of the town—much otherwise when you come to climb the hill on a hot day of summer. For the hill is very steep, and Lewes is very hot in summer.

The Name of Lewes

Lewes is *Hlaewes*, "the hills." The makers of books, with whom it is an axiom that the obvious must be wrong, have tortured themselves and the speech of man to show that the name is Celtic, or at least French: they have distilled it out of *l'eau*, angled for it in Ouse, and found a brother of it in Hebridean Lewis. "Vain wisdom all and false philosophy."

Hlaewes is a plural form of *hlaw*, and *hlaw*, the modern *low* or *law*, was honest Saxon for a hill, sometimes a natural hill, but more frequently—at least in South Britain—a grave-hill, a barrow. When Lewes first received its name as likely as not it meant "grave-hills." There was one at least beneath what is now the Brack Mount; there are many, some of remarkable forms, and amongst them not

a few "discs," the latest type in barrow-evolution, as one goes up the Down towards the Race-course. It is only right to add that this explanation does not satisfy the philologists, who wish to know why the initial *h* should be dropped so early. Sussex has been dropping its *h*'s for so many centuries that a hundred years more or less is of no account. Lewes probably took its name from a great barrow-field.

The makers of books have further declared that there was a town here in Roman times; nay, they know its very name, Mutuantonis. The Ravenna Geographer is the sole evidence that there was ever a place of that name; that it stood here, or indeed where it stood at all, there is no evidence whatever. There is no scrap of proof of any Roman occupation here; on the other hand, there is indisputable evidence that great Roman roads ran past it to north and south, and both avoided it; whence one infers that they came not into Lewes, because there was as yet no town to call for them. There was a Romano-British town on Buckland Bank, three miles to the west. There were Romano-British burials nearer still in Cuckoo Bottom, about which is looped the Race-course. There were yet others—many of them—eastward towards Mount Caburn. But in Lewes itself there is as yet no record of anything Roman beyond a few stray coins, which prove nothing.

King Athelstan's Burh of Lewes

The oldest bit of Lewes would seem to be the remnants of a square entrenchment which once girt what is now the churchyard of St. John-under-the-Castle. A hundred years ago it was still intact. Some half-century ago the best of it was removed to make room for a terrace of modern houses, the builder whereof caused to be set in the wall of them the legend that they stand on the site of a Roman fosse. It was a fosse, but there is no proof—nor any likelihood—that it was Roman. The fosse, and its attendant vallum, ran east and west across the neck of a little two-acre platform of chalk that stands out

bastion-wise from the Castle Hill, jutting north into the flat meadows beyond which, on its own foothill, stands South Malling. The latter place is older than is Lewes, if there be truth in the tradition that its church was founded by Ceadwalla, King of Wessex, who died in 688; and even if the truth were that its foundation was due to Aldwulf, a prince of Sussex about 765, it is still older than Lewes by some 150 years. As a matter of fact, Aldwulf merely granted new and large endowments to a house which had existed some long time before, for he speaks of it as "founded by the religious zeal of old." The church, rebuilt by John Evelyn's grandfather, is still there, and it stands within a garth which was a perfect circle until perhaps a century ago. Even now it is all but circular, albeit, to judge from its crowded state, it must soon be enlarged and therefore spoilt. As the Celt affected circular churchyards, it would seem that there is something in the story of its ancient origin, for although he became King of Wessex, Ceadwalla bears a Celtic name.

When South Malling was founded it stood on the edge of a tidal estuary that filled all the hollow between it and the Castle Hill. The river—what was its name no man knows; it was not Ouse, but commonly the "River of Lewes"—was then unembanked and the Winterbourne Valley, now covered with houses, fields, and gardens, was an inlet of the estuary, drowned by every tide, and measuring at its mouth a good 300 yards across. Twice a day it was deep water and impassable to anything but boats for a whole mile's length. The first negotiable ford was where it is still marked on the Ordnance Map, at the foot of Winterbourne Hollow and Bell Lane. From that ford came an ancient road which was the main avenue of access to old Lewes and is still a thoroughfare, though fallen so far behind modern standards as long ago to have gained the disparaging name of Rotten (*i.e.* Rats') Row. Lewes Hill was insulated on three sides by the waters, and so also was the companion peninsula of Southover.

On that bastion of chalk aforesaid did some Saxon king not later than Athelstan (925–945) cause to be built a *burh* to safeguard the waterway against the Dane, and the remnants of that fortification—it was four-square because the bastion took that form—are the so-called Roman Camp. It was an admirable site for the purpose. Fifty feet above the "brooks" below, and falling sheer thereto on three sides, the provision of a vallum and fosse across the neck to the south made it a formidable fastness; while the tidal waters, which then washed its very feet, provided secure anchorage for the fleet of twenty sail which the *burh* was ordered to maintain. Ships and *burh* were alike screened from the eye of any foe approaching from the south. There to this day are the artificial ponds called the Pells, once perhaps part of the actual harbour of the Saxon fleet, and within the *enceinte* of the *burh* was the first church of Lewes—the Church of St. John. A tiny rectangular building, with the old wooden outside shutters to its narrow windows, it was abandoned in 1846 and destroyed. The new church of that name occupies a somewhat different site, and has a character which effectually disguises the antiquity of its origin, but there are scraps of older time inset into its fearful "Churchwarden" fabric—an old grave-slab or so, and the stones of an arch, supposed to have once belonged to the cell of an anchorite named Magnus or Mangnus. But of the old *burh* and of any town that nestled within it all is gone. The many dead have inherited it, and it is now a graveyard only.

If Lewes outgrew those narrow limits at all before the Norman Conquest, it spread south and south-east over the steep hillside, along what is now called Market Street. There is little evidence that it did so until a later date.

The First Castle of Lewes

In the year of grace 1066 did William de Warenne, son-in-law of the Conqueror, receive grant of the Castellany of this region, with its consequent responsibility of safeguarding the same by land and water.

Besides the river there were two chief thoroughfares, both Roman, to be watched: the one came from Streat—Estrat of *Domesday Book*—past the ancient church of Hamsey—the "Ham of the Lords of Saye"—to ford the Ouse at a point one and a half miles in direct line from Lewes; the other and nearer came from the south-west all the length of the peninsula of Southover to cross the river at its eastern end. Like a sensible man, de Warenne elected to make his head-quarters by the latter, and he built his castle beside it. It was just such a castle as most of his companions from Normandy were content with—a mere mound of earth surmounted by a timber *bretasche*. The *bretasche* has gone—it went indeed perhaps ere William de Warenne was dead—but the mound abides, and Lewes knows it as the "Calvary," believing it to perpetuate the piety of the sometime monks of St. Pancras Priory. Possibly they may have so made use of it, but assuredly they did not build it. This fancy, the guess of a century ago, has become gospel to most of Lewes. There are indeed a few that prefer to believe it but the upcast left from the making of the railway-cutting at its foot. Well, one R. Budgen, made an excellent map of Sussex in 1724, more than a century ere the cutting was constructed, and on his map is inset a view of Lewes, the "Calvary" looming large in the foreground.

In de Warenne's day Southover had no existence; there was indeed no village at all upon the peninsula, which was so begirt by the waters of Winterbourne and Ouse that men knew it as the "Island" of Laques, a good Saxon same which signifies "the Waters." The Saxon commonly called an "island" what we style a peninsula. Wherefore the Earl was known near home as Lord of the Castle of Laques, albeit further afield—in Norfolk for example, where he came presently to have great lands—men called him Lord of Lewes. Most men had heard of Lewes; of Laques few had heard.

Here in his wooden turret did the Earl live for some

twenty odd years, and when he first went into residence he had the place all to himself—no small consideration in those early days when as yet one could not foresee how nasty those dour Saxons might prove to be. Hence did he and his Countess Gundrada set out in 1077 for Rome, when, chancing to break their journey at Cluny, they were moved to offer to the Abbey a modest endowment beneath their castle's walls. For William de Warenne was a pious man. When first he came to Laques he had found there, by the road near the ford, a shabby little wooden church dedicated to St. Pancras, and rebuilding it in stone, had forthwith made it the Chapel of his Castellany. That was ten years earlier. Things were settling down in England now and de Warenne was waxing rich. He would found a monastery there for the good of his soul and of Gundrada's. And so it was, and so began the great house of St. Pancras of Lewes. It was not really in Lewes, any more than was the Earl's castle, but the name was more familiar than was as yet that of Laques. Later the monks, jealous of their own, insisted on calling themselves de Laquis, whereof came trouble ; for yet later monks, unable to make grammar of de Laquis, surmised that it might represent de Latis Aquis, and in the end even wrote it so. But the surmise, if ingenious, was wrong, for the supposed contracted de Laquis is the older form.

His piety was de Warenne's undoing. The monks grew to be tiresome neighbours ; indeed, they were too close—sitting on the doorstep, so to say, and always asking for something. He gave them this and that—lands and a house at Falmer, large lands at Swanboro', a rabbit warren on the Ryes ; but still they wanted more. He capitulated at last. He gave to them out of hand the island of Laques and all that was therein, having meanwhile reared for himself a new castle on Lewes Hill, at a safe distance across the waters of Winterbourne. Thither he moved in 1087 or so, and there within a year he died. Of this

The Second Castle

second castle there yet remains again only the mound—the Brack Mount so called, right on the brow of the slope above the old *burh*. Here lived other de Warennes for a century or more, still keeping watch from their eyrie over road and river, until grown again too big for his dwelling yet another of the name made further alterations. He dismantled the Brack Mount, built a new *motte* and a new keep thereon—all in good stone this time—farther to the west overlooking the town's only approach by Rotten Row, and enclosed all the intervening hill-top with one huge oval curtain. Either at the same date, or possibly a little later, was built the town wall, the new castle's wall forming as usual parcel of its *enceinte*. The town wall ran down the south slope of the hill by way of Keere Street to the edge of the Winterbourne's waters, and thence along them eastwards and northwards, and so round to the old *burh*, enclosing in all a kidney-shaped area of some 70 acres. There was a gate in the south wall facing across the Winterbourne to Laques on its south shore; and so men grew to speak of Laques as the South Shore, Suthnore, Southover. The older term of "The Island" still survived, however. It actually survives to this day, in the name of a block of houses exactly opposite to the Water-gate of Lewes. People who took boat at the Water-gate would ask to be put across to "The Island," and the houses which grew up round the landing-place came to be called "The Island." Another gate in the east wall opened upon the Ouse, where at some time before 1264 was built a bridge of timber.

This brief outline of the history of Lewes is not in accordance with tradition, and there are those who will therefore condemn it as baseless fiction, such part of it especially as concerns the "Calvary Mount" and the name of Laques. Nevertheless, it is the sum of the present writer's mature conviction, the outcome of some little thinking and not a little research; and did space allow it

Ad Lectorem

the patient reader might have his fill of argument about it and about. As it is, writer and reader are alike free to exercise their own intelligence upon a point of opinion, secure that Lewes will not roast them upon School Hill, as once it roasted fourteen others, "for thinking in archæology otherwise than did the Franciscans and Dominicans." Nor is this the only matter in which the reader will be invited to consider a new view-point: what excuse is there for a new book—for a new book about Sussex withal—in these later days, save that it has something new to offer? And if the shock of such novelty be so great as to stir here and there a one to further investigation, the writer may sleep content beneath his narrow *Vixi*.

The Fight of 1264

In 1264 was fought the great fight of Lewes between de Montfort and King Henry III. The King, careful man, made his head-quarters with the good monks of St. Pancras, leaving his son Richard, Duke of Cornwall and King of the Romans, to look after the fighting. De Montfort with his Londoners stole a march on Richard: they came by way of Fletching, and by a day-and-night march gained the crest of the high Downs two or three miles to the north-west. There is a hill-top there still called Mount Harry, where they say the fight began. The Londoners swept the King's men down the hill back upon Lewes, rounded up Richard in a windmill, and hurrying on, rushed the old ford on the Winterbourne and so found their way into Southover and to the gates of the Monastery. A few of the King's knights took horse and rode by the back door along the old Roman road eastward to Pevensey. The King surrendered, and so was won the first English parliament.

There is a public-house to-day where stood the windmill. Near-by is the shell of another and far later mill, sometime the treadmill of H.M. prison adjoining. On Mount Harry you may see barrows where are buried—so they say—some of the many dead. Further west still are certain

vague lines of fosse and vallum which probably have nothing to do with the fight, and also a great cross cut in the turf of the hill-side overlooking the weald. It is a Greek cross, the arms 45 feet long, and overgrown as it is by the turf of centuries, it can be seen only by those who know where to look for it, and only in certain lights. It is nearly opposite to the Half-Moon Inn at Plumpton. The cross was cut—so they say—in memory of the slain. The name of Mount Harry, you are told, commemorates the defeat of King Henry. It may be so, but it is scarcely usual to name a stricken field after the vanquished. In West Sussex, near Arundel, is a Harrow Hill, and both names may very well come from the same Anglo-Saxon word which means a "holy place." It reappears in Harrow-on-the-Hill.

As high road, lane or footpath, the whole circuit of the once great castle of Lewes is still a public right-of-way, and there is a beautiful look out from the north platform over the valley below and across the Wallands to the Weald and the distance of Ashdown Forest. Even more striking is the view in the reverse direction, looking up from the valley to the castle wall, in late evening of winter especially, when the yellow lamps contrast with the blue-black shadows of the steep hill-side. As for the fine fourteenth-century Barbican, it is familiar to every one. Here, and in the ruined keep, are stored some few of the possessions of the Sussex Archæological Society, the bulk of which are now in the handsome old red brick Barbican House. You should climb the keep for the sake of the wonderful outlook in all directions.

The name of Wallands is of doubtful origin. Possibly it refers to the recorded fact that here stood once a walled enclosure of some sort—walled, *bien entendu*, with earth only. It seems to be wholly vanished now and it is idle to speculate about the origin of it.

Southover grew into being around de Warenne's Priory, which boasted the finest church in southern England; and

the parish Church of St. John, with its good old brick tower, was begun by the monks in the twelfth century. It stands beside the Roman road, now the High Street, and within it under the original grave-slab of Gundrada lie the remains of the Countess and her Earl. Their first resting place was by the high altar of the Priory Church, and there they still slept under the ruins of the great fane when John Portinari gaily razed its architectural glories. Years afterwards (1845), in the course of building the railway to Brighton, the navvies disinterred them both. The grave-slab had wandered meanwhile as far as Isfield, five miles away. It was reclaimed and restored to its proper purpose, in a little side-chapel built off the south aisle of St. John's for its reception. The architect believed he was building a suitable Norman mortuary chapel. When will architects learn that there is no building Norman work by compass and foot-rule and saw? It must be done by rule of thumb, by eye, and with axe and chisel only.

The Priory of St. Pancras

Of the Priory itself remain little but unrecognizable fragments of rough flint walling, some moulded stonework, and an arch by the Church of St. John; but they form a charming setting for the smooth lawns of the tennis and croquet clubs. You can see where were the fish-ponds and the mill, and tradition remembers where used to stand the great cruciform pigeon-house. There is the "Calvary" too, and the cricket-field—the Dripping Pan—has been levelled out of what was once part of the monastery gardens. Southward it is all green meadows, save where the Ryes break the level. The Ryes—there are two of them, and the nearer is the bigger—are two natural Brobdingnagian molehills. The name—common in Sussex—would seem to describe their form. One meets it again in Rye at the farthest east of the county, the little red town clustered on its isolated molehill in Romney Marsh.

Walking west along Southover's High Street, you will pass one or two charming bits of old English building—the "Pillar House," once the property of Anne of Cleves, and another "bit" at the corner of Potter's Lane. There is a third house, on the other side of the road, which is said to embody still the original "roof-tree." Near the end of the street on your right hand is Bell Lane, dropping to the Ford, and a few steps further on the road divides. The main route swings south down the valley to Newhaven. The other, the narrow, ill-paved lane going straight on, is the original Roman road, which runs in a right line along Ashcombe Ridge to Kingston Hill, and thence over the Down to Brighton and Portslade. Before the railway obliterated it, there was another roadway to the right which dropped down the slope into the valley of the Winterbourne some 500 yards above the Ford. You may pick it up in the shape of a perfectly graded terrace at the nearer end of the meadow called the Folly, and see where Rotten Row ran into it. Thence it is traceable more or less clearly all the way to the Round House, the old toll-bar on the high road to Brighton at the gate of Ashcombe House. The first piece of outlying real property which William de Warenne gave the monks of St. Pancras was at Falmer and Borgemere—they spell it Balmer now, by assimilation to Falmer—and this road was their means of getting to it. It is all Roman work. By the same route men made their way thus far towards Falmer, diverging thereafter along a track which followed the old Winterbourne Hollow under the flank of Long Hill past the Newmarket Inn. As Lewes expanded it gradually crept west along the hill outside the West-Port by the way of St. Anne's, and there grew into being another track which, passing behind the prison, followed the flank of Race Hill across Houndsdene to the Round House and there fell into the older route. You may see part of its course in the deep holloway which forms the south-east boundary of Ashcombe. The

Roman Roads

present road to Brighton was built only about 1800, when the erstwhile fishing-village was become a fashionable resort.

Finally there was a track which left the town by the north-west and crossing the valley went over the Wallands to the crest of the Down, seeking the immemorial greenway on the ridge, the age-long thoroughfare from east to west. This track can have grown up only when Lewes had become a reality. In earlier times those who used the greenway dropped down to the northern Roman ford at Hamsey, and so passed south-east by Glynde to the high ground behind Firle on their way to Eastbourne, as in later times they came down more directly to Landport Farm, where there was—and is—a ford leading to South Malling, and thence right up to the roof of Caburn and down again to Glynde.

The Roman ford at Hamsey is still practicable, but that at the extremity of the Insula de Laques is no more. Apparently the railway bridge at Southerham has been built along and on it. It would be a guarantee of a solid bed, and there seems to be a similar case of appropriation where the railway north of Steyning crosses the marsh of the Adur by Stretham Bridge to Henfield.

There are several graded terrace-ways along the north face of the Downs between Mount Harry and the Ouse.

Isfield

One at least is modern, the Novington Borstal, and the man is yet alive who made it. The others are as yet undated: they may be Roman; some of them must be so, leading down to a road which, heading in the usual north-north-east direction, passed through the fields just east of Balneath Manor, where it is still to be seen and where Roman bricks are to be picked up. There was another ancient road—possibly Roman—going rather more to the east through the woods of Spithurst to the Ouse and across by Isfield Church. The church is aligned to the road, and is therefore a goodly

number of degrees out of true orientation. It must be visited for the sake of the Shurley Chapel with its crowd of marble sons and daughters, of all sizes, kneeling about the splendid figures of their parents; but to reach it you must go round about, for the old road is a thoroughfare no longer. You cannot pass the river now by this route even at a price, but once there must have been a regular toll, for the wood next west of the crossing bears the name of Paygate Wood. A few yards past the church is Isfield Place, a wonderful jumble of modern and mediaeval. Parts of its quadrangular wall yet remain—warm red Tudor brickwork with its turrets. These are the later-day representatives of a far older residence which lay in the green meadow south-west of the church, where you may still see the vast moats that girdle a sort of dwarfed *motte*, themselves in turn girt by the river, which sweeps round in more than half a circle and makes the position one of immense strength. The plan and details are all peculiar, and seem to speak of the transition from the dry-fossed *motte* proper of the Norman time to the wet-moated fashion of the Chaucerian epoch. There was, however, perhaps a homestead here in days even earlier, for it was the property of Earl Godwin. In what sort of mansion dwelt such as he we know from the Bayeux Tapestry's picture of Harold's "palace" at Bosham.

This road by Isfield, projected, would come to Framfield, where it probably fell into a bigger Roman road running right on to Canterbury. At any rate, Framfield was a "peculiar" of the Archibishop of Canterbury. He had indeed a line of "peculiars" reaching as far as Ringmer and South Malling, and he must have had a road whereby to reach them.

The Ouse Valley

The southward road down the valley was never very attractive, but there are footpaths for the wise, whereby the distance is shortened and the beauty magnified. You will come to Swanboro', a delightful old house with stone-arched

doorways and panelled walls. It represents the homestead of a 400-acre estate which William de Warenne gave to his monks, and was for centuries their grange. But it represents something far older—a Saxon vill of such importance as to have given to a Hundred the name which it itself borrowed from the fine hill that overhangs it ; so important too that here Alfred's brother, then King of Wessex, convened his Witan, and with his more famous brother executed his last will and testament. The vill is wholly vanished under the arables of centuries, but you may pick up from the fields bits of every culture from Saxon back to the Age of Stone, you may see a fine valley-entrenchment folded as usual in a sheltered combe, and climbing the hill you may walk through a barrow-field of age yet undetermined.

Following the ridge still to the southward you look down upon the so-called villages of the valley—villages no longer, for undivided ownership has killed out all the competition without which is no life. Iford has a gem of a late Norman Church which few people visit. It is the mother church of Kingston, once a manor of Alfred, and for that matter the mother church of St. Pancras and Southover too, for the parishes of Southover and Kingston were successively carved out of the huge area of 4,320 acres which Iford boasted when *Domesday Book* was made. It was in fact then, with one exception, the largest manor in the county. Also it was so far an estuarine place as to pay its yearly tribute to St. Pancras Priory in the form of so many thousand herrings. Lastly, it had two mills in 1086 : one was the castle mill in Southover ; the other was perhaps on the Cockshut Stream in Kingston. The name of the Cockshut tells a tale of changes. It is doubtful whether man ever sees a woodcock on it now. They have vanished even more completely than has the stream, and that is almost wholly gone.

The makers of books have tried to use the name of Iford as evidence that there was here a Roman ford, and therefore

a Roman road. But Iford is a corruption of Niworde—so it was written in *Domesday*—that is, the "New Worth," and owes nothing to any ford at all. This Saxon suffix *worth*, which meant merely "property" or "estate," early grew to be meaningless, and has a trick of changing into *ford*. The makers of books have tried to do the same with Rodmell, the village two miles further on, but Rodmell is not "the Mill on the (Roman) road." It is simply "Red-Mould," and to this day the soil of the arables about the villages is noticeably red of hue. Between Iford and Rodmell is Northease, a manor of late date, and your path takes you right across the old-time "mark" of it, a considerable bank and outside fosse that runs upwards of a mile between the fields. It is worth the notice, if only to remind one that not every vallum and fosse on the hills is prehistoric. Hereabouts the fields are known as Laines, a common Sussex term which, miswritten lane, recurs at Brighton. Northease means the North Naze, as Southease the South Naze, and both are named with reference to Rodmell, embayed in the wide curve of the "brooks" between. There are men alive who can recollect these same brooks flooded to one wide sea, across which the barges sailed with coal or corn to and from Lewes and Rodmell. That is what happened when the river burst its banks.

Rodmell

Rodmell is more of a village than is Iford, but it is rapidly dwindling into insignificance. Large part of it at this moment is the ruins of what were decent houses a generation back. It had its "great house" once, for it gave a name to a still existing family, the brass of one of whose number is yet to be seen in the church. The villagers will point out where the house stood, in a decayed orchard south-west of the church, where remains still some of its cellars. But at an earlier date it stood away on the north side of the church, and you may yet see traces of the earthworks that defended it, surrounding a semicircular platform beyond the churchyard wall. Another paved road led thither

past the east end of the church, and the sexton will tell you why he digs no graves—if he can help it—on that side of the garth. The road is too hard. Also you will be told that the one and only street of the village used to be known as "Erming Street." It leads down to the marshes and the river, and tradition declares that here was a ford whereby one could get across to Asham. Indeed, there is a poem extant relating how a sometime miller of Rodmell, losing his way in a fog, was only saved by following the sound of Rodmell's church bells. Whether the poem is based on any genuinely old legend doth not appear. The mill—a wooden "post"—was there until some ten years ago, when it was broken up for the sake of what its stout oak timbers would fetch. It was quite a young mill, only a century old. The older parent had stood away up on the Downs, and its "mill-ball" is yet to be seen, as is that of Iford farther back on Iford Front Hill. In the good old days of our grandfathers every one of these Downland villages had its own mill: the hills were filled with them, and the villagers were filled with honest bread. To-day they are a white-faced crew, whose lack of colour reflects the savourless loaves of roller-milled stuff—call it not bread—that come to them by the baker's occasional cart. They cannot even bake nowadays, for the late war was over before they had learnt the forgotten art again.

Piddinghoe

Southease is a parish and has a church, but little else. The church has a round flint tower, probably because there was not money enough to buy the squared stones which the Downs do not produce. Older than the tower is the church, and older than either is the churchyard, for it was once a barrow, albeit there is no superficial sign thereof to-day. Two miles further on, the church of Piddinghoe stands on something very like a barrow still. Moreover, there were once "Druid Stones" about it—possibly survivals of the ring of standing stones which not seldom marked the graves of great men from the days of Hector down. They

have been done away with since Pitt-Rivers saw them in 1852. A little further back, where two denes meet beside the road, lies the farmstead of Deans, and behind the farm is one of Sussex's few long barrows, " Moneyburgh " ; and above the steep shaw—The Lydds—that overhangs the road is a whole field covered with the *vestigia* of some big homestead whereof is now no memory at all. Lower surmised it was Roman, which it is not. And all about here are problems buried in the turf and waiting the coming of the interpreter. One detail you may detect at once—the terraced course of the older road, which in Ogilby's time avoided the bottom altogether and serpentined along the foothills in and out by Deans, and in again and up the hill behind the so-called Roman Villa. One cannot yet be sure that these terraces were not there in earlier times, but at present they seem a wholesome reminder that not every terrace-way is necessarily of Roman workmanship.

From Piddinghoe you may work your way up another dene to Telscombe, and thence back by the road to Southover, and if you can do so on a grey afternoon of November it is worth while. With a setting sun behind you, you will see such colour in these ploughfields of the hillsides before you as you never dreamed of seeing in the month of " no warmth, no light, No-vember."

Beyond a peradventure Lewes is the most picturesque of all old Sussex towns, and if fires and other forces of progress have made great gaps in the old-world irregularity of its High Street, there remains enough to justify the verdict. Some of these dignified old red brick houses hide behind their warm fronts old-fashioned interiors, panelled rooms, and doors glowing with exquisite old " furniture " of polished brass to make the mouth water, and some wondrous gardens in whose sheltered corners blooms even the pomegranate, to say nothing of lesser wonders like *hibiscus*. Even the new-made suburb of Wallands has the redeeming features of much leafage and wide views. Indeed, there is scarce a house in all the

place that has not a view which alone would make it desirable.

So if the place is not quite as old as it pretends to be, yet it is old enough to be full of interest and passing picturesque. The passer-by who loafs down its straight High Street along the spine of its hill, has ravishing glimpses down every by-lane right and left over lowlands that seem to be far lower than in reality they are, to a farther horizon of down or sea or forest. The height of Ashdown is the northern view, the Channel Sea that to the south, while across the dip wherein the brown Ouse crawls unseen, the mass of Caburn rises like a solid wall, looking always twice its actual height. How is it that the atmosphere of chalk hills is invariably so deceptive? And to see Lewes at its best, go thither in early June, when the encircling "brooks" are one continuous golden glow of buttercups. Surely there can be no such wealth of "the little children's dower" in all wide England! And if you be a motorist, go with exceeding care, for its steep and narrow ways and its unexpected corners make it one of the worst death-traps in the county.

The furthest points reached in these rambles around Lewes are Isfield and Piddinghoe and Telscombe, each of which is a matter of six miles away by road. At Isfield is a railway station, and Newhaven Station is a mile and a half beyond Piddinghoe, from Telscombe three miles and a half. The halt at Southease (Itford) is a mile nearer, but has no train-service on the Sabbath.

2. MOUNT CABURN

WHEN Time clove asunder the rampart of the Downs to make way for the waters of the River of Lewes and its partner the Ritch River, he thoughtfully left Mount Caburn as a stepping-stone amidst the marshes, and as a stepping-stone it has been used by all the centuries from that to this. It is all but an island still, as you may see at any time when the floods are out. At the north-east only is it firmly linked to the dry lands lifting slowly up towards Framfield and Ashdown Forest and Crowborough. Along that line, therefore, the Romans engineered a main road, which comes up out of the meadows of Ringmer past the mill to Glyndebourne Cross. Here there was a Roman crossway—whence its name—and while the first-named road held straight on its course to traverse Saxon Down and Oxteddle Bottom, and so to ford the Ouse at the south-west of the "island," other roads went north-west by Stoneham and Hamsey to Streat, south-east by Glynde and Firle to Newhaven and Seaford and Bourne and Pevensey. This last continued the main artery. The other two were subsidiary. You will notice that on these four roads lie, or lay, four of the five villages in the vicinity, Ringmer and Southerham and Hamsey and Glynde. You will notice also that no village encroached upon the actual "island." The Saxon stuck to the banks of the streams or swamps which had brought him hither. The hills he left to the men of the older time, or to their ghosts. And Caburn is crowded with their ghosts as densely as was ever that Isle of Sena off the Breton coast whither, said legend, the souls of good

Britons were ferried by British Charons. An island still, its very flowers and insects speak it such. You may take specimens of either here which you shall perhaps find nowhere else in Sussex.

Did there survive here, almost alone amongst the South Saxons, a remnant of the older race? It would almost seem to have been so, if one is to believe the interpreters of place-names. About the origin of Caburn itself there appears to be no reasonable doubt: it is pure Celtic, Caer-bryn, "The fortress on the Hill." The name of Glynde is also, but less certainly, referred to the Celtic *Glyn*, "a glen." Down to the southward marshes there runs a narrow path called Henge Lane: is it coincidence only that *hinge* is old Cornish for a "lane"? Much might seem to turn upon that hinge. Ranscombe—at an earlier date it was Ramscombe—is a hybrid of a common enough form, and the Celtic *cwm* reappears in the Combe Valley, the narrow and almost precipitous cleft in the hill's western face; but all the other local names are purest Saxon. Cliffe speaks for itself. So does Southerham: it was a village once, and had its own chapel, set close beside the Roman ford that led to Southover, where in corresponding position stood the "ancient wooden church of St. Pancras" that was destined to develop into Earl Warenne's magnificent Priory. Malling, or Mellinges, is as Saxon as is Stoneham, which still recalls the Roman road, its eponym. Ringmer is Hrincmaer, again pure Saxon. So too is Saxon Down, albeit a corruption of Sexton Down. It is not the oddest corruption hereabouts either: a chalk-pit high up on the northern slope of the hill is now called the Bridge Pit, but some 500 years ago it was the Ridge Pit. Other Saxon names such as Week Lane and Oxteddle Bottom and Bible Bottom and Vinegar Bottom spell history and must await their turns.

Most of those who climb Mount Caburn are golfers. Therefore they go by the golfers' road out of Lewes along the narrow High Street of Cliffe and up Chapel Hill to the

Club House. Chapel Hill is a borstal of an antiquity vastly greater than the Golf Club can boast, and climbing it you will realize the abruptness of the hill's fall to the Ouse on this western side. It is one of the steepest slopes in all the Downs, and only "bitter constraint and sad occasion dear" could have forced the men of Lewes to drive a path up its face; but the alternatives were to go round either by Rotten Row to Southover, or by the Wallands to Hamsey, and each meant an addition of many miles to the journey into Glynde. In the long run they wormed a new and less heart-breaking path along the foot of the slope to Southerham and so by Ranscombe to Glynde. Nowadays they use a brand-new road that strikes across the marsh to Beddingham, and Glynde is side-tracked, but until 1820 it was a necessary stage upon the journey to Seaford, to Eastbourne, or to Pevensey.

The Roman's Road

Not being out to golf, nor keenly interested in bunkers, you will follow this under-cliff road to the inn and the farmstead, which are all that remains of Southerham, and leaving the high road here you will pass through the farmyard into the mouth of Oxteddle Bottom, a winding, narrow valley which serpentines into the heart of Caburn and, gradually rising, brings you out at last on the ridge of Saxon Down. That way went the Roman road, and for most of the way you can tread the old road, albeit the ploughing of a century has made the scene very different from what it was when Gideon Mantell, physician and geologist, robbed the graves of the dead which lined it. For be it said all seriously, the man who rifles a barrow and fails to leave in the proper hands an accurate record of what he did and what he found, is of less use to science than a body-snatcher. In those barrows most probably were buried the many dead whose toil had fretted all the hillsides into lynchets. Their sepulchres might have told us much. As it is, there remains of all he pillaged only an urn or two in the British Museum. The rest is silence.

Howbeit part of the blame should justly fall on old John Ellman, who farmed Ranscombe, and in his praiseworthy zeal for Southdown mutton and fat Christmas beeves and wheat, made no account of barrows and such-like obstacles to his plough. That agricultural renaissance whereof he was a leader spelt sad mischief for the age-long monuments of the Downs.

Half-way up the winding valley the Roman road becomes clear enough, a narrow level terrace hugging the foothills on the southern side, under the flank of Ranscombe Hill. Cart-traffic has carved it into grievous ruts, but has also preserved it because of its utility. Presently the one big valley branches into three smaller bottoms, and interest becomes manifold.

The Oxteddle

Here, beside the road and indeed upon it, carved out of the sloping hill-side on your right, is a ruinated something—the two ends and one long side of a rectangular earthwork, outlined by a considerable bank and an outer fosse. It is very small, but 80 feet in length and some 20 feet wide, and you might pass it daily without notice. This is the thing which has given a name to the valley—an Oxteddle, that is, an ox-stall—and dates presumably from the time when the arables along the valley's floor were tilled by ox-teams. It is short enough time since the ox-teams ceased to come here ; when they began to come is a very different matter, and the oxteddle dates more nearly from their coming than from their going. In the bottom of the valley, miscalled the Devil's Dyke, is another of these relics, but wholly anonymous. It is bigger than this, measuring 96 feet in length. Now 16 feet was the space allowed for one pair of oxen in the stall ; so the work at the Devil's Dyke would accommodate six yoke, that under Caburn five only. A few yards further up the valley is the old well which supplied them with water, and close beside it a modern cemented catchment pond for the sheep that have ousted the big black steers. Of these is left nothing

at all except the thin iron shoes they dropped in the furrows. One can hardly search a field hereabouts without finding one of them, and by rarer chance one of the round brass guards that were screwed upon the tips of their dangerous horns—deceptively like the knobs of a brass bedstead, but made of solid brass and therefore indestructible.

Shoeing a big ox must, one thinks, have been an exciting performance, but an old blacksmith has told the writer that it was not; "They got to like it," he averred. In France apparently they are less docile, or the shoesmiths are less apt, for you may see in scores of villages in Burgundy the elaborate machinery—the *travail*—for holding the animal, four massive corner-posts of stone or timber, shaped beams to clip his throat, and iron chains to fetter his several limbs. There was something of the kind until lately at Kingston-by-Lewes, but the writer has seen no *travail* in England save a couple—one of them in Sussex—which were built for the benefit of unruly horses. Yet there were ox-teams regularly at work just outside Lewes less than twenty years ago on Landport Farm, and the last team on Housedean Farm in Falmer was broken up only in 1914, and at Friston you may possibly still see them at their task.

The Devil's Book

North from the Oxteddle is Bible Bottom. The name refers to a rectangular earthwork which occupies most of its exiguous floor, and being divided longitudinally by a faint trench, has the outline of a book lying open on the turf—a somewhat old-fashioned book in the shape of a shopkeeper's ledger. It was earlier known as the Devil's Book, and Horsfield, musing upon the name, remarks heavily that it is a spot "suitable for deep designs and grave meditations." It would have been of more profit had he told us its origin. He adds that in his day there were many such to be seen in the various combes of the Downs, and a few yet remain intact, albeit the

peculiar plan of the "Bible" is paralleled only in the case of a fine example in Faulkner's Bottom under Plumpton Plain. In the last-named case the longitudinal crease is unmistakably a roadway, and possibly it is the same with the "Bible." Sixty years ago, before the area was ploughed, the "Bible's" single vallum stood some 6 feet high, so that Horsfield had excuse for calling it a "camp"; but there is nothing to support his guess beyond superficial appearances and the close neighbourhood of the multitudinous lynchets which cover the surrounding slopes on every side—acre upon acre of quadrangular platforms and terraces, of every size, some few showing round pits that were possibly dwellings or store-pits. As lynchets of this kind are probably not later than the Roman period, it is to be inferred that those who made them had a town—they are too many for a village—somewhere near, and the "Bible" may represent it, albeit its regularity of plan is very much against the theory, nor does the soil show much trace of the leavings—pottery, etc.—of a town.

Saxon Down

The Roman road continues up the long slope to the west of Rifle Range Bottom, a hard-way 9 feet wide and paved with 6 inches of metal, and so comes without undue effort to Saxon Down. On this spot converged all the trails of all the centuries, and the old turf is wrinkled over with their furrows. Biggest of all is that of the Romans, for it is literally a cutting 15 feet in depth and 50 feet over, through which the road is carried for 90 yards across the *col*. The solid chalk here made needless any metal, and excavation shows only the clean-cut angles of a clean-cut floor 8 feet in width. Later cross-trails have in one place trodden down the sides of the cutting and filled it in to a depth of 4 feet, but for the most part it is singularly perfect.

Just beyond is the abrupt chasm of Vinegar Bottom, the valley which opens on to Glyndebourne House half a mile away. "Vinegar" represents "Vineyard," and if vines were never actually grown here, they well might be,

so entirely sheltered is its spacious floor. The road creeps by along the northern edge of the bottom past an unrecorded green entrenchment on the left, and so finds itself "in the straight," heading direct for Glyndebourne Cross.

That green entrenchment has no history. Its area is dotted with a couple of round barrows, and scored with the traces of foundations, while a modern pond has mutilated much of its eastern end. On the surface you will find bricks and tiles of modern make, under the surface scraps of Roman-British pottery. Someone dug out the bigger of the barrows in the Napoleonic time, and left there as proof a couple of pennies of 1805, then filled in the hole with squared blocks of clunch from some convenient building. One guesses that the foundations were those of a farmstead, and that it was already abandoned in 1800. The entrenchment is older, but such things have a feminine unwillingness to tell their age, and this is no exception. A parish boundary runs across its northern corner, so it was there before the boundary was marked. One can dig up oyster shells, quantities of them, commonly held to be a sign of pre-Saxon occupation. More significant still is the name of the Roman road, which might seem to have here overlaid the fosse: the straight run from here to Glyndebourne Cross is known as Week Lane, *i.e.*, the lane which led to the *Vicus*. By *vicus* the Romans seem to have meant any small group of dwellings from a farmstead with its appurtenant cottages to a hamlet or a village. Was this the *Vicus*?

Week Lane is a handsome piece of roadway, 22 feet wide and 500 yards in length, but much of its floor has been destroyed. When it was first made, the ground at the Crossway was some 15 feet higher than now it is, and the climb from Glyndebourne was steep. So the lord thereof, anxious to improve his means of access to Ringmer, lowered the road's crest by just such a cutting as the Roman has left on Saxon Down. This left Week Lane and its continuation towards Crowborough hung up in air, but as

all traffic had deserted that line it did not matter. The farmer's needs speedily led to a readjustment of the level of Week Lane : it was roughly sunk to the required depth and left unpaved. As for the Crowborough road, its metal was grubbed for some 300 yards, and, doubtless, went to help make Squire Christie's new highway. Beyond the mill, however, it went on in a right line overgrown with a dense double hedge. The hedge was cleared some five years ago, but happily the ploughs were not allowed to destroy the trail. A little further on it drops through a steep shaw to the meadows and is lost, but looking from the hill along the line you will see a field curiously shaped in the form of a " T "—it is called indeed the " Roman T "—and possibly the longer limb of it represents the course of the road. It lies in the right line, and it is said that the plough has turned up Roman stuff there. Anyhow, the road somehow made its way to Tonbridge, where the bridge and the castle mark its course.

In the south-east angle of Glyndebourne Cross is a shallow chalk-pit where were found a number of Saxon burials, and about it you may still pick up pottery of much older date. Standing at the Cross, you can see the course of the road north-westward to Hamsey. It is a parish boundary still, as is Week Lane. South-eastward the road dropped by The Lacys to Glynde, sadly broken by modern alterations, but recoverable for some distance, first in a deplorable field-road, and again as the main drive of the Great House at Glynde. Bishop Trevor, of pious memory, was its chief enemy. He re-mapped most of Glynde, pulled down its older church, and built (1763) the present charming little church a few yards away. Modern as it is, the church is one to be visited for its carved woodwork and beautiful Flemish painted glass, and its general air of something filched from some college quadrangle by Isis or by Cam, and set down here to blush unseen. Few churches of its date are more charming. The older church had stood on

Glynde

the line of the old road, like so many of its kind, just where it swung slightly east to drop down The Rise to the Black Bridge and the causeway which carried it to Wick Street, and thence by Firle Park to the Rabbit Walk on Firle Hill.

All the Roman roads antedate Lewes. They belong to a Sussex when Lewes was not. The rise of the town for good or ill altered the old road-system. Men now made Lewes a stage upon their eastward journeys, and sought a direct route thence to Glynde. Hence the mediaeval trail up Chapel Hill and along the ridge to the north of Oxteddle Bottom, across Saxon Down, and diagonally down to Glynde. The latter part of the trail is visible enough, a deep-worn borstal that debouches nearly opposite Bishop Trevor's church. Meantime for whatever reason they made a new crossing of the Ritch River beside the present railway station, and so by way of Mill Lane up Firle Borstal. The mill that gave name to Mill Lane has gone long since. It stood upon a barrow called Gil's Grave, and from the huge excavations of the chalk-works thereby have come other Saxon grave-furniture, knives of iron and so on, presumably once belonging to some of those sons of Baeda who had made their home at Beddingham. This change of route had the merit of avoiding, and so largely preserving, the older Roman roads. To the same new ford came likewise the switchback trail from Southerham by Ranscombe, until the marsh road straight across to Beddingham superseded it.

Old or new, all these routes avoided the crowning glory of the hill, the fortress of Caerbryn, and its elder brother of Ranscombe. Both lie on the southward ridge, overlooking the river and the marsh at their feet, aloof and remote even from the Roman's world. Yet they are fortunate amongst the strong places of the Downs in that Pitt-Rivers partially explored both and wrested from them something of their sulky secrets.

Caburn "Camp"

You may see the trenches of Mount Caburn from any other point, a faint circle set about the very roof of the uncompromising hill, but one best appreciates the strength of the old Caer if one approaches it from the north and from Saxon Down. This was its only assailable side, and here its defences were reinforced to an impressive degree—a mighty fosse, a mighty vallum, and again another fosse and another vallum, raking the former and the whole approach. The outer lines were added at some date later than the feebler inner lines, covering up some of the wattled huts of the townsfolk who had preferred to dwell in a *faubourg* without the wall. If the fortress had been of little strength before, it was made now to be of the first class, its exterior fosse measuring some 30 feet across, and so deep that it was necessary to provide a sort of "firestep" on its outer face. The main entrance was at the extreme eastern edge, overhanging a slope of precipitous turf where was no foothold, and the defences show the customary re-entrant curves on either hand. The way was barred by gates, of which were found the post-holes, and three almost obliterated mounds without may have served the purpose of blockhouses to cover the approach. There is a second gateway on the west, facing along the short level saddle to Ranscombe's gate, only 400 yards away, and this too had its own elaborate defences. Along this sector of Caburn the works are immensely strong; elsewhere the *natura loci* rendered needless any such outlay of labour.

The area rises dome-fashion above its walls, dotted over with the half-hundred little shallow circular pits which were each a house of those who dwelt in the town; for this was not a mere camp of refuge, but a real town, a "*municipium* of the hills." They yielded little enough—enough only to show that they had been inhabited by men of the late Celtic time, and that the Roman never entered into residence. Amongst the relics were a sickle and a bill-hook, and what may have been a ploughshare,

all precisely like such tools as they are made and used to this day in Sussex.

Compared with Caburn, the camp of Ranscombe is ancient, and it is far less well preserved. Indeed, there remains of it nothing to strike the eye except a fragment of the great vallum and fosse which cross the ridge facing towards Caburn. This ditch was formidable, but nothing to compare with that of Caburn. Pitt-Rivers found quantities of Roman pottery here, and fancied that it had been occupied as a base whence the legions might attack Caburn. When it was complete the camp covered a vast extent of ground, more indeed than that of Cissbury, but of the rest of its defences there remains nothing at all but here and there a "link" overgrown with scrub, once the scarp of its vallum. It has always been supposed that there was neither vallum nor fosse along the brow of the steep slope that falls into Oxteddle Bottom, but in the sunshine of July, 1919, the double line of bank and ditch was clearly visible. Looking across from the opposite slope one could see them, as distinctly as in a surveyor's plan, drawn continuously along the brow, and could see how cultivation had ventured to come just thus far, and no further.

The Ruins of Ranscombe

Caburn Camp yet keeps some of its mysteries, and notably the great 33-foot pit in the middle of it. This was found to be a 4-foot basin, through the bottom of which had been sunk a tapering shaft like a well, 12 feet in depth. The lip is banked up as if to hold water, and a shallow drain led into it from the upper side. Clearly it had been planned as a water-hole at some time, but there was nothing to show that this was its original purpose, or at what date it was made. At present it makes an admirable shelter for the wanderer, where he may get away from the searching wind, losing however all the wondrous view around him —a view that stretches from Ditchling Beacon to the towers of Pevensey, from Ashdown Forest to the Channel Sea,

and changes not with every month alone, but with every hour of the day and every passing cloud, in a sort that no picture-theatre has yet equalled or is likely to equal. Yet you are but 490 feet above the sea, nearly 250 feet less high than the rival height of Firle Beacon across the dip. And time yourself to go homeward by the golfers' path down from the delectable mountain into a generous sunset, when Lewes appears as a city of dreams wrought by Persian magic in old rose and turquoise upon a blue-black ground of cloudy downs. Such miracles can the Sire of Circe do with no rarer materials than good red pantiles and the thin blue smoke that calls you home to tea. The total of this alluring ramble is no more than eight miles, and it may be halved by taking the train to or from Glynde.

3. SEAFORD

IT is certain that Seaford owes no part of its name to any "ford," questionable even whether it owes any part of it to the "sea." The name is Saxon, but there was a town here in pre-Saxon times—successive towns indeed, whereof each has left its traces, Roman and British. It was of importance some 500 years ago, when half a dozen smaller places hung upon the fringes of it, the most of which have left behind them little but their names, like Sutton and Chyngton and Exceat. It is a place of much past and little history.

Once it was a Cinque Port, a member of Hastings, as was also Pevensey, and like Pevensey it had its own pygmy town-hall perched above its pygmy lock-up. Nowadays of all this glory there remains only the name of a Cinque Port Road, and you must search shrewdly to find any antiquities outside the parish church of St. Leonard's; and even there the modern additions are doing what they can to smother the parent fabric. There remains, however, one carven capital, rude as can be both in design and in execution, whereon one can recognize the baptism of Christ and the Crucifixion, but the half of the work, having been for long years exposed to the winds in this windiest of places ere yet the south aisle was replaced in 1862, is battered out of all knowledge. Fixed above it is a fragment, scarcely less rude, showing St. Michael thrusting his spear down the gullet of a long-necked dragon, and beneath the south wall of the ponderous tower is a broken stone coffin, the lid bearing in relief a graceful floriated cross. It lies under a plain but handsome round arch, now filled in,

THE CUCKMERE VALLEY FROM HINDOVER HILL

and there is another of the same design in the northern wall; wherein is to be seen justification of the local belief that what is now a western tower was once the central feature of a cruciform church, of which the nave extended westward over what to-day is Church Road. It was undeniably a handsome tower once upon a time, and its quaint little red-tiled cap, just overpeeping the heavy parapet of grey flush-work, is a brilliant note of colour where colour is sorely lacking. The "ugly dreary little town," as Hare unkindly called it, trying to hide behind its church, hides only that or most of it.

The River that Failed

For Seaford owed its erstwhile greatness to the waters, and what they gave they have taken away, nor as yet have all the efforts of past mendacity and present advertisement secured for it that second innings of importance to which it aspires. It is "on the make" still, and finds the process a slow one.

Seaford used to have several other churches, tradition says as many as seven, and one of these, St. Andrew's, was —says the same authority—the shrine of the relics of one St. Lewinna, reputed to have been the first Sussex martyr and to have suffered *anno domini* 680. A Norman rascal named Drogo has proudly put on record how in 1058 he carried off the precious relics to his own monastery near Dunquerque, to which they continued to bring fame and a meed of fortune for 500 years. The tale is dubious, and Seaford's part in it particularly so. There are those who claim that St. Andrew's of Alfriston was the saint's original shrine. At a later date Seaford endeavoured to steal from her sister town of Pevensey the name and fame of Anderida. Of late years she has essayed more righteous paths unto prosperity, and she finds them long.

It is all the fault of the River of Lewes. Once upon a time that stream fell into the sea under the western flank of Seaford Hill, and where now are only half-built roadways of no apparent aim was once a busy harbour. Then fickle

Fortune began to block its mouth with shingle, and tiring of that slow method, suddenly in petulant fit sent down the River of Lewes such an impatient flood as burst a new outlet at Meeching. Meeching, which had been asleep for centuries, waked up at last to find itself important as the New Haven, and Seaford in its turn tucked itself up and went to sleep. But with what toughness do places cling to their places ! This " dreary little town " is a town still, as it was 2,000 years ago ! It is too English to know when it is beaten—more power to it !

The Old Port

Needless to say that the men of Seaford were wreckers and smugglers, and there yet stands one building—once known as Corsica Hall—that was the residence of a particularly successful " free-trader." Also it has a ghost. Nowadays it is the lair of pirates of the type familiar in the junior school, who are troubled by no worse ghosts than their lawful guardians. But the old Adam dies hard at Seaford as elsewhere. Not so long ago—a decade perhaps—a visitor, exploring the esplanade amidst a dense sea fog, saw a vessel blundering dangerously near the shore and filled his lungs to shout a warning. Before he could do so a weather-beaten old sea-dog at his elbow checked him : " Let her drive," he barked. Luck was with the vessel, however, for she had seen the danger and put about betimes, leaving the would-be wrecker disgruntled. " Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

You may still see where was the old port hard by Corsica Hall, still trace the old course of the river by purposeless banks and pools, but you would scarcely guess that up this narrow waterway there could sail, even as late as King Harry's time, an English battle-squadron—sail all the winding miles to Laughton Place beyond the eastern flank of Mount Caburn, to fetch thence Admiral Sir Henry Pelham when in 1545 a French fleet menaced the little port. Nowadays hardly a barge goes so far, and a pygmy " chaser " would be hard put to do it, though Newhaven

can shelter vastly bigger craft than any of that date, and indeed could harbour the whole fleet that brayed the Spanish Armada.

Men's memory cannot keep pace with the hurry of this modern world. Not a century ago all the riverside villages and farms of the Ouse valley still moved their heavy goods to and fro by barge along the now almost forsaken waterways. Here and there you may find on the river's banks little artificial bays that were berths for the barges, and see the old causeways that led to them. Elsewhere at the edge of the " brooks " you may see groups of quadrangular basins of various sizes, now mantled in dry green turf, that once were docks. There are several between Beddingham and Southerham. In the eleventh century you could catch herrings and porpoises so far up as Iford, and in the fourteenth century, when the river was scarcely banked, the de Warennes could bring up it all the Caen stone for their castle of Lewes. Bishop Trevor could do the same for his church at Glynde as late as 1762. Nowadays the banks are perfect, and the river is all but useless.

Seaford has given up all ambition to be a port again. The shingle-bank which ruined it has been turned to account as an esplanade. The erstwhile Cinque Port foresees its new future in schools and in the come-and-go of those two-legged migrants, clad in jumpers and flannels, which are the common objects of the sea-shore. In the Great War it burst suddenly into the similitude of a great city—a city of hutments which spread for miles around its short eastern and northern skirts. The ugly dream is over and in a year or two there will remain never a trace of that four years' nightmare. Small wonder then if after so many centuries Romans and Britons have left few traces of their own presence.

Of the two the Briton has left the greater mark, which is as it should be, for after all he was the native, the Romans but interlopers. On Seaford Hill he built himself a town, girt with the customary bank and ditch, of which

there still remain some ten acres. What was its original area no man can guess, for the sea has whittled away the land to a steep wall of cliff that yearly recedes a little farther. Probably the *enceinte* was once complete—no partial defence like that of a Cornish cliff-castle: the chalk does not make such headlands, nor seems ever to have done so. They need a harder stone. If old maps speak truth there was in the sixteenth century another fortified hill standing yet complete a little to the east, of which remains to-day no trace at all. Westward as far as Selsey the coast tells the same tale of slow but ceaseless erosion, and a Royal Commission or so have not succeeded in checking it. Beyond Portland again it is the same, and Abbotsbury Castle by Lyme Regis is a parallel to Seaford "camp." Cultivation has effaced all other traces of those who dwelt here, save for a few narrow lynchets faintly discernible along the westward shoulder of the hill. In this stoneless land the Briton could build no dwellings which could long defy the plough. Probably the town was abandoned so soon as the forceful Roman had imposed upon the land the *Pax Romana*: the people would leave their windy hill-top and make new settlements in the kindlier hollows. They seem to have built a new town in the sheltered ground under the north side of the hill, not so far away but they could still plough their ancient fields. For as the Roman conquest made no change in the population, it made little in their ways of life. They were still Celts, albeit no longer free to indulge their native love of fighting their neighbours. We speak of them thereafter as Romano-Britons, but Romanized Britons were a better phrase, and even so it were well to remember that the degrees of their Romanization were infinitely various, and mostly very slight.

The Early Britons

These particular Britons came to be so far Romanized as to bury their dead in the Roman fashion, laying their ashes in the ground within urns of Roman type. The place—small enough—was found in the 'sixties. It was at the

foot of the hill facing towards Sutton, from which point runs a Roman road in a straight line northwards through Sutton Farm. It is Arundel Road to-day, and the farm-yard is built across the line of the old track, as are so many of the Downland homesteads and byres. The ruins of a cattle-yard straddle it again half-a-mile to the north, marking its line where there are few other clues. On the golf links all trace of it is lost, but you may find it again at the Black Stone and follow it, if so you please, past Five Lords' Burgh, all the way thence to Firle Beacon, its course marked by the usual barrows here and there.

Just in front of the old burial-place this road was crossed by another running east and west, whereby you may go east to Chyngton, likewise built across the line of the road, and so to Exceat, " the Seat (homestead) of Ash." Westward it ran down beside the old harbour and thence must have turned north-east by Bishopstone to Denton to meet the bigger trunk road from Portslade through Meeching to Tonbridge. To this day there is a right of way along this line, too straight to be of casual origin, and at Bishopstone is a short terrace-way which may well be of Roman date. Any more direct approach to Seaford from Meeching was impossible when the River of Lewes flooded at every tide the wide levels between, and as yet the great sea-wall of shingle was not.

Bishopstone

Bishopstone, once the holiday home of His Grace of Newcastle, Premier and a Pelham, is slowly going the way of his great house and of so many Downland villages. The house is wholly gone ; the village still boasts a dozen houses of sorts, dotted amidst the old elms round the church in a little basin of the enfolding hills. Its name, Biscopstone in *Domesday*, means that it was once the land of the Bishops of Chichester, and it is jealous of the fact that here stood—so it is said—the first windmill erected in the county, if not in England. Its little church is full of interest ; the unduly big tower, rising in four diminishing stages, is a

very near relation to that of Seaford ; the chancel is largely Norman, and the south porch, with heavy long-and-short quoins and an ancient dial over the entrance, is thought to have been a lateral chapel of Saxon date. The dial assuredly bears the Saxon name "Eadric" in Saxon characters, but Saxon names did not at once go out when the Norman came in ; and knowing what one does of the fashion of most pre-Conquest churches, as also the age-long backwardness that was begotten of the isolation of Sussex, one cannot but have doubts.

In the middle of the eighteenth century (1761) one Mr. Catt built a water-mill upon the edge of the land. The enterprise brought him a fortune when the Great War of his day put up prices : he had sixteen pairs of stones running, and for power he harnessed the tides. About the mill and the mill-house grew up, bloomed, and failed, a second Bishopstone, whereof to-day remains little but the mill-house. Its forlorn garden obstinately cherishes yet a wind-wried bush or two, the last between England and "Bayona's Hold," as well-known to certain autumn migrants as is Victoria Station to others that wear no feathers of their own ; and here you shall find mustered, on some morning of September when the wind has a premonitory savour of the frosts to come, a little expeditionary force of small fowls desperately divided between the two instincts of hope and fear, still hesitating to go "over the top" and take their final flight. Behind the mill-house, far as Newhaven, stretch the derelict banks of the great basins which once turned those other than philosophers' stones that were to transmute grain to gold, and to produce thereof a golden Catt. This was in the pre-historic days of Napoleon, and Science is still boggling over the problem of how to harness the tides.

The sea-wall, built about 1840, stretches east as far as the Buckle Inn, whose sign keeps green the fame of old Sir Henry Pelham. In Queen Bess's time there was a battery here, but it has long ago gone under the sea. In

the next wrinkle of the chalk downs is a pool which has been said to be a Roman salting, and beyond that again is East Blatchington. Its church of St. Peter, a restoration of 1860, has some so-called Norman details, but of more interest is the fact that from its churchyard have come things which seem to speak of pagan burials—urns and the like. What is the reason for the constant occurrence of such things in Christian graveyards? Archæology has a long list of such happenings, and the list is yearly growing, but authority has no satisfactory explanation to offer. Seventy years ago did J. M. Kemble venture the guess that Christian churches were purposely set on pagan sites, but the latest of modern authorities scouts the suggestion. There would seem to be no other solution than to surmise that these seeming "pagan" finds were not pagan at all. To say that churches were set upon such sites by accident will not do. Everybody to-day knows at sight what a graveyard is, and everybody knew all through the centuries what was a barrow. To this day the old shepherds of the Downs know what they are, and call them by the synonym of "hills," be they never so much wasted.

The Riddle of Blatchington

There is a delightful ramble to Alfriston by Hindover Hill. The cartographers have sought to etymologize the pretty name as "High and Over," but unsuccessfully. Hindover on the west has its mate in Windover or Windoor on the eastern side of the Cuckmere, and as yet one must be content to enjoy the rhyme and waive the reason. You can return by the Comp, another Sussex name ubiquitous but baffling. What was a Comp? Parish says it means a hollow, but Seaford's Comp is a 300-foot hill. One is told that Compton has a similar meaning, "the town in the valley," yet there are nigh as many Comptons on high ground as in hollows, and it is odd that many of them are spots abounding in Roman remains. There is a Latin word handy if one were rash enough to make a guess, but

What was a Comp?

the wise will forbear. The study of place-names, being the youngest born of the archæological family, is therefore the most dogmatic. Armed with a panoply of strange signs and symbols, it has constructed for itself out of *a priori* rules a Bed of Procrustes to which all names must be fitted, and it is voiced, not seldom, by absentee wiseacres who cannot be bothered to go and see the places whose names they undertake to explain. No matter: the Comp by any other name would smell—and look—as sweet. For the rest authority declares that it ought to be a hole and *ergo*, it is a hole. But observation declares that it is not. Which is absurd. And one is left wondering, *Which* is absurd?

4. FIRLE BEACON

WEST FIRLE is the nearest village to Firle Beacon, and it is two miles away and 600 feet lower down in the world. If there was ever an East Firle, or any other sort of Firle, it is not to be found nearer than Frog Firle in the Cuckmere Valley. The name, so says authority, is akin to furrow and furlong, and means "arables." It is lucky amongst villages in that it homes an ancient house, and its comfortable prosperity reflects long centuries of the pride of the Gages. Something to be proud of too, if it had nothing more to show than the splendid tomb of old Sir John of that ilk (*ob.* 1557), who sleeps in alabaster within the church where he had said his prayers, and the equally splendid series of brasses of his kindred from 1475 onward. Prosperity has been bad for churches, for prosperous people were everlastingly pulling down the older work and putting up new; wherefore the church of St. Peter has in its fabric little that is noticeably old. But it is very charming without and within—such a churchful of gathered memories and prayers as is to be found only in this England. And you may wander pretty much at will about the Park and up The Hill—hereabouts the very signposts confess its pre-eminence, and wave their southward arms "To The Hill"—to the Beacon.

The Mount of Aeolus

The Beacon is the keystone of a huge arch, of whose curve the centre is at Bishopstone, its pillars the valleys of the Cuckmere on the east, the Ouse on the west. From the south towards Bishopstone and Seaford the land slopes up so gradually that you climb "The Beacon's"

718 feet without knowing it. Having got thus far you are bound to halt, for the world suddenly falls away beneath you in a great green gulf where no further road is visible, and you must needs take stock of your surroundings. It is assumed that you have come hither on a day when there is little or no wind, a thing not altogether easy to compass; for this stretch of land 'twixt Ouse and Cuckmere is the windiest patch of all Sussex, and that too without regard to altitudes. There is—or was—a local proverb of one who left the door ajar, " he comes from Seaford " ; whereof Hare commented that the meaning was a mystery. Which only proves that that charming rambler had either never reached so far as Seaford, or came and went on one of its rare halcyon days when the blown winds are taking breath. For Seaford is the draughtiest place in England, and one who " comes from Seaford " recks not of draughts and open doors. But what at Seaford is an ordinary breeze is a tornado on The Beacon. The winds card the very turf so thoroughly that scarce a thistle dares rear its head thereon. And if the wind be out of the North the four miles or so from Seaford thither give one a good idea of the terrors of the eternal blizzards of the Antarctic. No clothing will keep you warm, and no hurrying will shorten the way. You are frostbitten under a clear sun, and when at long last you drop for shelter down the 600 feet of scarp into the little village below, you feel like one who having left England on Christmas Eve steps out of the Riviera express at Mentone next morning—your first concern to get rid of your excess clothing. Mostly the foothills of the Downs are snares and delusions for such as seek to be out of the wind, and fondly think to make retired gardens in such places; the " big guns," as the sailors have it, of the hill-tops simply bombard the foothills with a plunging fire that seems to come all ways at once, and plays havoc amongst your trees and flowers. But West Firle is tucked so close under the slope of its hills that it is dead ground which the biggest Big Bertha of a south-wester cannot search,

where comes indeed scarce a stray shrapnel splinter of all his artillery. You might have known as much, for from the gardens of the Gages came that most delectable of fruits, the gage plum. A learned parochialism like that of the late Petty Fogger of More Piffle, Suff., which will have it that the said gardens were not those of Sir John of West Firle, but rather those of one Sir William, of another branch of the family, dwelling at Hengrave in Suffolk, is easily refuted. You cannot grow gages in tornadoes, and no blizzards scourged the Gardens of Alcinoüs. Now there come neither blizzards nor tornadoes to Firle. Obviously therefore the gage was invented at Firle, and at Firle also were the Gardens of Alcinoüs.—Q.E.D.

On the Crest

On the very crest of the Beacon is a round litter of blackened earth and ashes, leavings of the bonfires that at intervals have beckoned hence to the four corners of heaven all the centuries through. By the look of it, it was once a barrow, and one wonders whether the ghost of him that was buried there still chuckles gleefully to warm his dead hands at the flames that soar up now and again from his chilly resting-place. They cannot be many in number whose funeral fires have burned so long and so frequently. "A vain immortality," as Sir Thomas Browne would say, "which remembering the ashes, forgets both the name and the nation of their proprietary."

Howbeit, the mound makes a convenient seat and a most excellent view-point whence to see the map of half Sussex, from Hastings on the east to Ditchling on the west, with all the long sky-line climbing up from either to the pine-covered height of Crowborough, and behind you the "sails at sea." It is too big a view to be talked of save in bits.

Right along the crest of the hill, not to be distinguished under the hard-bitten turf, runs the old greenway to Eastbourne, and you can pick it up a quarter of a mile further east, where it divides, the one branch following the ridge and falling imperceptibly towards the Cuckmere at

Burghlow and Long Bridge, the other going due south in a bee-line for Seaford. The latter at any rate was used in Roman times, when Seaford was already a town. It threw off another branch further on by the Black Stone, which crossed the river at Exceat, and so got into Bourne by way of Friston. Westward it went on, keeping still to the very roof of things, past a long barrow without a name and several others of the commoner kind, until you come to two more that lie close together on the ridge, 600 yards west of the Beacon. There used to be a wooden seat on one of them, and you wonder why it was put there. Because just here, albeit you had not seen it, comes up the best and easiest road from the world below you—the Rabbit Walk; but so steep is the hillside that you can see nothing at all to suggest a road. Nevertheless, just here, where is now no sign of its presence, was one of the most important Roman thoroughfares of the Downs.

What the Roman Wrought

Those who gather from books their only conception of a Roman road will be sorely disappointed. The books talk much of the great 90-foot span of the Stane Street on Gumber Down, of the 12-foot *agger* of the Dorsetshire Ackling Ditch, of the massive squared-stone paving and elaborate provision of gutters on the road over Blackstone Edge; all three being exceptions to, not examples of, the rule. They quote, or misquote, from Vitruvius complicated instructions as to the making of a pavement, which very probably had nothing to do with road-making at all. The Roman had his theories, of course, but he was a practical man. He paved his roads if there happened to be stone to do it with; otherwise he did not pave them at all. He made an *agger* sometimes, and it is not yet clear why he did so, or did not; but mostly his *agger*, if visible at all, is a shadow of one foot or so above the surrounding ground, and far oftener there is none visible at all. For whatever reason he built on Gumber Down a roadway of 90 feet over; but in all England is no duplicate of it that can be certainly

called Roman work. The typical Roman road was 8 to 10 feet wide only, not paved with setts, and raised—at least as we see it to-day—scarce at all above the soil. The point on which the Roman insisted was not a showy one, but it was practical; he insisted that his roadway must be well drained and hard. Wherefore it is often cambered and very often ditched on one or both sides, usually metalled, and always very hard; but if Nature guaranteed a hard dry bed without such precautions, he welcomed the fact and dispensed with *agger* and ditches, with camber, and even with metal too. Up here on Firle Hill may be seen the proof of it. Looking south-south-east towards Newhaven from your seat on the Ridge down the long slope of the ground, you will see on the edge of the plough-lands of Toy Farm two other and vastly larger barrows, Firle Lords' Burghs, side by side about half a mile away; and walking the right line thereto, you will travel the road the Roman went. For five or six hundred yards you can see nothing at all that might bespeak a road. Every trace has gone, for, though you would not credit it, all this wide upland has been ploughed at one time or other, and you may see the plough-marks on every hand. They are small, and one infers that the ploughing was not long continued. Possibly it was fugitive cultivation provoked by the high price of corn in Napoleonic times. But as you gradually descend, the lynchets become bolder, they take more systematic plan. You notice that they lie right and left, but not actually upon your track. The track itself has become definite. It is straight as a gun-barrel, there is a camber under the green turf, even something on either hand which might be a ditch. The thing has become an *agger*, such as the books love to tell of, but a slight one, perhaps 15 inches high and 24 feet wide, and it goes rigidly forward as far as the Lords' Burghs—200 yards or so. There it vanishes abruptly, for no particular reason discernible. This short fragment is the finest piece of Roman road in Sussex save the Stane Street. It is far more typical than is the latter,

and infinitely more Roman, yet the writer, who had come hither expressly to seek it, walked over it half a dozen times before he jumped to its meaning.

South-west the road went by Denton through Newhaven to Portslade. In the reverse direction it was continued in the Rabbit Walk, the narrow terrace-way that "caters" down the abrupt face of the hill to the corner of Firle Plantation, whence it ran by Heighton Street and Wick Street to the Black Bridge in Glynde. No sunken and haphazard borstal this, but the work of practised engineers who carved it out of the hillside with flat floor and clean-cut edge and perfect gradient. It has no metal, but so hard was it rammed that the turf of it is to this day short as that of a lawn, while right and left the grass grows rank and deep. The best way up or down the hill in Roman times, it is still the best, but luckily it early went out of use, later traffic going by way of Firle Borstal somewhat to the west, where the hill's fall allows a wider pathway. For the Rabbit Walk is but 8 to 9 feet wide, and the vehicles of its time required no more. On a gentler slope the Roman would have made it wider, and would have dug a gutter the length of its up-hill side to carry off the water-shot from above. Here there was no room for any gutter, and the water was got rid of by tilting the flat floor very slightly towards the down-hill side.

The Rabbit Walk

Save for one legendary Jehu who got himself so intolerably tipsy as to drive his team in safety the whole length of it, few but shooting-parties use the Rabbit Walk to-day. They come down it with their spoil of rabbits from the gorses that lie behind the hill, and hence its local name. The lumbering traffic of later times has wisely preferred a roomier path. In the hulking days of the eighteenth century, when His Grace of Newcastle, then Premier, desired to make his way—by coach of course—from Glynde to his favourite resort of Bishopstone, he paid to a farmer of Beddingham the sum of two guineas *per annum* for the

privilege of driving his coach over that worthy's land by whatever line he might please. Which speaks loud enough of the degree to which the old roads had decayed or vanished. Nearly a hundred years later the coach to Seaford made its way from Lewes—Lord knows how—up Beddingham Hill and so to South Heighton and onwards. Which gives one to doubt that over-breeding has taken a good deal of the muscle and endurance out of our roadsters, as out of some other creatures that move upon two legs only.

Itford Hill

Beddingham Hill, like Firle Hill, had its windmill, whereof the stead yet abides to be a pitfall to them that dream of the Druids. Once upon a time it had also a pigeon-house, whereof the foundations will one day be dug up to be apotheosized as a Roman *nymphaeum*. Beddingham Hill has also one of the biggest old dewponds in Sussex, an immense work, now dry, and there is another to match it on Asham Hill. Mills and ponds are alike *déclassés*, but the greenway abides. It winds up round the crest of Itford Hill and thence drops gently to the banks of the Ouse, where a solitary grey farmhouse, and a fish-stew in the green meadows behind it, are all that remain to tell of a manor house of the once wealthy Lewknors. Of the meaning of Itford—once Iteford—there is nothing to be said except that it speaks of a genuine ford, unlike the misleading Iford two miles further up. By Durham Farm, in the mup of the "brooks" below, was another, the "Stock Ferry," which was in Queen Bess's time a *locus usitatus* of its manor. By this ford the shepherds took their flocks across, so it must have been shallow water and a hard bottom. In fact the bottom of the Ouse is hard from Newhaven to Hamsey to this day, albeit the tides have to be reckoned with.

If there be to-day no visible sign of an ancient ford at Itford, it is no matter for wonder, for the whole course and character of the river have been altered by the efforts of

some 800 years to bank and curb it. The number of roads of all ages that converge upon this point from east and west is itself proof that a ford once existed.

The Under-Hill Lane

One of these roads is—one should rather say, was—the devious lane, now only a series of broken fragments, which wriggles along the northern foothills all the way from Itford to Long Bridge. For a mile or so it has been incorporated in the highway to Beddingham, past Asham and the sheltered, heavily-timbered combe where you may seek with some chance of success for a pair of hoopoes ; but at the corner by The Lays it turns off into the fields, degenerates into a rutted, unfenced, muddy cart-way, and presently ends in the plough-lands. Beyond a field or two you pick it up again, once more a respectable road, as it passes a homestead ; and again you lose it as before. It behaves for all the world like a human creature who has lost all but the last shreds of self-respect, slouching disreputably along when no one is looking, but pulling itself together and putting on a brave air still when passing decent folk. So it completes the whole six or seven miles of its vagabond journey, a very dead-beat amongst roads. Yet no more than a century ago it was for long miles part of the high road from Lewes to Eastbourne, and the coaches came lumbering this way past the south wall of Firle Park and Charleston and Tilton to Bo-Peep. But that it is far older than the coaching days is proved by the long list of old homesteads—manors for the most part, but never a village —that stand upon its line.

At Bo-Peep the coaches left the foot-hills, turning north down the lane leading to the Barley Mow and Selmeston, and so for a mile or two along what is now the modern high road to Berwick ; and from Berwick they struck across country to Burghlow and Long Bridge. But the old road struggled along, sticking to its foot-hills, and you can follow it still if you are properly booted and gaitered.

If it be Fate's decree that Itford and Alfriston shall

become places of importance—fashionable health resorts for example, or the nation's gliderdromes (*facit indignatio verbum* !)—the shabby old road will come into its own once more. The surviving bits of it will be widened and remetalled, the lost portions will be remade, and the whole will be lined with nice stretches of barbed wire and decorative telegraph poles. Most modern high roads are patchworks of old and new, made in just such fashion. You who scorch along in your motor-cars over a smooth-tarred and well-graded surface, have forgotten how your grandfathers travelled. They did not go so fast or so far as their grandsons, but they had no nerves, they had good legs and good horses, and—they brought you into your heritage. The old men knew a thing or two, and we who still prefer to walk in the footprints of the wise have our compensations. We breathe clean air instead of dust, and smell the thyme in lieu of carbon-monoxide. Instead of barbed wire and telegraph poles we have jungles of honeysuckle and wild clematis, or no hedge at all. We have the drone of bees and the voice of crickets, instead of hooters and traction engines. We have for company birds and butterflies, and brown mice and buttercups, instead of you and your kind. And we do not have to pay your bills.

Firle Beacon is five miles by the Romans' road, and that is the shortest road, from Seaford. It is four miles from Glynde station, and three miles or so from Alfriston and from Itford. At Alfriston is an inn, but no railway station ; at Itford things are the other way about.

5. ALFRISTON

ALFRISTON lies at the point where the little Cuckmere river's waterway crosses the landway that follows the ridge of the Downs—just where the traffic by river and by road intersect. In just such positions stand Lewes and Bramber, and for precisely that reason all three have been places of importance in their day. Lewes may be said to be so still, but the others have dropped behind in an age which cries out unceasingly for greater facilities of transport, bigger rivers and better roads. As if one should prefer Manchester's grimy ship-canal to the cleanwashed gleaming Cuckmere !—a long stretch of white and dusty macadam to the undulating freedom of the eternal greenway " inwrought with figures dim " of the thyme that " smells like dawn in Paradise " ! *O curas hominum* !

Five miles down the valley to the south-east is Friston, which Professor Skeat has pronounced to be the Frisians' *tun*. Quite possibly. At any rate it is no relation of Alfriston, and the latter does not stand, as had been solemnly averred, for Old Friston. Equally baseless is the assertion, still printed and sold in Alfriston, that the name means Alfred's Town and that this is the veritable scene of the burning of those celebrated cakes ; though it is yet possible to buy cakes here that taste as if they were the genuine originals of the legend.

Alfriston is Aelfric's-tun, and when it acquired that name the word which we now write " town " and associate with a population to be reckoned in thousands, meant merely an enclosure, without reference to the numbers of

its inhabitants. It goes back to the bad old days when every man's hand was against his fellows, when the fellow from the next *tun* was a "foreigner," and when every foreigner was necessarily a foe and to be dealt with accordingly. Somewhat later this attitude was so far modified that if the stranger blew a horn he was not to be shot at—an attitude diametrically opposite to that which might be expected to-day if every chance passer-by tootled on a horn. There was not much travelling in the earlier age: families stuck to their own *tuns*, took root on their own soils, built up each their own bunch of local idiosyncrasies and local folklore, grew to be villages, to a great extent managing their own affairs and rightly proud of their individuality. They had little use for roads, so they built no new ones and neglected the old ones. Life in the villages of that time was narrow perhaps, but it was alive; whereas to-day it is dying, if it be not already dead. That is one of the prices we have paid for roads and railways. Alfriston is a real *tun* still, and more alive than are most of the Downland villages, whereof the majority are dead as doornails. But it is with places as with their people: there are more dead than living; and if here and there one seems to be rallying in a healthy flush of new red brick, be under no misapprehension. It is probably no village, but merely an aggregate of houses wherein dwell not villagers, but nomads who come and go—who sleep here, doubtless, but do not live here. Their lives are lived elsewhere, their interests here limited to the four or forty perches which make up their gardens, and they will mostly migrate elsewhere to-morrow with as little regret as gypsies, if with somewhat more ado.

That is a venerable jape of Punch wherein a sabbatically meditative collier enquires of his mate, "Who is the passing stranger?" and learning that it *is* a stranger adjures his mate to "'Eave 'arf a brick at 'is (the stranger's) 'ead." The jest is good just because it is so true to the old Saxon spirit still within us. Most of us yet feel that

"'eave 'arf a brick" feeling towards the stranger, be he the latest to crowd into our half-empty railway compartment, or only the last arrival at the hotel wherein for as much as a week or so we have lived quite comfortably without him. The best we can claim is that some of us manage to show less of that amiable feeling than do others.

Who Aelfric was is not recorded. It was a common name. This particular Aelfric perhaps was with that host which went up against Anderida in the red year 490, and "left not one Briton alive"; then came back to settle quietly upon his bit of the land which he had helped to expropriate. He chose well—an ample valley for his tilth, a serviceable river below, and above him the grey-green down. There were old roads and fords north and south—at Burghlow and at Exceat—and true to his Saxon instinct he avoided both, setting his *tun* betwixt the two. The northern road served him for a "mark," and he laid his dead in a grave-field beside the road at Winton Street, as the race before him had built their barrows there. And in due time his single homestead grew to be a cluster of houses bearing its founder's name.

A Lost Church

In good time, some 200 years later, the sons of Aelfric found grace and became Christians, and according to the behest of their archbishop they provided for themselves a "church" within their *tun*. Not the great stone church which is now the peculiar pride of the place, the "Cathedral of the South Downs," but let us rather say "a place of Christian worship." In early Christianity, at any rate in England, worship and burial were inseparable, exactly as they had been in paganism: where your dead were laid was where you said your prayers. Where then was this rival place of worship? The local tradition—caught ere it was yet dead—declared that the original church was designed to stand on a piece of ground, "Savyne's Croft," some 300 yards west of the present one, but that supernatural agencies

conspired to defeat the builders' purpose. Their work was undone night by night, until they were fain to try elsewhere, and, looking about for a luckier site, they saw four white oxen lying in cruciform figure down beside the river. There they decided to build, and the supernatural agencies aforesaid no longer interfering, the church arose where still it stands.

This is one of the commonest of folk-tales: with slight variations it is told of scores of churches, and it must have some general meaning if one could but find it. It points to some rivalry, not between one building and another, but between two different burial-places; for there were village burial-grounds before there were any village churches. In all likelihood there was a burial-ground at Savyne's Croft before there was one where now stands the church of St. Andrew, and the question would be whether the people of the *tun* should continue to worship at the older spot or should adopt the newer site.

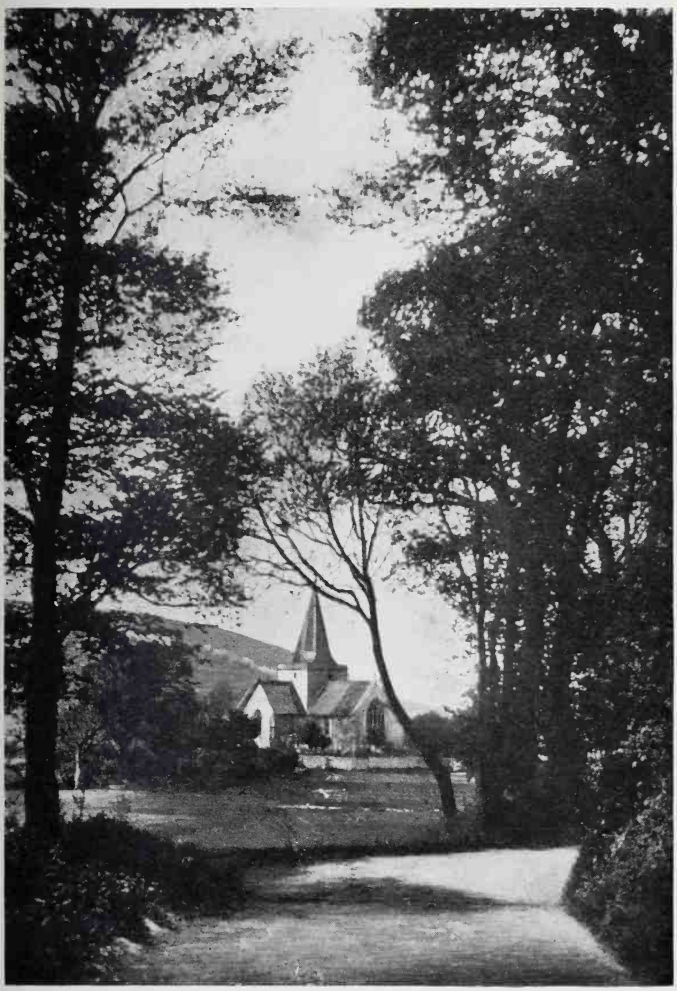
In Savyne's Croft to-day—they have altered it to Saffron's—one may trace a maze of old trenches and mounds which tell fairly plainly that once there stood buildings here, but at what date it is impossible to guess. Of any thing like a church there is no trace at all.

There then beside the river, just where the foothills merge into the "brooks," was made the new graveyard, and it is a curious one. It is a mound of earth, held up on three sides by a flint revetment which rises on the eastern side as much as eight feet high. It is very small in area, so small that the great cruciform church almost fills it up. On the western side, towards the Tye—the village green—it is circular in plan; and as you pass through the gate you find yourself climbing up the sloping mound to the west door. Round the mound on the west side runs a row of lime trees set upon a circular bank, and beneath them at the south-west is a fragment of another and older revetment wall. Evidently the garth has been

The "Cathedral of the Downs"

enlarged, and its earlier limits are demarcated by that line of trees and that older revetment. It was enlarged in 1901, and the reason is plain: the great church had usurped too much of the available space. That church was built in the fourteenth century, and one can but wonder how in the world the village managed to get on so long with such narrow burial accommodation. Also one infers that there had been here an earlier church of proportions more accordant with its garth. Finally one surmises that the original garth had been quite circular. There are a good many circular garths in this part of Sussex—at Berwick, at Selmeston, at South Malling, and, best of all, at Hellingly. One learns also how it is that there are not others: the original plan has been spoilt by enlargement, and such enlargement has been necessitated by the ambition of each village to have a larger, and yet a larger church. But their ambition made itself effective for the most part only when people had forgotten that there attached any significance to the shape of a churchyard. It was a lucky accident that circumstances allowed the garth of Alfriston to be enlarged on pretty much the old plan. It has been done, however, in a series of straight sections. Modern work—and botched.

The church of St. Andrew is not merely too big for its garth; it is also too big for the *tun*, and therefore somewhat gaunt, but not so sadly gaunt as that of Poynings, twenty miles away, which is so similar in design and detail that both are thought to be the work of the same architect. Somewhat over-restored within, it is altogether pleasing without, and more particularly when seen, upstanding on its mound, from the opposite side of the valley with the river in the foreground. It has remains of a good Easter Sepulchre, and a little old glass, and the clustered piers which carry the great central tower and its shingled broach spire are very handsome work. The church belonged to the Priory of Michelham, which may help to explain its unusual proportions.



ALFRISTON CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

There lingered late in this parish an ancient and pretty custom; the maidens of the village attending the funeral of any of their number would carry "garlands," which were thereafter hung up in the church. The "garland" was rather a cage, made of three small hoops of equal size, so adjusted as to form a spherical frame; the hoops were covered over with white wool and flowers tied with white ribbon, and in the centre was sometimes hung a white glove. The custom was once common enough, especially along the West border of England, but it is dead at Alfriston, at least so far as regards the church; but you may still see "garlands" of the same peculiar fashion carried by children on May Day in various parts of Sussex, at Lewes for example, and called by the same name; and sailor-folk in some places still hang a similar "garland" at the mast-head on the occasion of a comrade's marriage. But the origin of these customs seems to be as little understood as that of the word "garland," for which even the *New English Dictionary* can give no pedigree. In the old days they hung out "garlands" to serve as signs for inns, and Chaucer's summoner, riding his picnic-pilgrimage to Canterbury, donned for the occasion a "garland" of that size in lieu of a hat. It is usually thought of as a simple chaplet, but it was probably more like the hooped crown worn by kings; and of this shape are the May-Day "garlands" of modern Brittany.

Maids' Garlands

In most places where the custom prevailed, the "garland" was removed at the expiry of twelve months. Not so at Alfriston, for Hare, writing in 1896, says that there were "as many as seventy" to be seen in the church at one time—"a few years since." One marvels that ever a maid was left to grace the pleasant little village, and one wonders again how in the world it continued to make shift with so exiguous a graveyard; for the tale of seventy makes no account of such as were not maidens!

One headstone in the garth records the death of a man

who " was the first to navigate the river from the sea to Alfriston." That claim has probably found a goodly number to challenge it in the spirit-world, but he who made it was doubtless secure of his boasted achievement while on this side of the Styx.

The Old Church House

To the south-west of the church stands the quaint old half-timbered clergy-house, grey with the lichens of some five centuries—wan panels of cob framed in grey oaken beams that are turning, one might fancy, into silver, and roofed with silver thatch that looks centuries older than its years. Little the worse for bygone " improvements " it still keeps its original hall, open from floor to carven roof, and the original rough oak doors in their framing. It belongs now to the National Trust, and it is to be hoped that it is safe from further damage, for it is one of the best of its kind in England, and quite the best in Sussex, albeit there are others to be seen in the county, at West Dean for example. These clergy-houses are the forerunners of modern rectories and vicarages, and date only from the fourteenth century as a rule. Before then the village priest commonly lived in the church, as did Layamon " In a noble church at Areley upon Severn," so late as 1200.

There are a good many English churches which still have priests' rooms, and though they were occasionally placed over the porch or in the tower, there are a few yet to be seen over the chancel, as was the case at Compton in Surrey. The chancel is still the rector's property in law, and in old Latin one of its names was *Rectoria*, " The Rectory." One is familiar enough with rectors who have no secular rectory, less familiar with rectors who have no church; but it is English law that a parish may have a rector though it possess no church.

The church and clergy-house and the red and yellow houses—yellow-wash is the dominant note in Alfriston—huddled as they have grown around the Tye, make up a pleasant picture enough, albeit a quiet one. For few now

frequent the village green, which is indeed a backwater, the stream of life—what there is of it—passing along the highway a few yards to the west. Even the surrounding houses mostly turn their backs upon it and look the other way.

A footpath leads from the Tye to a fragile white footbridge and so over the river to Lullington Church. It is spoken of with pride as the smallest in the county, and it may easily be so, but it is the chancel only of a once handsome church whose ruined nave is coffined in the earth together with most of its population. For Lullington is *in extremis*, and there remains of all of it no more than one or two houses. In earlier days you got to it by a narrow lane that turns out of Alfriston's High Street some fifty yards north of the footway aforesaid, debouching on the river bank just above the bridge. You will notice that the flood-bank is here intermitted so as to form a sort of bay. This was a quay in the days when Alfriston boasted river traffic.

The High Street

In the main street is a quaint half-timbered inn, with delightful bracketed upper windows and liberally carved with sundry figures, human and otherwise—two bishops amongst them, a salamander and an amphisbena—and with a particularly inappropriate figurehead from some old ship stuck scarlet and foolish on to the corner of the building. It is said to be a pilgrims' inn—for the accommodation, one must suppose, of foreign pilgrims who had landed on the south coast on their way to *ferne halwes* in this England. Passing pilgrims could doubtless be trusted to make a call here, but one questions whether their numbers could have been sufficient, their passing so frequent, as to have called into being so large a hostelry. It must have had many other clients, one thinks, and some whose business was less devout. A few yards away, where the road forks, is the remnant of a once handsome cross, whereof the spreading lower steps have been removed because they trespassed too far upon the narrow street.

Probably this cross, together with the ecclesiastical carvings aforesaid, has led to the notion that the inn was frequented by clients of peculiar piety.

The village, as a village should be, is mixed up with its fields in a charming indefinite way, with no hard and fast lines of demarcation, so that it is hard to say where the one ends and the other begins.

By the right hand branch of the aforesaid *bifur* you wind between old cottages and modern "villas" towards Long Bridge, the railway, and civilization: by the left hand branch you wander through a nondescript half-baked land, neither town nor country, to the Downs and that oldest burial-ground at Winton Street. The spot was known through the centuries as Hallow Furlong, which name, if it does not prove that some of those buried here were Christian, proves at any rate that in the Middle Ages the spot was well-known to be a "burial," that is, a cemetery. That is what the word Hallow commonly means, albeit the meaning has mostly been forgotten long ago. The grave-field lies just by the immemorial road—British and Roman—in its descent from the high Downs towards a ford on the Cuckmere. Its secret was rediscovered only some dozen years ago in the process of making the garden of a new house, appropriately called "The Sanctuary"; for "Sanctuary" is merely a Latinization of "burial." Some 200 graves were revealed and rifled of their contents, the bulk of which—rusted iron spears and knives and swords and bosses of shields, odds and ends of fifty kinds, and a number of great enamelled brooches of beautiful design and workmanship—are now in the Museum at Lewes. One wonders, did any of this *roba* belong to Aelfric? Assuredly some of it belonged to some of his kindred.

Older Burial Places

Not many yards away, a little further up the ridge, is a yet older burial-place, the Long Burgh, a huge long barrow some 240 feet in length by 60 feet wide. What race were buried here is as yet unknown. Science is satisfied to

believe that all long barrows belong to the remote period before the Celt introduced the round barrow. Perhaps; but few things die harder than burial customs, and one doubts whether possibly there were not built a few of the older type even long years after the newer vogue came in. Still more does one doubt whether long barrows in general are as old as science would have one believe. But leaving aside such unorthodox suspicions, there is a noticeable peculiarity in the Long Burgh. Most long barrows have been fossed along the sides, but not round the ends; this one has been fossed all round. The majority would seem to have been left in such a state that it would be feasible to add more to the mound's length—to make additional burials at the spot; this one seems to have been rounded off, fossed, and finished for good and all, as if those who built it knew that their day was over and they must quit the graves of their forbears for ever. They must, one feels, have been a numerous people to have reared a mound so huge, but there remains no trace of their place of habitation. The whole neighbourhood, however, abounds in flint implements in such quantities as to prove that Aelfric was by no means the first to be attracted by this spot, and roads of every character and seemingly of every date cross and recross the Downs in all directions.

Down on the right, beside the river, is Berwick Court, once boasting as its owner those Marmions who were lords also

> of Fontenaye,
> of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,
> And Tamworth tower and town.

The modern house is insignificant, but it still keeps its pigeon-house, a square one. There are three or four examples hereabout. They were more easily built than round ones, and were less convenient when they *were* built; which is very typical of modern innovation.

Berwick

Under the slopes to the north, shrinking amongst its tall elms, is what is left of the village of Berwick, once a

place of some importance, now dwindled to the barest anatomy of a village—a church, an inn, a few cottages and a rectory—but under the heaving green of its grass fields you may see the steads of a whole multitude of buildings, big and little, that have vanished.

The churchyard still keeps much of its original form. It crowns a little knap, and within it is a perplexing mound of great size, which impinges on the south-west corner of the tower. Field-paths converge upon it from the most unexpected directions, as to the hub of all parochial things. The church itself, mostly Early English, shelters a very beautiful canopied tomb. Further north, where are now cultivated fields, was Berwick Common, whereon was held twice yearly the moot of East Sussex, known as the "Sheriff's Turn." A curious place to choose? It was chosen because east-to-west across the Common ran another ancient road, Roman in construction, if not also in origin. The road passed the Cuckmere at Chilver Bridge, *i.e.*, Chesilford, "the gravel ford," and ran thence east by Monken Pyn to Polegate, the "Road by the Pool" on the edge of the marshes of Pevensey Level. Westward it went by Selmeston Church and the old manor-house of Sherrington to join the Roman road through Firle Park to the ford at Glynde.

From Chilver Bridge the Cuckmere—it is prettily, but dubiously, explained as the "Red River"—winds in quiet sort southwards to Alfriston and the sea. Too small to-day to carry any traffic, it was once a serviceable stream, and like most of the Sussex rivers has been "improved" here and there by artificial cuts and locks. All are long ago abandoned. It is a sad thing perhaps when a country outgrows its waterways, but the rivers at any rate are the gainers in point of charm and beauty.

Arlington

On the east bank, a mile from Chilver Bridge, is the church of Arlington, an epitome of the centuries from the Roman to the present time. Some of the windows are turned with Roman brick,

and in a glass case within it you may see fragments of the wattle and clay which formed the walls of the earliest church—or possibly of two successive churches. They are reddened by fire, and show how those buildings perished. The fragments were found when the floor was relaid. The footings only of the wattled church were of stone-work, as was usual, and within their south-west angle was found a great sepulchral urn of coarse fabric. It is orthodox to maintain that such urn-burial necessarily spells paganism, so that science must explain how it befell that a christian church was so precisely reared over this "pagan" grave. It would be very much easier to believe that the burial of the earliest Christians was for long years largely like the burial of their pagan forbears, and that by slow degrees were men weaned from the forms and ceremonies of the older times. Even to this day there is much of paganism left in these matters; the pastoral ring that is buried with an Anglican bishop, the emblems of office that go to the grave with kings, are as precisely "pagan" as the flint axe of the Celt, the iron gear of the Saxon, and all the "flints, shards and pebbles" of the benighted past.

Arlington Church stands alone to-day. The *tun* of which it was once the centre has moved elsewhither, leaving behind it only the usual *indicia*—the grassy mounds and hollows which break the surface all around, and some noticeable fish-stews close by the river's marge. These stews probably explain why the field bears the odd name of "The Sluices." Fish-*ponds* were not required here, for the river bred all the fish that was needed. Now and again it was netted and the sizable part of the catch was transferred to the stews, to be fetched thence as required for the table. Fish-culture of a practical sort, as distinct from the expensive luxury which breeds only trout, is a lost science in this England, albeit it was universal in the fifteenth century, still vigorous in the eighteenth, when the Hon. Roger North wrote a book on how to do it profitably; and even as late as 1800 an enterprising London dealer

could make a fortune out of the ponds of Sussex alone. What would England have given for the old science and its plentiful supply of food in the pinch of the Great War? But not even ration books have taught the nation how to make proper use of its food supply, and the Englishman who will spend hundreds for the pleasure of catching an occasional trout, declines to make hundreds by breeding carp and perch and eels. Such fish, he says, are "coarse," and therewith sits down to eat tinned salmon. Dress up for him the same "coarse" fish in something that destroys its every shred of savour—anchovy or capers for example—label it with a French name which he cannot pronounce, and charge him for the mess not less than three times what it is worth, and he will recommend the dish and the cook to all his friends.

The Bells of Arlington

Arlington Church has a legend of its own—has, rather, its own version of a somewhat common legend. The original church bells, it declares, lie at the bottom of a deep pool in the river called Bell Hole, not to be fished up except by six pairs of flawless white oxen. The attempt to recover them has been made, but always unsuccessfully, for always it has transpired that the seeming flawless teams were not so.

This legend, with small variations, in one form or other recurs frequently in Sussex, and no satisfactory explanation of it is as yet forthcoming. Bells, it is well known, were regarded with peculiar veneration in early Celtic Christianity, when each reputable saint would seem to have had his own, and all kinds of miracles attended thereon. But these were small affairs—hand-bells, mostly made of sheet metal, like the familiar Swiss cow-bells and the old-fashioned sheep-bells that were till lately made at Chichester—and their special sanctity very possibly arose merely from their having been used by the holy man to ring the *Sanctus*. Bells of larger size, and whole *carillons*, are of very late introduction, if only for the reason that

most of the churches of any date before the twelfth century had no towers in which to hang them. If the humble wooden churches of the older time had so much as a bell-cote at the west-end, that was all they boasted. So if the various bell-legends have any antiquity, they must refer not to peals, but to the tiny older *Sanctus* bells of the Scotic missionary bishops. When the old Scotic monastic settlement of the Knowe of Saverough was explored, there was found such a bell carefully buried within the area of the cemetery. It had very evidently been hidden in the "Sanctuary" at some grave crisis, a crisis which swept away all who knew the secret, and kept it still a secret for some 1,200 years. Possibly that version of the tale which clings to Arlington had its origin in the fact that the sacred bell was dropped into the river, whether accidentally or more likely to avoid its falling into profane hands. The further details about the failure of all attempts to raise it would develop naturally enough in later days, which measured the sanctity of bells by their magnitude. As for any connexion of Bell Hole with a nebulous Bel, whether Baldur or otherwise, there is no ground for assuming it and certainly nothing to prove it, the faith of the men of Arlington notwithstanding. They have no doubt whatever about the matter, and they prove it by pointing to Pol Hill and Tye Hill, two small humps on their parish map, which stand—so they say—for the old-time Saxon gods Baldur and Tiw, rather than for such commonplace things as a "pool" and a "piece of ground." One would greatly like to know whether this their faith is genuine tradition, or rather begotten of the guesses of a recent date, as also the further fancy that their *tun* is in some way connected with the mysterious figure of the Long Man, spreadeagled on the grey face of Wilmington Hill two miles away, almost opposite the church door. Seeing that less is known about the Giant than about Bel and Pol and Tiw, speculation of the kind is pretty safe and wholly useless.

Unhappily there is no longer a tow-path by the river's bank to take one back to Alfriston, so that one must perforce keep to the high road, or at any rate to field-paths which ignore the stream. It is to be regretted, for "rivers were made for wise men to contemplate, and for fools to pass by," particularly in this part of England, where water of any sort is the one feature that is commonly lacking in the landscape; for a glimpse of sea on the remote horizon is no adequate substitute for a river in the nearer view. Also the sea has no surprises like those of a twisting river, whose every tuft of rushes, every "wave-worn horn of the echoing bank," may—probably does—hide its own little bit of life, fur, feather or flower, to say nothing of fins. Just because they are so few, these small neglected rivers of Sussex gather to them a disproportionate number of those small delights, and rare visitors are much less rare along their banks than is commonly believed; yet even here the ancient instinct of his forbears urges the Englishman still to "'Eave 'arf a brick" at the poor thing's head, and hang up its stuffed carcase as proof of his own love of Nature!

Alfriston is connected with the world by road-cars to and from Brighton; otherwise by rail at Berwick Station, which is two and a half miles away. Arlington lies another mile and a half further off. Seaford is four miles away to the south-west, or five miles and a half by the road along the Cuckmere valley and Exceat bridge. From Alfriston to Eastbourne by way of Jevington is seven miles.

6. WILMINGTON HILL

IT is from the steep face of Wilmington Hill that "the Long Man of Wilmington looks northwards to the Shires," and you must quest for him on foot, or at any rate on horseback. That is in the fitness of things: Romance provides no precedent for the chasing of giants by train or motor car. You may get within three miles or so by rail to Berwick. Thence you must follow the road either to the Long Bridge or to Wilmington itself, and if you wish to see the Long Man the latter route is the better, for from his hill-top he is invisible. Having seen him you can climb the hill behind him, and thence wander by lost Folkington and Wannock to Polegate, by Combe Hill and Cow Crouch to Hampden Park, or better still by the old trail through Jevington into Eastbourne. He keeps sentry over all the Downland between Pevensey and Cuckmere, from Wilmington to Birling Gap and Beachy Head, and how long he has done so no man knows. There are riddles of the hills that none can yet resolve, and he is of the number.

Facts and Fancies

The facts about him are few enough, documentary records none at all. When in 1874 the restorers came to his rescue he was so nearly obliterated that they had to supply him with new feet, and did it after the fashion common to all wall-artists from the Ancient Egyptian to the modern guttersnipe, twisting them sideways, whereas of old he had been figured as one striding fearless down the slope. An old drawing shows his two staves improved into rake and scythe, details without doubt prompted by the same pre-

Raphaelite spirit which clothed the Apostles in the garb of the fourteenth century and pencils a cigarette between the lips of the Venus of Milo. Even local lore has nothing to say of him which has about it poetry sufficient to make it worth repeating, or any quality to suggest antiquity. His next-of-kin appears to be a small and rude rock-carving near Lake Onega in Northern Russia, which might be flippantly maintained to represent the Giant when a boy. It stands in the same attitude and leans upon the same two staves, with no other difference than that the Russian staves end in a circular something which forcibly recalls the ski-stick affected by winter-sport in the present year of grace. Ski-sticks might be very useful in the snows of Northern Russia, but it is long since it was worth while to carry them about the Downs.

Of theories there are plenty. Some hold him Celtic, and Dr. Phéné would have had him to be veritably one of those wicker *colossi* in which, saith Strabo, the amiable Celt was wont to burn alive victims two-footed and four-footed to the greater glory of whatever god. The learned doctor thought that, when occasion called, the great figure now outlined on the smooth hill's face in whitened bricks, was additionally outlined with wattles and hurdles—no, the two things are not the same—which were packed with victims and duly set ablaze ; but the ingenious theory has met with small support. It is, as a Yankee might remark, too steep.

Others maintain that he is Saxon work, possibly a figure of Beowulf or of the great god Bel or Pol, whose name they mistakenly find in Polegate. The late Vicar of Arlington, two miles away in front, fancied that the figure was in some way connected with his ancient church, and yet others attribute it to the monks of Wilmington Priory. It has been thought that it was designed to act as a guide-post to pilgrims travelling the old road betwixt east and west ; but the road is above and behind the Giant, and no traveller thereby could see the "signpost." Some have explained

WILMINGTON : THE LONG MAN

him astronomically; the sun's rays striking on one or the other arm at certain seasons were to be the clock to tell when something or other was due, some recurrent feast or sacrifice. The contrivance was risky, one would think, in so cloudy a climate as is ours; and be it recalled that every ancient writer who has had anything to say about these isles at all, has emphasized the malignant lie that England has no sunshine. Also it appears that, at the seasons assumed, the sunlight does not behave as the theory requires; but this may be due to the "precession of the equinox" or other such abracadabra of astronomy. If the Giant was indeed a clock, he must have been found to be more bother than he was worth, or he had been more largely imitated.

In plain truth, no man knows, nor as yet has anyone advanced a plausible theory. It is just as well to be candid and own up; the confessed riddle may stimulate someone else to its solution, and the solution when found will prove to be as obvious as are all things great. All that need be added is that this is not England's only giant. There is another, for example, on the chalk Down by Cerne Abbas in Dorsetshire, and every one has heard of the White Horses of the hills; there was one upon the slope of Hindover Hill, three miles to the south-west, and men who were schoolboys in the 'sixties recollect it well enough, though it is now so wholly vanished that learned folks refuse to believe them. For the present the Long Man keeps his own secret, his 240 feet of height set wide-legged on the hill, his two arms stretched out east and west grasping each a long staff, a Cyclops out of Virgil, *monstrum infandum informe ingens*, "a nameless shapeless giant beast," *cui lumen ademptum*, "upon whom is required more light." You may see him clearly from the railway betwixt Polegate and Berwick, now that the liberality of a Duke of Devonshire has renewed his somewhat frayed lines and rewhitened his bricks.

Clocks and calendars have been responsible for a good

deal of archæological nonsense. We have become so habituated to both that we think there could be no living without them. But the world got on well enough without them until the sixteenth century, and old experience could make shift—excellent shift too—with nothing better than a stick and its shadow. This was all that most folk needed in Chaucer's day by way of a watch, and the seasons they could tell by the festivals of their religion. It is likely the Celt and the Early Saxon got on just as well in that way. Nowadays every one has a watch, a wrist-watch probably, but if you are so lucky as to know a shepherd of the older generation, ask him how he knows the times and the seasons. He may not have larnin' enough to explain how, but he knows them infallibly; wherein he is a wiser man and a far better astronomer than are you and I.

Along Roman Roads

Looking up at the Giant at the proper distance from the north, you can see a perfectly regular and almost horizontal line drawn along the hill above him, as it were a fragment of some frame which had once enclosed his figure. It is far above his head and very near the actual hill-top. Also you can see a broad terrace-way, wavering in course but perfect in gradient, that descends the hill-side east of the Giant in the direction of Wilmington. These are both Roman roads, and meeting on the brow of the hill they continue south-east over the Down to Eastbourne. The first named road, carried by regular cuttings through occasional humps on the hill-side, heads direct for the ancient ford at Milton Street and still shows evidence of metal; but this may be a later addition laid down when the road was used for carting flints and chalk. There are great pits all along its course to show that it was so used, and the actual junction of the road and the terrace-way is buried under the upcast from such pits. So narrow is the road, 8 feet at the most, and so near the precipitous slope whereon the Giant leans, that coaches, which used to come along it from Milton Street after crossing the Long Bridge,

were afraid to follow it further and took a loop round the gentler southward brow of the hill, rejoining the Roman road further on. This loop-line is easily traceable by its heavy metalling and wider gauge. On the actual hill-top between the two roads are several barrows, one of them possibly a long barrow, and close by is the old stance of Windoor or Windover Mill that was. Those old millers might well be a jolly folk, as the old song declares, for they could have no cobwebs in their brains on these windy heights. Are there available any statistics to show what was a miller's average hope of life? One would guess that they lived long, for they breathed champagne the year through, *frappé* in winter. They should have been immortals.

The terrace-way has been destroyed at the lower end, where the plough could reach it. Elsewhere it is a good and characteristic specimen of its kind, hard, broader than many, and provided with the usual gutter for drainage. Its turf is of the same fine quality as always covers the old roads, with rarely a bent or a carlin thistle to mar its surface. On the south side of the hill is another one, winding up to the vicinity of the old mill out of the bottom of Deep Dean, 300 feet below. It is as carefully graded as the other, if narrower, and it is built in just the same way by nicking out a step in the hill-side; but it has no hard surface, and it is covered with ragged grass like the slopes about it. It is not old, and it was possibly made by the erstwhile miller of Windoor to give him access to a water-supply. He doubtless had a horse of his own, and anyway the pack-horses which brought grain to the mill would need a drink at times, and there seems to have been no nearer supply. Professor Flinders Petrie thinks it an old terrace, older indeed than the Roman time, built by the folk who left their lynchets and fossed enclosures in the valley below, but there is nothing as yet to show that those folk were pre-Roman, and the quality of the grass is wholly against any great antiquity. There are traces of " valley-entrench-

ments" in many of the bottoms hereabouts, and sometimes the narrow floors of the combes are dotted at short intervals with circular pits from 10 to 20 feet across. Of the latter, some, at any rate, are recent. They were sunk in search of flints for road-mending. But there are other things that tell of earlier times—barrows and Celtic roads and "covered ways," flint implements galore, a curious little "camp" on Combe Hill, and on "Babylon" beside Cow Crouch—the shepherds pronounce it Crootch—another half-obliterated ring-work as yet unexplained.

The junction of the Roman roads above the eastward shoulder of the Long Man is marked by a small barrow or two, and the course of the road onward to Jevington is as often to be guessed as seen. An occasional barrow, or the faint outline of an old building still visible in the turf, gives clue enough, and of course the road kept to the hill's top. A mile short of Jevington it begins to descend, and at once takes again the usual terraced form. It passes by the south wall of Jevington churchyard, and there are Roman bricks in the fabric of the church. Then it climbs up Willingdon Hill, where the coaches again left it; they ran some way south along the ridge before dropping into Eastbourne, but the Roman road goes straight on down the hill, in the usual form of a handsome terrace with a notably big gutter to save it from rain-scour, and so passes diagonally as a public footpath through the allotments by Green-street on the fringe of the town. Here it was uncovered and examined in 1918. Projected it strikes close past Eastbourne's old parish church. As often as not, old churches are set beside Roman roads.

Those who take from books their conception of the Roman road-system in Britain—and particularly in Sussex —will question this seeming abundance of Roman roads upon the Downs; but books, though they may be the last word of their writers' intelligence, are not the last word in knowledge. If the roads which the present writer main-

Centuriation

tains to be Roman are many more than have hitherto been recognized, they are infinitely few for the wide area they cover; and there being abundant evidence that the whole of that area was densely peopled and densely cultivated in the Romans' time, it is simply unthinkable that there were not roads—of sorts—to meet the requirements of that time. Cultivation was, and still is, an impossibility upon the chalk areas without the needful roads. So it is upon the clay of the Weald. One does not need to be a farmer to know this: the mere rambler may prove it for himself by trying to walk across a Sussex ploughland in wet weather. Romanized or not, the Celt was no fool. He had all the roads that were required, and they were many.

One of the Romans' first acts on settling a new territory was to "centuriate" it, that is, to divide it in chess-board fashion by roads of different grades. The main quarterings were marked by broader and better roads, secondary ways served for the next series, and so on. The final subdivisions would be done by the merest trackways, with little of the Roman about them beyond their straightness. The late Professor Haverfield, who knew more than any other man of his time about Roman Britain, fancied he could detect traces of such centuriation in a part of Essex, where modern highways, byways and lanes, seem yet to preserve the Roman's chequer-work. There are parts of Sussex which show the same pattern quite as clearly, and one of them is in the flats between Caburn and Polegate, where you will find road after road laid out on parallel courses, notably those that run north and south. In strict fact they do not head due north, but some points east of north, more or less parallel with the great Stane-street of West Sussex, in its course from Bignor Hill towards London. The road (now a road no longer) from Glyndebourne Cross to Tonbridge had much the same direction, and so have half a dozen others east of it. One of them continued the terrace which runs down beside the Giant, past Monken Pyn onward; and not a few of the others are

aligned with other terraces westward between the Cuckmere and Firle Hill.

Roads of the first class would stand the best chance to survive. Those of the lowest grade would rarely live; they were too narrow and too slightly made to endure. They were not so often destroyed as lost—they sank out of sight under the soil; there the farmer finds them when he breaks up old grass with a deep plough, or when he sets his men to lay drainage pipes. Quite possibly those smallest roads sub-divided the ground in a fashion too mincing for modern agriculture, which affects ever bigger and bigger fields, so there was the more reason for their being neglected, forgotten and ultimately lost. On the Downs they have dropped out of sight under the ancient turf, but they are still there. In these later days there come traction engines to the remotest hill-tops, and you very rightly regret their malodorous intrusion, regret that their wheels should so tear the sod. Nevertheless, there is something to be learnt even of a traction engine, for if you follow its trail—in the wet months especially—you will find that now and again the monster has come across something which has refused to give way to it, a narrow belt of harder soil. Elsewhere, on either side, it has left ruts perhaps 10 inches deep, but here, for the space of 6 or 8 or 10 feet, it has left none. That unyielding belt is the bed of one of the old roads, and with the help of a few tanks one could quickly recover miles and miles of their reticulations.

But you are sick of roads—came here for something more romantic, such as castles and ruins? You may have both. It is a short mile from the Long Man westward to Milton Street and Burghlow Castle on the Cuckmere's edge. You will be disappointed: it is a mere grassy bluff overlooking the water-meadows, and it is more than a hundred years since there was to be seen even a stone of its sometime walls. It is given over now, so the shepherds

A Castle without a History

say, to the "Little People," the "Pharisees," *i.e.* "fairieses," which is a Sussex double plural form for fairies; and the place has no history whatever, save that the soil hereabout was once sown with coins. A few yards off, set plump in the level below, is a great mound covered with tall trees, the "Rookery"; and if you are venturous enough to examine it more closely you will make a discovery, for this is the older original of Burghlow Castle, older by at least two centuries. The mound is the great *motte* which once carried a Norman's wooden keep, and in the grass at its southern foot you can yet see the lines of *valla* and fosses that enclosed a couple of base-courts or baillies. It is possibly the finest example of its kind of earth-work to be seen in Sussex, and so far as the writer knows it was left for him to find it. So there would seem yet to be other things left for the youngest of beginners to discover.

The Rookery, you will notice, stands direct upon the line whereby the Roman road from Wilmington Hill crossed the river to join up with that on the further side by the Long Burgh to Firle Beacon; and knowing what was the course of the road you know also why the Norman set his castle here. It was to keep watch over the road and the river, as de Warenne kept watch from the "Calvary Mount" over the road through Southover and over the River of Lewes. Conversely, had you known that the Rookery was what it is, you would have rightly guessed that beside it ran the Roman road. But who built it, who held it, and for how long, deponent sayeth not.

Wilmington

You shall find ruins in Wilmington itself, the remnant of the great gatehouse of the old priory which Robert Mortain founded here in the eleventh century, a house of Benedictines. The building (fifteenth century) stands dejectedly in the middle of a farmyard, and looks as if it would fain hide its fallen state behind its ivy. Next door to it, perched as usual on a mount and bowered in old trees, is the Church

of SS. Peter and Mary, well worth a moment's stay ere you hurry down the village's one street in search of tea. Almost all the graves lie on the north side of the church, and having read in books that this is unusual, you may wonder why. Simply because the church is so placed that there is no room elsewhere. You will see the same thing at Folkington, but if you care to go so far you should ask for guidance to "Fowington." The natives know not Folkington. Thence to Polegate is an easy stroll, and a very pretty one; but Polegate, "the Road by the Pool," has little to offer you except the train that takes you home.

The Long Man is about the same distance (three miles) from the railway stations at Berwick and Polegate. He is a mile and a half away from Alfriston, and five miles from Eastbourne by the greenway into Jevington.

7. PEVENSEY

THE soil of Pevensey Level is so exceedingly fat that many a lean Downland farm lets, and lets well, for the sake only of its share of a few acres in the Level, and hither come the lean kine of half the county to be toned up for the butcher or the auctioneer. This, lest the reader should altogether miscall the seeming waste of sedges and saltings, that has but two suits of apparel—eight months eternal green, four months eternal grey—and saving always Pevensey and its castle, never a feature of its own ; so that you might fancy the cartographer had by mistake mapped into Sussex some square miles of the dullest parts of Essex or of Lincolnshire. For fat or not, there can be no question that the Level is exceeding plain, and withal exceeding desolate. Should you venture beyond the limits of Pevensey and Westham—they are virtually one and the same—you may wander long enough ere you find another village. True, a small eruption of bricks and mortar—it is now Pevensey Bay, but erstwhile it was Wallsend—has broken out "upon the tattered fringes of the sand" to the south, and another smaller outbreak of the same kind is appearing eastward at Norman's Bay. These serve to break, if not to beautify, the dead monotony of the skyline, but they are not villages. To the east and north instinct, rather than eyesight, tells you that there is high ground if you seek far enough ; and to the south-west you can actually see hills, Beachy Head and the great Downs along to Wilmington, but far away ! It is but four miles really, but

seen through this deceptive atmosphere it seems an infinity.

Pevensey, however, is an important place—that is to say, in history. At the present time Westham looks more important than Pevensey, and neither is of much account. In a few years it is probable that Pevensey Bay —the new eruption aforesaid—will have overshadowed both. The more reason to go and see them now.

The Name of Pevensey

As for the name of it, the *Domesday* scribes wrote it Pevenesel and Penevesel. Evidently the poor men found it a tongue-twister, and the world at large has hardly sufficient sympathy with the sufferings of those old Norman inquisitors in their struggles to grapple with the uncouth Saxon names around them. Evidently also Pevenesel, if not entirely right, was nearer so than Penevesel. Pevensey means, we are told, Peofna's *ey*, that is, island. If so, why did the Norman write it Peofna's *el*? Possibly they are right who maintain that it should be Peofna's Hill. As a matter of fact it is just as much a hill as it is an island. The term "hill" is a vague one, and there are scores of place-names on the map of England—burys, boroughs, burghs, lows, and hows—where you shall find never a hill at all as that word is commonly understood. Anyhow, Pevensey is not in a hole. It stands on the last bit of raised soil on the western side of the Level, a peninsula thrown out from the direction of Hailsham. In Saxon the word *ey* meant peninsula as well as island, and there are plenty of other *eys* about—Langney and Hydeney and Horsey to wit, Chilly and Rickney and Northeye and Mountney.

There is a third alternative, that the Norman scribe mistook *ei* for *el*—not very likely with a place of such importance, and the seat of a castellany. As for the first part of the name, it is a proper name.

It will seem unlikely at the first blush, but it is none the less fact, that the place was less of an *ey* in early days

than afterwards it was. Commonly one thinks that the building of sea-walls and the banking of a stream must needs make the adjacent flats much drier. Doubtless it commonly does so; but sometimes it does just the reverse. That is what happened here. In the long ago the flood-waters could get away readily by any one of half a dozen streams. Now there is but one stream left, and that banked up too high to be of much service as a drain, while the great sea-wall thrown right round the bay has blocked all other outlets. So that if the Level is no longer drowned at every tide, it cannot get rid of a surplus of rain, and all through the wet months it is like a quivering sponge under one's feet, where erstwhile was *terra firma*. This is not theory, but simple fact, and for the proof thereof you need but stroll out two or three miles along the roads to the northward, to Wartling and to Middle Bridge. By the side of each road are to be seen the banks and moats which betray mediaeval homesteads. When those homesteads were planned and built the soil must have been habitable; but to-day it is so wet that to dig a moat in it would be scarcely more reasonable than to dig ditches in the sea. Clearly the Level was much less wet in the Middle Ages than now it is, and also much more populated.

The Drowning of the Level

Embanking has so wholly altered the appearance, and even the course of the river, that it takes a sharp eye to discern where must have been Pevensey Haven, that convenient inlet which brought Pevensey into history, or indeed into being. Long before the Romans went, prowling Saxon pirates had found it out; and if the Romans selected it to be the site of one of the most formidable of the nine coastal fortresses which were to guard the "Saxon Shore," one infers that it afforded a particularly good port of entry to invaders. One infers also that in those days it was not so girt by swamps as to be merely a landing-place: it must have afforded quick and easy access to those well-to-do and settled lands where the

Vikings sought their plunder. Probably the whole region to the south-west was fully occupied and cultivated if not also most of the Level; and probably there was a good hard road eastward across the Level towards Hastings. This explains why a later Viking, William of Normandy, also made his landing here, and how it happened that he could so easily seize Hastings from this base. His force rode direct hence to that place, and such heavy cavalry could hardly have done it in the second week of September without a tolerable road to carry them.

A Great Fortress

Here then the Romans built the great fortress which they named Anderida. It is not a Roman name, presumably therefore of British origin, like fifteen out of sixteen of the names on the map of Roman Britain; and possibly the derivation from *Coed an tref*, "the forests without a town," is correct. It is certain that the name clung for centuries to the vast forest of the Weald, Andredes Weald, that stretched in length from Kent into Hampshire, from Pevensey Level to the North Downs. That forest can scarcely have taken its name from such a short-lived upstart among the towns of Britain as was this late-built, soon-abandoned Roman fortress; whereas the reverse is likely enough. Whence also one infers that Coed Andred extended in the fourth century to the near neighbourhood of the fortress, despite the efforts of 300 years of Romano-British husbandry. When that husbandry should cease, the forest would "rush in" again, extending yet further south, until fortress and forest were all but one.

There is some reason to believe that Anderida was begun so late that it was yet unfinished when the legions were recalled from Britain in 410. It belongs to the days of Roman decadence, and one would therefore the less look for any such mighty highroads leading to it as the Roman engineers had built ere virtue had gone out of them; and in point of fact the antiquaries have for some three centuries been seeking those roads, with small success.

The main route issued, obviously, from the great west gate and went westward more or less, but is nowhere discoverable. It seems to have slipped behind the houses which line the south side of Westham's main street, and so run straight to where is now the level crossing by the station, whence it continued by the line of the footpath towards Friday Street and the Downs behind Willingdon. Somewhere or other it threw off a branch to the right which ran direct to Polegate and so on to Heighton Street, Glynde, Hamsey, and Streat. From Polegate a third branch ran north to join the great road through Godstone and the Caterham Valley to Noviomagus, a town which stood near Croydon, and to London. Finally, there must have existed a good road eastward to Hastings—from Andredes-ceastre to Hastings-ceastre—and, possibly, there was yet another due north by Boreham Street towards Tonbridge. But none of all these need have been anything but "vicinal" ways of perhaps 8 to 12 feet in width, and laid upon a soft bottom they have mostly sunk out of sight. They are still there perhaps, but they are buried.

The stone for the building of the fortress was brought from the shore at Eastbourne, and probably by water to the Haven. There was hardly a road existing of a quality to bear such heavy traffic, and commonsense would bid the Romans use the waterway. You can't wear out the sea's "wet highway." Some ten centuries later the stone needed for the repair of the Norman castle we know was waterborne to the spot.

The Coming of the South Saxons

In 477 did the South Saxons make their first landing at Keynor on Chichester Harbour, and not until 492 did they come to the storming of Anderida 50 miles away. There the Britons of the south-land made their last stand behind the defences not yet 100 years old, which the Roman, after his fashion, had built for all time. It was a fight to a finish, and the Saxons "left not a Briton alive." So says the *Saxon Chronicle* with vengeful brevity,

and therewith the curtain falls on Anderida for 600 years. The thing needs thinking over. There had been 14 years of stubborn fighting, the invaders pushing remorselessly east along the open foreshore and the Downs, driving before them their tough, if luckless foes, until now the whole remnant of them were gathered here, their backs to the wall, with no choice of retreat save either into the forest or into the sea—exile or savagery. Half a generation of accumulated hatred to embitter this last encounter. The South Saxon, for whatever reason, seems to have fought a more merciless fight than others of his kindred, though the reason may have been none of his making, but solely the crass obstinacy of the Sussex Celts, who refused to know when they were beaten, refused to accept quarter, and refused to stay and be the submissive serfs of their conquerors. Elsewhere the Celts fought doubtless, but once beaten they acquiesced, and remained—many of them—upon their native soils, in the long run to amalgamate with their masters, civilize them, and build up the English race. But these Sussex Celts were of less pliant fibre. They had asked no quarter in the past, and they would not ask it now. They fought, fell, or fled; and when the *Saxon Chronicle* tells us that "there was no Briton left alive," it is speaking not of Anderida alone, but of all Sussex. There is scarce a county in England which has so few traces of the old blood, the old speech, and the old ways. One can sum the possibly Celtic names of Sussex upon the fingers of one's hands; one may search all its scanty folk-lore in vain for a typically Celtic scrap; and as for the Celtic physical type, it is not to be found. The South Saxon type is on every hand, lean, long-limbed, wholly innocent in particular of what Carlyle called "the posterior luxuriance of the Hottentot," hatchet-faced and fair-haired, with a tendency to cultivate a goatee—the English original of Brother Jonathan indeed, but in every one of his "points" wholly unlike a Celt. Who can think of a Celt with a goatee beard?

PEVENSEY CASTLE, SOUTH SIDE

So the Celt went out from Sussex utterly. Whereon depended much history as yet unwritten. Here, for example, is the sufficient explanation of the exceeding slowness wherewith Sussex received Christianity. The Celt was a Christian of a sort, and probably the more obstinately so for hatred of his conquerors and his conquerors' gods. When he submitted to the powerful argument of the *Seax*, he made no submission to Odin. He kept his own creed, and slowly it became familiar to his oppressors ; and when the missioners of St. Columba took the field they found elsewhere a host of allies amongst the Celtic subjects of the Saxon. But in Sussex they found no such allies, for all were gone, and the South Saxon was still an unqualified pagan. That—and that alone—is enough to explain why Sussex was the last of the Saxon kingdoms to abandon the old gods, whereas geographically it should have been amongst the first, and Chichester might have ranked where now ranks Canterbury.

The Passing of the Celt

The Celt went, and with him went all the Roman tradition whereof he was the heir. There remained of it only the lifeless forms—gaunt walls, like those of Anderida, the fired remains of villas, roads, and a hundred turfen things—barrows, and so on—which drew no man's eye. The vital thing—the human part of Rome's legacy—was gone, and when the tradition returned it came as a strange thing to a strange people. Small wonder that Sussex lagged behind in the race for priority, dropped indeed altogether out of the race within 200 years, and remained out of it for another 1,000. Fitting, too, that he who broke the independence of Sussex and harnessed it to the heels of Wessex was Ceadwalla, whose name betrays him a Briton by descent. He came to avenge those who died in Anderida. Andredes-ceastre was so thoroughly destroyed, says Matthew of Westminster, that it never rose again.

The victorious Saxons squatted here and there in and about the ruins which their conquest left, for herein at

least they resembled the Romans: they "made a wilderness and called it peace." So the various *eys* slowly came to their names. Some of them grew to be places of importance, amongst them Northeye, a mile or so north-east of Peofna's Isle, a considerable town with its own church. To-day, like Southeye, it is wholly gone—*vox et præterea nihil.*

The Normans' Landing

Then came that eventful day, September 28, 1066, when the 40,000 thieves from Normandy ran into the bay and disembarked upon the unguarded shore, Duke William leading the way and taking seisin of English soil in the shape of a double handful of mud and sand. William showed the "historical sense" in landing here, for tradition must have been behind his choosing such a beach. He was more fortunate in the results of his efforts to make himself acquainted with English topography and England's weaknesses than a later-day namesake who likewise aspired to this same island-throne.

His plan surprised the English, long as they had known of his intended coming. Apparently there was no one to resist it, and throwing into the shell of the Roman fortress a force sufficient to hold it and so secure his re-embarkation, if need should be, he rushed his main force eastward to Hastings, and there constructed his first English castle. The *Roman de Rou* describes the flight of the country folk, who, abandoning their houses and driving their cattle before them, sought refuge in the *cimetières*, that is, the churchyards, the customary sanctuaries of that age. A fortnight later—it was the 13th of the month and a Friday—William broke the stout resistance of the English at Battle, slew Harold, and gained the crown he came for. That was the only occasion in history when the people of these islands confessed themselves beaten in a single round. It was not heroic, but it was sound good sense. The best thing that ever happened to England was its conquest by the forceful Northmen.

William handed over Pevensey to the keeping of his brother-in-law, Robert Mortain, Count of Eu, who proceeded to build the castle which to-day looks down upon the older Roman walls. The latter were embodied in the plan, the Normans simply creating a fortress within a fortress, exactly as another Norman dealt with Porchester, and what he did not require for his castle became its bailly. The moat which covered the castle's inner wall is still there. The Roman wall, 12 feet in thickness, had been built as a sort of revetment to the knap of ground which was to form Anderida, rising only to a modest height above the inner area, but falling on the outside in places as much as 20 feet or more. Mortain's great castle stood on the highest point of all, and where all the surroundings are so flat, seems to tower above them higher than it does in reality. Nevertheless, it hardly justifies the language of a writer of eighty years ago, who describes it as built "upon a craggy steep."

The Norman Castle

Mortain's shrift was short, and Henry I. gave the castellany to one Gilbert de Aquila, whence it acquired its familiar name of the Honour of the Eagle. It came back to the crown in the days of Edward I., and at one time belonged to "Great John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," who could use it as a hunting-lodge whence to hunt his Forest of Ashdown. In the fifteenth century it was eclipsed by the building of Hurstmonceux, not five miles away to the north. It went down hill so rapidly that Elizabeth ordered its demolition. Apparently it was too well built to pay for the trouble. In the Armada time was constructed a feeble "sconce" within the bailly, where a long lean gun of the period still lies upon the grass. Knowing what one does of the capabilities of the ordnance of the time, one infers that the sea in those days came a good deal farther in than now it does. As it happened, there was no opportunity for the battery to come into action. In 1650 the Cromwellian Government

auctioned what was left of the castle for £40, but it proved too tough for the *démolisseurs*. It is in safe hands now.

Antiquities Young and Old

It is a magnificent ruin, the one notable relic of Roman fortress-building that Sussex can boast of, and its stubborn fabric of flint and mortar, bonded with great string-courses of red tiles, laughs at the gales of to-day as it laughed at them more than 1,500 years ago. Here and there the foundations have given way and a part of the curtain has slipped out of the perpendicular, but, though it falls, it refuses to break. It puts to shame even the Normans' work; of all things else about it makes mockery. Pevensey has one or two other antiquities of a sort—antiquities which in any other place would be of much account. Here they are the veriest younglings. There is the "Mint House," for example: it is a wondrous piece of half-timber architecture, but about 1,000 years less old than are those grey scarred Roman walls. There is the town-hall, a very pygmy amongst its kind, lock-up below, court-room aloft, and an outside stair whereby the worshipful the Corporation ascended. It is some centuries younger still. Older than the house or the hall was the Corporation itself; for Pevensey was a "member" of the Cinque Port of Hastings, and boasted until the 'eighties its own bailiffs and jurats—boasted also, of course, its own Corporation seal, that of the Borough of Hastings with a reference to St. Nicholas for difference. For the church is of St. Nicholas, the sailors' patron-saint, and in his keeping are now the seal and the rest of the municipal baubles. That is their proper place: they are but restored to the original town-hall of their community, for just such was the church of every English parish in the now remote days when religion was still but one, if the most prominent, part of the communal concerns, and the same building served as temple and court of law and school, and sheltered with equal amplitude the ducking-stool and the fire-engine, the parish coffin and the parish top. Older than any Corporation in these

islands was the vestry of every ancient parish, the primitive moot of the English village community.

From Mortain's ruined walls, says the mendacious old enthusiast before quoted, you may enjoy "a beautiful view." Wide it may be, but hardly beautiful. There is colour enough on days in late January, when a Sussex sun paints every long dyke with intense blue, and the young corn of the arables is emerald, and the wands of the willows are vivid orange. But if you desire beauty you must go out into the flatland and look back upon the castle, in May-time for choice, when its gaunt flanks are bowered in the bloom of apple and pear trees, and in imagination you can again rehearse the things that have happened here—see Peofna shepherding his savage troops through the fen, on and on, until the moment comes for the final rush, or count the great fleet of the Norman Duke creeping in endless procession up to the shore, Taillefer leading them on to the *Song of Roland*.

8. BRIGHTHELMSTON

TO the archæologist Brighton means nothing. The mere antiquary may find here and there a scrap of interest, notably in the old curio shops in the Lanes, but even he must go back to Brighthelmston for anything of real interest; and that is, after all, not so very far back, for the new name supplanted the old only about 1750. The new name is a reprehensible modernism akin to "rugger" and "bike," and the borough councillors would do well to revive the handsome older form, or one of those forms, for there are said to be eighty-four different ways of spelling it. But the Spirit of the Age, and the cost of paper, are against any such course. One needs time and money to be a Cholmondeley.

Like Cæsar's Gaul, Brighton as a whole is divided into three parts, Brighton, Kemp Town and Hove. Kemp Town looks down, in both senses of the phrase, on Brighton, and Hove sneers at the twain. But Brighton goes her way rejoicing in the knowledge that her name is known where comes not that of the others.

Town-planning, had it existed in the days when Dr. Russell "discovered" the place, could scarce have availed to prevent the ill arrangement of the town, with its lack of proper plan and yet worse lack of all adequate arteries of traffic. Nature was against its proper development, for it is built upon the noses and the brows of a dozen spurs of the chalk Down that here thrust forward around her cradle, the Old Steine, once Brighthelmston's harbour, as if the thirsty hills had been eager to cool their snouts in its waters.

Brighton as it is

Her crowded streets straggle at all angles up and down these hills and the intervening hollows; her main avenues perforce follow the hollows only, which mostly lead no whither in particular. Great thoroughfare has she none, except the Front, where little traffic is allowed. In one parallel alley behind the Front, not half the needful width, is packed most of her business. For the rest, such plan as she boasts is all at fault, for the streets lie mainly north and south, and are mostly too narrow to catch the sunlight. She does not mind, nor do her admirers. She thrives exceedingly.

In a certain library in Bruges is a Dutchman's atlas of the English counties. On his map of Sussex, Burpham is marked as a place of importance, but Brighton is not marked at all. To-day Burpham has, say, a population of 200 souls, Brighton has 150,000; and that map was made just 300 years ago. If it be clear that Brighton is essentially modern, it is further clear that her growth has been rapid.

Of course the place was there, albeit the Dutchman had no room for it. It was too insignificant, merely a spot where dwelt a few fisherfolk, to whom their neighbour landsmen referred contemptuously as Juggs. There was as yet no town, and even the older *tun* that bore Brighthelm's name was non-existent, for the sea had swallowed it up. For centuries had the Juggs been playing the game of King Canute, persistently squatting too near the encroaching sea, and periodically forced to fall back. Being English, and withal of the stubborn South-Saxon breed whose motto is "We won't be druv," they retired slowly, rallied anew, and seem at this last to have got the better of their adversary.

Brighton Old—

When Brighton began to be fashionable it first occupied a modest square, whereof the plan and the memory are preserved in those of four of her oldest streets, each named after a cardinal compass-point. Here is gathered whatever

remains of old Brighton, where you may find—if you seek with judgment—the oddest bits of dwellings, fragments of a town of Lilliput, with absurd little balconies before their windows, and dwarfish elevations like that of a doll's house ; an effect which is not lessened by their being sunk usually many feet below the present level of the streets. Even the material is in keeping : many of them are built of " boulder-work," that is, of round beach pebbles grouted in abundant mortar, set like panels into frames of old red brick ; others are of herring-bone brick, and here and there is one of boulder-work streaked with horizontal courses of brick, curiously like Roman building. Crowned with steep roofs of brilliant pantiles, the boulder-work panels as often as not richly tarred, these pygmy dwellings line thoroughfares as exiguous as themselves, twisting in and out from one main street to another—something verily old, if not positively ancient, and appropriately the gathering-ground of all manner of curio-shops, whose dim toy windows are crammed with antiquities of every sort. These tiny *ruelles* are the Lanes. So they spell it now, but it should be Laines, and the word means literally " fields." They represent what were once the field-paths in and about the sometime close-tilled furlongs of the manor. Through open doorways one gets glimpses of interiors that seem to come from Teniers' brush, and the ways are so extremely narrow that stout people wisely go round, as wagons avoid a straitened lane. A Buxted visitor of a century ago declared that the eaves of a Brighton house were less than 12-feet above the ground. Such half-subterranean building was, he thought, " a necessary precaution against storm, that a man should not be blown out of his bed into New England, or Barbary, or God knows where." But he had his compensations : he enjoyed the use of " 2 parlours, 2 bed-chambers, pantry, etc.," for the sum of five shillings a week !

This square—Brighton's *Quadrata*—was already there when in 1545 a French fleet descended on the town. It

was an outline only, a hollow square about open fields, as a contemporary drawing declares.

—And yet Older

Plans, maps and views of the place as it was in the seventeenth century show an almost uninhabited—and one would say uninhabitable —foreshore, a few straggling groups of buildings set on the west side of a toy harbour, and in the background the Church of St. Nicholas on a spur of the Downs. The church abides, but the harbour is gone. It has been filled in and paved over to make what is now the Old Steine. Probably the name means only " pavement," but the local belief is that it refers to a certain Steen or rock, which is supposed to have overhung the harbour, on which rock the Juggs used to dry their nets. Even in Queen Bess's time it was needful to fine people for permitting their pigs to root among the nets there. A little eastward is a " New Steine," to which no such explanation can apply, and Seaford also has its Steine. Of a certainty, however, there was once a low chalk cliff at the sea's edge, and under it were built the cottages of the Juggs while yet the sea was at a safe distance. But the sea was always encroaching. It is on record that in the thirteenth to fourteenth centuries (1260–1340) it devoured 40 acres of the land of Brighthelmston, as many more of Aldrington, 60 acres of Portslade, and 150 acres of Hove. About 1600 there were 135 cottages under the cliff. By 1665 the number was reduced to 113. In 1703 occurred the memorable storm which demolished all but a few of these, and a second storm in 1705 completed the ruin. Thereafter the remnant of the Juggs took refuge in the hollow square aforesaid and as one walks to-day along the Marine Parade one fails to realize that here was, and is still, a real cliff.

To the Old Steine did St. Paul's of London,—to borrow Sydney Smith's abiding jest—come to be delivered of the several " pups " which are the domes of the Prince Regent's

million-pound plaything, the Pavilion ; and up and down the same Steine did Society strut in the awful costumes of the period, or drive in the not less awful " machines " or " curricles " of the time, amongst them the Duke of Sussex, " amusing himself with a pipe." In yet earlier days the Duke of Cumberland had come thither regularly to uncart the stag for a hunt on the open Downs that bordered the Steine.

The last bit of the old harbour to be filled in is still called Pool Valley, appropriately the site of certain Baths—an institution nearly as old as Brighton. Bits of what was then accounted splendour—plaster truly, but of beautiful design—are traceable along the Steine, but they are strangely few. Brighton, one feels, was built on the cheap. The few really fine groups of building—Sussex Square and Lewes Crescent at the one end, Adelaide Crescent and Brunswick Square at the other—belong to a later date, and seem to have edged away as far as might be from the shoddy and dubious modishness of the Fitz-Herbert age.

The Valley of the Steine

Once upon a time the Valley of the Steine was an inlet of the sea, and there was no crossing it save by boat nearer than the point where meet Elm Grove and Union Roads, a mile from the beach. Into it came from Patcham by Preston Park the Welesbourne stream. With the shift of centuries Welesbourne came to be Whalesbone, and something very like it appears as early as the thirteenth century, when it gave its name to the Hundred. To-day the stream has wholly vanished, but there is enough of beauty left to hint how charming must have been the Vale of Welesbourne ere the blight of modishness fell on it. Preston Park is quite a nice one, of the purely tame, stall-fed, we-close-at-dusk variety. If you seek the other kind you must go a mile or two further afield to the native Downs.

Saving this valley there is no pleasing approach to

London-on-Sea. By road the other approaches are sordid, by rail horrific—soul-destroying lines of grey dwellings rising tier upon tier along every slope, and overflowing into every hollow. The proper time to enter is at night, when a decent darkness veils their ugliness.

The Problem of Brighthelmston's Church

St. Nicholas, erstwhile the Parish Church, has some extremely good flush-work in its walls. It contains a screen of Henry VII's time, reputed the finest in Sussex, and a wonderful Norman font of stone decorated with unintentionally grotesque carvings, including some which refer to the patronal saint. It is none the less late in its period, though it may well be the oldest thing in the church. Certain vandals of 1743 had it scraped and cleaned, and even recut some of the carving, so it is said, finally putting their names on the base in pious memory of the outrage. In one corner is a beautiful bust by Westmacott of his wife Dorothy; in another a large brass plate records the fact that in this church did Samuel Johnson worship with the Thrales. The advertisement is not in the best of taste, but seeing what hard things the heavy Doctor said of the Downs hereabout, it breathes the reticence of a real spirit of charity.

There was one John of Brighthelmston, Vicar in 1091, by which date his church had already passed into the hands of the Priory of St. Pancras in Lewes. The fact does not import that this church is of that date; it is not even certain that John's church was here at all, and wherever it was it was probably built of nothing but wood. St. Nicholas was originally the church of the Manor of Atlingworth, not of the Manor of Brighthelmston. As every *tun* was ordered about 750 to provide a burial-ground within its bounds, Brighthelm's *tun* must have had its own; and this must have lain, where lay the *tun*, far to the south. It went under the sea centuries ago, and there

are yet old families in the place whose tradition is that their kindred are buried somewhere off the end of the Palace Pier. Brighton adopted St. Nicholas by default, which was the easier because Atlingworth had also vanished. It is possible that there was an intermediate period when the old "free-chapel" of St. Bartholomew, in the centre of Brighton *Quadrata*, did duty as the town church. There are a few stones of it still visible, and its name is there still, and it is curious that on almost the same site stands the modern town-hall. Such buildings nowadays are secular. Three centuries ago most parishes had no other town-halls than their churches. Anyhow there is no reason to think St. Nicholas to be a very old building, whatever be the age of its graveyard. Erridge gives *in extenso* a legend which attributes its erection to the fourteenth century only.

Druids' Stones

The graveyard is mounded high and overcrowded with its many graves, their headstones bleached bone-white by the fierce salt winds which make mockery of humanity's most costly efforts to outlive its own memory. Horsfield says that there was a big tumulus near by called Bunker's Hill, and that about the churchyard were certain great stones, the remains of a Druidical circle. Mark A. Lower was convinced that the spot had once been a Druidical temple, albeit no stone then remained. Some of the natives appear to harbour a foggy notion that some of those stones are to be seen in the base of what was once a very fine churchyard cross, "a remnant of the superstition that prevailed prior to the Reformation," as the pious Erridge put it. Archæologists have known, since first their science was named, that such stones were habitually set up about the graves of great pagans. What reason is there why they should not have been set up about the graves of early Christians also? You will say, "Because they are pagan." Then what say you of the millions of headstones in our churchyards?

In Hove Park is a group of stones ranged in a circle about a central one yclept the Goldstone. These stones were brought thither and so arranged only a generation ago, and they came from at least two different sites, but the natives have already come to hug the belief that they are the ruins of a Druidical something. At Standean again is another group wearing a most convincing air of hoary antiquity, but in reality nothing but the stray "Sarsens," and "Grey-wethers" collected from the arables about; and the name of Standean suggests that that valley was once conspicuous for the number of its big stones. They are scarce nowadays the Downs over, and one wonders how much of the mystery about them is genuine folk-memory, how much misunderstood "book-learning." "Sarsen" is said to stand for Saracen; and in the fourteenth century "Saracen" meant indifferently a giant or a pagan, so one can understand how the name might come to be applied to stones of special size, or to such as were taken to have a "Druidical" arrangement. But did Sussex ever use the term "Grey-wethers"? There is little imagination about the Downsman where sheep are concerned: to him they mean mostly only mutton and money.

The "Goldstone"

Not far from the Goldstone stood until the year 1850 the famous round barrow whence came the Amber Cup, the pearl of the many antiquities in Brighton Museum.

Orthodoxy pronounces it to be "probably of Baltic origin" and of a date at least 500 B.C. There are those who doubt. Everything else in the barrow was of British origin and possibly not nearly so old. Moreover, this barrow had a tradition; year by year—on Good Friday, of all days in the year—it was the scene of a local fête, with games and dancing, which continued until the nineteenth century. One boggles at the theory that there could have been perpetuated so late the memorial games

of one who died 2,500 years ago. One might—with an effort—believe it of 1,500 years. It is certain that barrows were built at far later dates than orthodoxy allows; very doubtful whether the articles found in barrows are always of the same age as the interment. Human nature, especially Celtic human nature, has been pretty much the same through the ages, and one does not find folks—Celts especially—flinging sovereigns, or even Treasury notes, into the graves of their dead. If they throw in anything at all, it is commonly something which they can very well do without.

Between this spot and the Goldstone lies the Old Shoreham Road, the Roman thoroughfare from Portslade eastward. By it you make your way over the rising ground of the Dyke Road into the hollow of Welesbourne and beyond by Elm Grove Road to the Race Hill. It crossed the valley just above reach of tide, and to the same point came another Roman road from Newhaven and Roedean, over the nose of White Hawk Hill. A thoroughfare no longer, it is still there, threading the untidy allotments on White Hawk as a footway and passing directly under Kemp Town Manor House. Manor houses of real antiquity not seldom stand upon Roman roads, and close beside this one was a cluster of Romano-British huts, a "wick," whence has come one of those rare little bronze pigs of Celtic make. Is there any connection between these quaint figurines and the modern association of Sussex with pigs? With Celt and Saxon alike the pig was in highest esteem, albeit for very different reasons: to the Celt it was a deity or the symbol thereof, to the Saxon an article of diet of paramount importance. Hogg, like Huggett or Hoggett ("piglet") and Hogsflesh, is still a good Sussex name, and some of that name bear for badge the "litel speckled hoglynge" of romance.

"As It was in the Beginning"

The ubiquitous Roman had ever a keen nose for good

air; he knew more about microbes—*bestiolæ*—than most people think, and it is due to him and his theories of what was healthy and what not that so many good old-fashioned English homes turn their fronts to the east and the north, their backs to the sun. He early discovered Brighton, and planted there a colony of well-to-do people, each in his own villa, along the great trunk road. It is more than likely that there was quite a considerable town here in his time; it is certain that his leavings are found in numbers—foundations, pottery, coins and manufactured articles. But in those days the road lay perhaps two miles from the seashore, and in lieu of piers and pavilion he looked out over broad level acres of intensive culture, sparsely dotted over with unobtrusive villas and scarce recognizable native huts. Even before his time the Briton had made it a populous region, and if the "camp" on White Hawk Hill is now barely traceable, that of Hollingbury is a fine piece of work set in a splendid position, while every hollow thence north to Ditchling Beacon is seamed with the lynchets and the roads of long ago, almost every hill-top studded with its barrows. There are barrows even within the ring of Hollingbury itself. They can only have been put there when the place had ceased to be a home for the living, but until we know the real age of the barrows it is idle to dogmatize about the age of the "camp," which orthodoxy declares to be of Bronze Age. The Saxon in his turn came hither, drawn partly by the Roman road, partly by the convenient harbour. He made his chief settlements at Atlingworth and Brighthelmston and Hove, a Saxon Thane, as like as not, expropriating each several manor, to be handed on in due course by the same forceful title to the next wave of pirates, the Normans. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* All history is continuity, but one could not easily find a more remarkable case of the continuity of a *name* than this of Brighton, of whose original patrimony well-nigh all was buried under the sea so many years ago.

Beyond Hollingbury the road goes north along the ridge to Ditchling Beacon (813 feet) four miles away, with Stanmer Park on the right hand, the Ladies' Mile on the left. The latter takes one down into forsaken Patcham, where there are two things to draw the wanderer, viz. the church and the pigeon-house, close together at the Downs' edge. In the church, besides a brass or two, is a famous "doom," said to be thirteenth century work, frescoed over the Norman chancel arch, a visible reminder of a time when faith was more elemental than now it is. But the pigeon-house is the greater glory—complete to this day with all its superbly simple apparatus for reaching the hundreds of nests with the minimum of effort. It is merely a ladder playing round a central post, so lightly that a child could move it, and a man with a basket, commencing from the top would clear the nests, round after round, until he reached the bottom again with his basket full. This you cannot do with a square dove-house, and this is why, ere they were grown too lazy, the builders made them round. From outside Patcham's example looks like the trunk of an old windmill only. Had you come here only so late as 1922 you would have found also, still intact, inside a squat square building fifty yards away, a donkey-well and the huge squirrel-cage within which the patient beast paced his tread-mill. The last "donkey" to do so was a pony, who subsequently ended a brilliant career in a travelling circus. Time was when Brighton also depended upon a well of the same kind long since gone. It stood on the front beside the Old Steine.

Patcham

At this point the made road ends, and a farm-track coaxes you on to the green Downs that rise always north-ward. It is worth while to go at least so far as the *Chattri*, the white memorial of those brave men who, having made the great sacrifice for the sake of the

In Memory of Brave Men

White *Raj* in the Great War, passed hence through the flames to where

> The throne of Indian Cama slowly sails
> A Summer fanned with spice.

Frail and fairy-like, as utterly out of keeping with its surroundings as were those Indian stalwarts amongst the muddy horrors of Flanders, still one could not spare it. It is a thing of beauty; it is the one beautiful memento that the war has left upon the Downs; and it speaks of a devotion whereof all history has no parallel. So it is worth your while to go thus far—and your duty also.

White Hawk Camp

So far-flung is Brighton now that few of her million visitors ever reach her Downs at all. Yet they are easy enough to reach. A 'bus will bring you to Patcham, a tram to the Race Hill, and at either spot you step straight out to the open turf. There is no finer view of the place than that from the Race Hill, whose Grand Stand lies close beside the vanished camp of White Hawk Hill. Only an expert could detect it to-day. Once it boasted a triple ring of oval fortifications with wide interspaces, an unusual plan which occurs twice again in Sussex, at Combe Hill in Willingdon and at Goose Hill in Binderton, but both of these have but two rings instead of three. Possibly the inmost ring at White Hawk is not so old as the others, for there were military works here in 1587, when England was beginning to worry about the threat of the Spanish Armada.

Erridge has a legend about the camp and a phantom white lady who haunted it, a gipsy, a dark stranger, a thunderstorm and a smell of sulphur. The gipsy's grave used to be shown in the little garth at Ovingdean, for she seems to have found better burial than she deserved. Until a century ago the camp was the scene of an August fair. It is forgotten now, and of all that belonged it remains

only a race-meeting. Not a few of our modern meetings seem to have had similar origin—survivals of old games held at spots where lived or lay the unremembered dead.

Elm Grove Road, by which you climb Race Hill, was Roman. At the top it swung north-east over the Downs by Wick Farm—a Roman name—to New-market Farm, and there it forked. The one branch went downhill to Ashcombe and Buckland Bank and Streat—the other, a greenway of course, still takes you straight to the nose of Kingston Hill and so to Southover and Lewes. This way the Juggs brought their fish to sell in Lewes, and to this day it is called the Juggs' road.

Kingston Hill

Kingston Hill commands one of the finest views in Sussex. Dropping down into the hollow to the south you may follow the valley past deserted Balsdean, a "wisht" place amongst whose wildflowers lurks a vague flavour of ghosts. They have left their handiwork in what is called Kingston Castle on the hill-top to the west, and in a net-work of banks and ditches that wander aimlessly up and down the valley's sides. Further on, on Bullock Down, are more of them, and other more modern ghosts, for up here did someone, not so many years ago, set up a plant for the extraction of silver from flints. Little is left of it but a ruined chimney, littered about with white slivers of flint that look for all the world like the speculator's bleaching bones. Another mile or so will bring you back to realities and Rottingdean.

Rottingdean was discovered by certain "persons of taste" ere yet motors had annihilated space. They made a little colony here in delightful old-world houses overlooking a village green and a yet greener pond; whereby the ancient peace of the place was unhappily broken. To-day it is a suburb of Brighton and foresees a future before it, if the sea forbear to eat it up. It has eaten up no less than

Rotting-dean

three successive highroads into Brighton within a century, and will speedily bolt another. At the moment the place looks as if it had come straight out of a child's picture book, with its little red, white, and green houses dotted up and down the slopes.

In the graveyard lie William Black and Burne Jones, and the little church of St. Margaret is gloomed by beautiful stained windows of the latter's designing. The sanctuary is built upon a knoll, and the successive additions to the building perforce go downhill in so many stages, so that the lintel of the western door is some nine feet below the altar-floor. Old engravings within will tell you that the garth was circular a century ago, ere yet had arisen the need to enlarge it. Two small valleys to the north once bore the names of Wardean and The Creck Bottom. Both names are now lost. Does any man know what was meant by The Creck ?

You may go direct to Brighton by a rattling motor 'bus, or better and less directly by quiet foot-paths through Ovingdean, made immortal by Harrison Ainsworth and the fugitive Prince Charles. The famous Grange will sadly disappoint you, but not so the tiny church with its heavy ancient masonry, round arches, and inadequate round-headed windows like loop-holes. It has a curious dedication to St. Wulfram of Sens, who boasts but one other in England, and that far away at Grantham in Lincolnshire. At the corner of the garth a ladder points the way and lifts you up the hillside to the path that will lead you by Roedean home to Black Rock and Brighton. The erstwhile path by the cliffs at Black Rock has dropped into the sea, which seems to have found here a weak spot in the coast, but if you care to pay a modest toll you may still pass through a dwelling which hangs most jeopardously betwixt earth and sea, and so avoid half-a-mile of road adorned with gasworks and perilous with traffic. Better drop 60 feet and go to sleep with other great creatures in what geologists know as the Elephant Bed under Black

Rock, than be bumped out of existence by the last thing in motors. Now the Downs hold no such perils for the innocent, for their worst hazards are but barbed wire and a plentiful lack of something to assuage a natural thirst.

9. FALMER

FALMER is in the heart of the Downs, and you may make your way so far by train. Speaking by the map, the station is all but 300 feet above sea-level, and not many villages of the Downland stand higher. This one lies just half-way between Lewes and Brighton's beach, a steady four-mile climb from either, set on the precise apex of a transverse ridge which crosses the valley and the main road; and north or south along the said ridge you may step direct on to the Downs and wander for miles, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." And the centre of Falmer is the big pond, shadowed by big elms, ringed by an old village green, and overlooked by a distressingly modern church. The main road lies a couple of hundred yards away and out of sight, and the railway creeps through a tunnel beneath. Motors and modernity are all alike forgotten and you have the place to yourself and the rooks, and earnest-eyed anglers much too closely bent upon catching minnows to make much noise.

The Mystery of Falmer's Pond

Now this pond is something of a mystery: by all rules of ponds it should have run dry long ago, pitched as it is on the roof of things, and in a spot where the wells must be sunk a full 300 feet, and never a spring is visible upon the dry hill-sides; but it fails not the seasons through, merely has more or less of water from month to month, and in a wet winter sends its surplus down the valley eastwards to swell the Winterbourne, whose highest springs however are a long mile distant. Apparently it draws its

waters only from the air and the wind, an artificial mere, a dew-pond; but it is unlike other dew-ponds in that it asks no recurrent puddling. There used to be a local belief that it was "made by the monks," and that it was the first pond hereabouts to be stocked with carp. The monks must have known certain secrets in pond-making which have since been lost—like the carp.

Nothing to make a fuss about? But there are those who maintain that Falmer means "Faela's Mere," which implies that the pond was here in that remote era when the place first got its name, if it does not further imply that it was a natural pond, which it most certainly is not. You can see for yourself how its basin has been banked up on the western side. Howbeit the natives, rightly jealous of their felicity in boasting a pond of whatever sort in this waterless land, will have you to know that it has "always" been there; and some of them will tell you that Falmer signifies "Fold-Mere," for erstwhile there was a fold at its southward side, to wit, the village pound. The pound has vanished, and its ancient stance is now consecrated as a new burial-ground, but there still clings to the spot the name of the Loose, a bit of good old South-Saxon importing a "shelter," and usually a shelter for animals, a fold or byre. The word is not yet altogether obsolete amongst the older generation of Downsmen.

Sussex has a good many place-names in *-mere* or *-mer* (Tangmere, Keymer, Stanmer, Ringmer, and Balmer, for example), but very rarely is there discoverable any "mere" to which the names might refer. Balmer, for instance, is 150 feet higher up than Falmer and by so much the drier. Ringmer and Tangmere are pretty certainly personal names: two pioneers of the style of Hrincmaer and Thancmaer there pitched their several tents, and their neighbours came to speak of the spots by the pioneers' names, as we nowadays speak of Shelleys, the Lacys, or Smiths. In all likelihood Falemaer was such another name. Of a certainty the mere does *not* mean "moor," though it might

conceivably mean *maer*, "boundary." But enough of this matter. Suffice it to add that the place was Falemere, manor and Hundred, in the *Domesday Book*, and that it was Falemelum in the Foundation Charter of St. Pancras of Lewes, which purports to date but four years later at the most.

The Manor of Falemere

Falmer was a manor, and a very big one to boot, extending to 18 hides, or some 2,160 acres of land. To-day it is a parish of twice the size, having absorbed other manors such as Balmer and Bevendean and others. Before the Conquest it belonged to the Abbot of Wilton. Duke William gave it to the great Earl William de Warenne, who, disquieted to think that he had robbed Holy Church, gave it away as soon as might be (1077) to his new-founded Priory of St. Pancras. It boasted a *mansio*, that is, a homestead or manor-house, which probably occupied much the same site as the present Court Farm beside the church. At the same time did de Warenne give his monks a hide of land in Balmer, hitherto held by Eustace. The name of Eustace or Eustachius is the modern Stacey, and the Staceys are one of the great farmer clans of Sussex unto this day. Time brought them their revenge, for one of them came to own another estate which the same de Warenne had given "to God and St. Pancras for ever," and to live in the *mansio* thereof at Swanborough.

The monks stuck to Falmer until the Dissolution, when it was made over to Thomas Cromwell. Then Anne of Cleves enjoyed its revenues for a space, and there is a dubious tradition that the "Flanders Mare" ended her days here in a nunnery. Of that nunnery there is no trace or evidence. In 1765 Sir John Shelley bought the manor, and thence it passed to the great Pelhams, whose representative the Earl of Chichester is now the lord.

Now the bearing of these dull details is this: for at least 900 years there has been an estate of Falmer, and for most of those centuries it was the fashion to demarcate such

estates with very recognisable *maers* or boundaries. Nowadays the fashion has somewhat died out: it is a costly fashion, and a man makes shift with title-deeds so far as may be. In the Middle Ages things were different, and every estate had its proper *defensum* or fence, and in the Downland such *defensum* commonly took the form of a formidable bank and ditch. Moreover the *defensum* would vary through the centuries: it would be smaller or larger according to the date and the ambitions of the owner. The map of the successive fences of an estate some 900 years old would be as wrinkled a thing as "the new map with the augmentation of the Indies" or the wizened face of Malvolio. Here in the hills it was not worth while to remove all traces of each discarded fence, so that one would find a whole web of their remains of various ages. That is just what one does find at Falmer.

An Old-Time Boundary

If you take the southward road by the Loose—the Drove Road—you find on your left a considerable bank and ditch which runs almost direct up the Down for half a mile, then swings east round the head of a combe to the outstanding clump of Newmarket Plantation. Cutting through the southern corner of the clump, it turns north again, and so descends the long and gentle slope to end at the high road (Lewes-Falmer) in the bottom of the valley near the Newmarket Inn. The work varies in size at different points, but throughout the bank is on the inner, the fosse on the outer side. It is finest at the upper end of the Drove, where the bank rises 6 feet above a ditch 15 to 18 feet in width, and at this point the main *defensum* throws off a branch into the combe, growing bigger in its course, until at the bottom of the slope it makes a right-angle turn and presently dies out in the turf. Another branch line is discoverable on the further (west) side of the Drove, likewise bending north, dipping into the valley, and reappearing beyond in certain plantations and hedgerows which carry it as far as Waterpit Hill by Mary Farm,

and thence back diagonally in the direction of the Newmarket Inn. There cannot be much question that the last part of its course marks the old-time boundary between the manors of Falmer and of Balmer, or more correctly Borgemere. The natives still call it Bormer. The entire circuit is so arranged as to enclose its particular section of the whole basin of the valley along which runs the main road.

A map of 1610 shows a deer-park at Falmer. Needless to say it shows no details of shape or size, but there is little doubt that part of the *defensum* above described belongs to that deer-park. The Lewes-Falmer road, although reconstructed a century ago, yet follows the line of a far older road along which the monks of St. Pancras reached their land in Falmer. It is not to be thought that a public road would traverse a deer-park of the sixteenth century, so one infers that the park lay south of the road, between that and Newmarket Hill. And it is in this quarter that the *defensum* is most formidable. Crowned with a palisade it would keep in any deer, and the measure of the fosse is pretty much that of the customary "deer leap," the belt of ground without the pales which by custom pertained to the owner of the park. Probably this biggest part of the *defensum* is the most recent. It has a recent look.

"Tenantry Ground"

The long south wall is broken at very regular intervals of twenty paces or so, at either end, by rough gaps of varying size, and it is plain that they are the result of treading. Something has gone in and out by these gaps. If your eye be keen it will notice that the ground within the wall, though turf-grown now, has once been ploughed: the furrows which divided the several "lands" or furlongs are quite visible. Moreover each of the gaps aforesaid corresponds to its particular furlong. Lastly, this part of the Downland is marked on old maps as "Tenantry Ground." So the mystery is solved. When the park was disparked the old *defensum* was left, because it was not worth while

to remove it. Then the owner decided to make over this corner of the old park to his tenants' use. His tenants used the old fosse as the easiest road of approach, and, to save themselves the trouble of cutting regular gateways in the earthen wall, went straight over it, each into his own furlong; and the constant tread of men, oxen, and horses quickly formed the gaps you see.

In a little combe under the western side of Newmarket Plantation is another old enclosure of a different plan, roughly pentagonal and very small, the vallum and fosse so wasted that one might easily walk over them without notice. It has been called a "valley-entrenchment," and such it certainly is, but not necessarily so old as the title is intended to imply. The combe is known as Loose Bottom, and it is a question whether this be not the remains of the actual "loose" which gave it a name. It is just what might remain of a rude fold or shelter built of furse to harbour sheep. At one time it was quite usual to build such permanent folds in the remoter parts of the Downs, and in some cases they were even built with walls of flint and mortar. It may well be that some "valley-entrenchments" are ancient of days, and indeed excavation has proved it of some of them; but it is well to remember that through the ages a dry ditch and its corresponding wall of earth were the normal fences of all steads, great and small. Big examples we call moats, the smaller ones we mostly overlook; but even the old widow of Chaucer's tale of "The Cock and the Fox" boasted the same *defensum* to her tiny cottage and its garth. Such a work a Downsman might well call a "loose," but that he ever applied the term to any genuinely old earthwork has yet to be proved. And, further, it is a plain fact that at one time or other almost every sheltered bottom in the hills has had within it a stead of some sort or other, cattle-shed, or prosperous farm. One may find the evidence thereof—scraps of bricks and roof-tile—wherever the plough comes in such places, and more often than not there is also an old pond,

usually a very small one, close at hand to furnish the necessary supply of water. In early times the farms were smaller, and there were more of them, and each had its own homestead as a matter of course. To-day one man may work as many acres as made half-a-dozen farms. He has his own head-quarters possibly twenty miles away, or even in another county, and the other *mansiones*, if they have not vanished to the last brick, are at any rate hopelessly *déclassées*. Which is one reason why there is a dearth of houses in this England.

A Roman Road

Climb the slope of Newmarket Hill and glance down into the deep and lonely combe that divides it from Kingston Hill: you can see there the long lines of old field-fences long overthrown, the rectangular steads of buildings, and the customary little pond, all the signs that here, too, was once a farm-stead and an important one. The name of the hollow—Cold Combes—possibly has reference thereto, on the analogy of Coldkitchen and the innumerable Coldharbours of the map. To-day the place is loneliness itself; it "hath a look that makes one old, and spectres Time again."

Down the hill, hugging the old manorial *defensum*, runs a grey roadway, which dives under the railway at the hill's foot, emerges on the high road at the Newmarket Inn, and, crossing this obliquely, reappears on the slope of Long Hill as a fine cambered terrace-way with the usual deep gutter on its uphill side. It goes straight to the point where a little plantation meets the long stone wall of the demesne of Ashcombe. It is a Roman road, and at this point it meets the Roman road from Southover along the Winterbourne valley; then making a sharp right-angle turn to the north-west, it passes through the plantation and out on to the open Downs straight to Streat Hill, where we shall find it in the next chapter. In the opposite direction it runs right over the hills to Brighton Race Hill, and thence to Portslade. When the

first Ordnance Map was made in 1812 it was still a thoroughfare, and is marked as such. There are two facts whereby you may know it is ancient of days: in the first place, it forms the boundary of the Falmer estate, of which we have been speaking, as well as of the Ashcombe demesne, and in part serves also as parish-boundary for Falmer and St. Anne's; in the second place, it is duplicated for much of its course by alternative tracks to right and left, a sure indication of an old highway. Also there are still some half-dozen barrows beside it. One of them was cut through by the fosse of the manor's boundary. On Long Hill the Roman make of the road is plain to see. On Newmarket Hill it has been so trampled and blurred that it is impossible to guess to a foot or so exactly where it lies; but that it was of the same make is proved by the one fact that centuries of traffic have failed to break up its hard bed and form a hollow way, even upon the slope of the hill, where, if anywhere, the hollow ways are formed.

Younesmere Pit

Falmer village itself has little to offer you. Its church, entirely rebuilt a hundred years ago, and again "restored" too zealously in the 'sixties, has within it nothing to attract the antiquary. Even its dedication, like that of Stanmer, seems to be unknown. Outside it there is something to notice, for the churchyard is mounded up, for all the world like a barrow. Who made that mound? The popular notion that churchyards rise by reason of continuous burials will not explain these bigger examples. A visitation such as the Black Death might, in a populous city like Norwich, build up a veritable grave-hill like that still grimly called Tombland, *Mons Tumba* as it appears in the "Paston Letters"; but in Falmer, albeit of such importance once as to give its name to its Hundred, there was assuredly never population enough to do the like. *Raison de plus*, Falmer early lost its old importance, and the Hundred came to be called Younesmere. The court

of the Hundred used to meet less than a century ago at a spot called Younesmere Pit. So says Lower, and all who have written of the matter since have repeated him, but none has as yet determined where or what was the pit in question. It lay somewhere within the three parishes of Falmer, Ovingdean, and Rottingdean, and that is all the clue we have. Anyone who can throw light upon the point will earn the gratitude of the present writer.

The round from Falmer by way of the Drove to Newmarket Plantation, thence down to the Newmarket Inn, and so back along the high road to Falmer, is a matter of about five miles only; and road-cars halt both at Falmer and at the Newmarket Inn. Lewes is something over two miles further on.

10. BUCKLAND BANK

BUCKLAND BANK is in the parish of Falmer, at its northern apex, 550 feet in air, and an equal two miles from either Falmer or Ashcombe Round House. The best way thither is by Brighton-Lewes road-car to the Newmarket Inn. Dismounting there, you take the Roman road up the flank of Long Hill to the corner of Ashcombe Plantation, then turn due north-west through the plantation and so go straight ahead. Dropping into the first dip, you have straight in front of you the long and gradual tongue of Balmer Down, flanked on either hand by winding bottoms for the most part virgin turf, though the actual course of the old road has been broken up for a few hundred yards. Negotiating this bit of farm-land with discretion, you soon pick up the line again past a barrow, a big dew-pond, and another barrow; and just where the Ordnance Map marks the height of 430 feet you will halt to look about you—that is, if you will obey the guide. The track touches an odd turf-grown depression on your right, whose unobtrusive bank provides a convenient seat.

Exactly one mile to the south-west, but hidden behind the Downs, is Balmer Farm, and the intervening combe is Buckland Hole. In the reverse direction is a small level plateau falling presently to Ashcombe Bottom. On that plateau once stood a Romano-British town, and the bank upon which you sit was built at least 1,800 years ago to serve that very purpose. You are sitting, in fact, in the council-chamber of that vanished and nameless town. There are others of the kind upon the Downs, but at the

moment of writing this one is the best example known.

The floor of Buckland Hole is crossed by a long series of lynchets, each marking an old-time field. They rise to the very head of the combe like the treads of a shallow stair-way, and many shew a small circular pit somewhere near the middle of their floor, possibly the sites of huts, or of the holes which did duty for granaries to those who farmed these little fields. Other lynchets, of all shapes and sizes, climb the slopes, especially that nearer to you. Obviously the whole valley was once closely cultivated and those who tilled it presumably had their homes near by.

Upon one of these flat cultivation-patches, 500 yards from where you sit and at the very head of the valley, was dug out a Romano-British cemetery in 1849. It was a shallow circular platform of flints and soil, some 60 yards across, and it yielded upwards of a score of urns, some of which are to be seen in the museum at Lewes. It was noticed that for some reason unknown, the outline of the circle was marked by a continuous ring of bracken, although there is none elsewhere just hereabouts. The bracken still grows there, though no longer a perfect ring, and by this token you can find the actual spot.

Those who laid their dead in that cemetery must have lived no great distance away. Roman laws ordained that none should be buried within 500 yards of the town—precisely the distance from where you sit to that ring of bracken.

The Council Chamber

Now for the council-chamber. It is a regular oval depression some 87 feet by 72 feet, enclosed within a vallum built up of the soil removed from the floor. Its longer axis is parallel with the Roman road beside it, and at either end there is an entrance way, a mere gap in the vallum. The vallum, so slight as to be scarcely noticeable from the road outside, slopes very gently down to the floor within, which is about 30 inches lower than the ground outside. Rabbits have tunnelled in the sides of

it, and you may pick up scraps of Romano-British pottery there, as indeed you may on any of the neighbouring lynchets.

The casual passer-by would probably never notice the thing at all, or if he did, would set it down as a discarded dew-pond or flint-pit. There is no such regular rim thrown up about a flint-pit, nor is it commonly so big; while ponds have no entrance-ways and are recognisable by their clay floors. There is no clay here. Moreover these entrances are like those of a British "camp"; the bank rises highest on either side of the gap, and for the same reason, that is, because the vallum being intromitted here, there was more soil to be disposed of to right and left of the gaps. But again the thing was never a camp; it is too small, and it has no external fosse to defend it. The circular plan, the sunken floor and the absence of any outer fosse are the three essential features of a Roman *circus*, or if you prefer the term, an amphitheatre.

It is a mistake to suppose that a *circus* was necessarily a place for horse-racing, and that amphitheatres were necessarily colossal constructions of masonry wherein gladiators fought to the death. It came to be so in Rome, but even in Rome it was not so in earlier times. The amphitheatre came to be a Gargantuan sporting ring, but it was only a perversion of the *circus*, and the latter was originally not a place of sport, but the council-place, the municipal buildings, the moot of a town. The Celt had always had his moots, though they were not always of this pattern. He learnt this pattern from Italy, and the Romans were his teachers. In Dorsetshire, where "British villages" so called are thick upon the map, you may find numbers of such *circi*, of all sizes from little rings of 65 feet over to the huge compass of Maumbury Ring by Dorchester, one of the biggest in England. They lie sometimes inside their "villages," oftener just at the gates thereof, and, excepting that they vary in size, all are very much like this at Buckland Bank.

There could be no moot, no *circus*, without a town, and at Buckland Bank there could be no town except it were on the little plateau behind the *circus*. There it stood, and if you can see no trace of it to-day, the reason is that the plateau has been ploughed over in the long ago. In Dorsetshire too you may find *circi* where every trace, or almost every trace, of the settlement has vanished. The banks or ditches that enclosed the town and the huts within, were easily ploughed down and obliterated. The *circus* was in many cases spared, possibly because it lent itself to some useful purpose. It could be turned into a cattle-pen or a sheep-fold or a pond. Not a few have been turned into mazes. Maumbury Ring was actually fortified in the Cromwellian time and converted into a fort.

"Towns" of the Romano-British Time

Probably the expression "Romano-British town" conveys to most readers a wrong impression. They think at once of something such as is a town to-day, or at any rate of something such as has been dug up at Silchester near Reading, a place of solidly built houses lining straight paved streets, packed symmetrically within formidable walls of brick and stone and mortar. The average Romano-British town was nothing of the kind; it resembled such a model no more than Ditchling resembles London. It was a native village, much more nearly like a Kaffir *kraal*. Plan it had none except that it was usually circular, and within its circular earthen bank and ditch were only haphazard clusters of wattled huts divided by narrow and tortuous paths which had not been made, but merely happened. Of bricks and mortar there was commonly nothing at all; those who could afford to build in that fashion lived in their villas in the open. There was very little that was Roman about such "towns" at all save that they had come to be the property of Rome and paid taxes for the privilege; but as they managed, and always had managed, some part of their own affairs, they were entitled to be called

"towns," and the symbol of this was the council-chamber, the *circus*, the recognised place of public meeting, unroofed of course, for no ancient people ever held its public meetings under a roof. The English people at large had no roofed council-chambers until some hundreds of years after the Norman Conquest. If such a town were deserted for a generation only, there would be left very little of it. If the site were ploughed for half as long, there would be left nothing at all. Even a modern village may disappear utterly within 100 years, bricks and mortar notwithstanding. You would stand to find nothing of it but scraps of broken pottery; and that is all you usually find where once stood a Romano-British town.

You, with your mackintosh and umbrella, and a lively experience of Downland thunderstorms, will feel no small pity for your old-time forbears who had to attend the meetings in that grassy hollow, heedless of wind and weather. Your pity is wasted. Without question theirs was a healthier way than is ours, and vastly less expensive. There were few C3 men in their time. We have palaces for council-chambers, waterproofs and umbrellas. Also we have chronic colds in the head and most of us are not graded A1. This is one aspect of the blessed thing called progress.

A British Village

Beyond the *circus* the Roman road in a few yards takes a different form; it appears as a Celtic road, that is, a shallow trench between two greatly wasted banks. Thereafter it is lost among gorse bushes and in a patch of ploughed land, nor can it be seen for the space of a full mile, but its course is hinted by the group of barrows at Four Lords' Burgh, which marks the meeting-point of four parishes, and by a part of Falmer's boundary which follows the required line. It becomes visible again only at a spot exactly a mile beyond the *circus* on the high ground (600 feet) beyond a hollow jungled with bracken and ancient white-thorns. There is deep clay above the

chalk hereabouts, and things which can find no root-hold elsewhere make up for it here with a double energy, bracken amongst them. It is a Valley of Paradise when the may is in bloom, but it is a hopeless task to seek other peoples' roads amid a tangle in which you can scarcely find your own. Beyond the jungle is another piece of arable, and just at its north-east corner the road reappears, a wide green terrace winding through some odd shallow enclosures. One you cannot miss, for it stands in the open, a ring-work enclosed by a big green bank of soil. The others lie a few yards to the east half smothered by the jungle's fringes, and the road goes between. You are on the site of that rare thing in East Sussex, a British Village.

In all there are some five small circular enclosures, of which two are yet perfect, ranging in size up to a diameter of 50 yards or so, their banks from 2 to 4 feet high. They seem to have been so many compounds, each intended to hold a group of huts ; and here and there can be seen the slight hollows where the huts stood, and the mole-casts yield odd scraps of the very rudest blackened pottery. Providentially the plough has never come thus far, but looking at the little that Time has left of the village, you easily understand how even a single ploughing might obliterate almost every trace of such a settlement, and therefore marvel the less that there are few to be found in the Downs. This particular bit of ground, with the hollow to the east and that to the west (Faulkner's Bottom), is virgin soil since the days when the village was first abandoned. Nature has had it to herself for more than 1,500 years, and if you should seek in vain for the owl and the bittern, you may commonly find a fox amongst the ruins.

The Roman Terrace

Another half-mile brings one to the brow of the Downs overlooking the Weald, at the point where, just north of Faulkner's Bottom, come up Streat and Plumpton Borstals. Streat Hill (739 feet) rises gradually on the left, and keeping still the same direction over the un-

broken turf you come to a weather-beaten post planted on the very verge of the scarp. It is a shepherd's guide-post, for the shepherds still know and use the road the Romans made. You see it as a mere footway slanting westward down one of the steepest of the Downland slopes, snuggling past the upper end of the Jubilee Plantation, the V-shaped mass of greenery which a queer people planted in 1887 as the queer memorial of their rejoicing; but further down it begins to broaden out, and while still 500 feet above sea-level reveals itself as the finest of all the Sussex terrace-ways, more than 20 feet over, hard, covered with a turf as close and green as the cloth of a billiard-table, and superbly graded. So it keeps its way down, and swinging to the north at the hill's foot, passes along the west side of the grounds of Middleton House to Hailey's Farm at the western end of the village of Streat, whereof the name ("The Paved Way") still keeps its memory.

Looking back from the Weald you may see its whole course up to the hill's brow, and you may see also a second track, steeper and less regular in gradient, which passes up the hill's face above it. That was the older Celtic road before the Roman came to teach the Celt how to make a better. It is worth while to climb up to it for the sake of comparison. The Celt's road is not a *made* road at all: it is a mere tread, uncambered, with no provision for drainage, and so soft that the grass grows over it as long and coarse as elsewhere—the direct opposite of the Roman's work.

It appears then that there were roads in the Downs before the Roman Conquest, and further that the Romans in some cases adopted those older roads, improving their course where needful, and usually remaking the actual bed of the road. But the extent of this reconstruction might vary considerably: the road you have been following to-day is in some places characteristically Roman, elsewhere a mere hard greenway, and again a Celtic sunk-road with lateral

banks. So one may dismiss at once the common view that every road the Roman used was of one same pattern—that it was of necessity fossed, cambered and metalled. In this, as in other matters, the Roman showed hard, but flexible, common-sense: he did not waste labour and money in remaking roads where no need was, nor did he insist that every road should be fashioned to one stock pattern. The wonderful system of roads which he left behind him was a patchwork made up of old and new, precisely as is our modern system, and the traditional picture of the benevolent Roman reeling out miles upon miles of roadway all, so to say, made in Italy, all brand new and all rigidly to one design, must go to join the large number of kindred exploded fancies. There are plenty of examples in the Downs to confirm this view of the matter.

One may return to civilisation by half-a-dozen ways. A four-mile walk along the roof of things eastward will bring one by Mount Harry and the Racehill into Lewes: this is the old greenway, the "Tin-road" of those who fable that by this route was brought the Cornish tin to the Isle of Thanet. It is a shorter ramble southward to Falmer Station by Streat Farm and Mary Farm. This way offers you a made road of recent date, but it represents, in part at any rate, a highway of the centuries, and you may pick up the road as it was in the Celtic time where it dips to cross the head of Faulkner's Bottom, a great highway some 22 feet wide with a quite considerable bank on either side; but beyond the Bottom it takes the familiar Roman terraced form again smothered in thorn and fern, and difficult to follow. Faulkner's Bottom has its own problem too in the shape of a very regular rectangular enclosure embracing the whole valley-head, and overlying the road, and that is all that can be said of it at present. It is one of the most perfect of the Downs' "valley-entrenchments," and it is unique in having within it two smaller works,

Faulkner's Botto m

perfect square platforms each within its broad fosse, and only some 20 feet at the side. Possibly both these and the main enclosure are of no great antiquity, but it is as foolish to guess about these things as about others. Someday perhaps Sussex will be sufficiently interested in the matter to dig and to solve the riddle. At present the South Saxon is still thoroughly English in his attitude: he will subscribe handsomely to grub in the sands of Egypt and in the mud of Mesopotamia, but he finds no interest in the problems that meet him upon his native hills.

A greenway which follows the length of Faulkner's Bottom will lead you back to Balmer Farm, all that the centuries have left of that Borgemere which was a manor of *Domesday* and a village with a church of its own. The steads of a dozen or so of buildings big and little can be seen under the turf on either side of the road through the farm, and the spot is still pointed out whereon once stood the church. The *Domesday* record speaks of it as *ecclesiola*, a "little church," and what the word precisely signified is another problem. Obviously it was nothing very big. We do not yet know on what principle the lawyers who compiled that first Norman census put into it the mention of any such village churches at all. The spelling—and pronunciation—of Balmer are modernisms due to the neighbourhood of Falmer. The latter is legitimate, but the former is not, and the unsophisticated native—sadly rare—still rightly calls it Bormer. Fifty years ago, indeed, he had turned the tables on Falmer, which he then called Farmer, or so says Mark Antony Lower.

Borgemere

Turn to the right across the grass field next to the farmhouse, and you will find a cart-way and a foot-path to take you through the cornfields almost direct to Falmer Church, and to the railway station. It is a hot and dusty walk by the highroad into Brighton, wherein the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; for when that road was made—remade, one should rather say—a century ago, it

was handsomely planted with lines of trees, which should by this time have grown into a shady avenue, but that the unchanging and unchangeable Boy of the period forthwith proceeded to destroy them all. Doubtless he lived to regret it, as do we.

The walk from the Newmarket Inn along the Roman road to Westmeston Hill is some four miles; that from Westmeston Hill to Falmer a trifle less. By keeping west along the hill-top for another mile, you come to Ditchling Beacon and the road thence into Brighton (five miles).

II. WOLSTANBURY AND DITCHLING

ONE gets to Wolstanbury by way of Pyecombe, and to Pyecombe by road-car from Brighton. The place stands in a *col* in the hills, at a spot where meet two and a half valleys and all the winds of heaven. There is the "Plough" Inn where one leaves the car, a church, a rectory, and the beginnings—or endings—of a village. It is customary to mention that once upon a time Pyecombe made sheephooks of notable quality. Nowadays it makes nothing, but it has its golf club. In 1523 the rector of Clayton served Pyecombe also, so that the latter place was already of small account. Yet once it was a place of importance, to judge from the number and the variety of its roads, for roads come only where traffic calls them. Anyone who seeks an object lesson in the evolution of the road-map will find it here to perfection.

Pyecombe Church

The "Plough," the church and the rectory stand at the several corners of a triangle of roads. One of them is a contemptibly modern thing, the high-road from Brighton to London *via* Bolney, a great flue along which the ceaseless rush of many motor vehicles sucks a blast of dust or mud, according to the seasons. The second unites the rectory to the church, and *vice versa*, and belongs at latest to an age when people went to church. The third road is probably the oldest feature in the parish, and is certainly a great deal older than Pyecombe. It runs due north from the "Plough" to the church and onward, and as you trace its course you retrace all the centuries back to the Roman and beyond him. For by this line did the villa

residents of Roman Brighton find a short cut to the great trunk-road at Coldharbour Corner, which would take them to Augusta, now called London; and probably the Celtic aristocracy of Hollingbury Hill had used it still earlier.

As it passes the church you will give the church a glance. Be it written down to the credit of the archæologist and antiquary that, when Levites are so many, he does *not* pass the church by on the other side. You find the key at No. 8, and you approach the building through a "tapsel-gate." The church is all yellow-brown rough-cast outside, which conceals every atom of its walling, except where an unusually elaborate consecration-cross has been left uncovered on the south-west buttress. The tower hardly dares to lift its tiled cap above the roof of the nave, its walls batter, and the size of its buttresses is unconscionable. One shivers to think what must be the quality of the winds that call for such buttresses. Within are a wonderful leaden font of the twelfth century that looks as if it had been founded in Italy, and a Norman chancel-arch of the most primitive fashion: it has neither shafts nor mouldings, nor any ornament whatever save that of the curious axe-tooling of its stones, which is as telling as it is unusual. The original chancel was so dark that a later generation pierced a couple of subsidiary openings in either side of the main arch to admit more light, and a yet later age has enlarged the east window on "Norman" lines with the customary feeble result.

The village, what there is of it, has deserted its church, going down hill in every sense of that expression. It was so a century and more ago, when the road-books speak of it as Pyecombe-street. Some day—possibly—it will take a fresh lease of life, and a new church will be built. Then the old church will vanish, and a few generations later there will remain only a vague tradition of its existence. Then will be invented a story that the villagers had sought to build their church in the more convenient spot, but the

Devil insisted on putting it on that little hill half a mile away—or the other way about. That is how such legends grew up in the old days. Let us go back to our road.

A Web of Tracks

It goes on shyly up the hill, a mere path now, passes a cottage or two, and dwindles to a vague "tread" just where has been built a small reservoir. You are on the open Down of Wolstanbury here, and right and left it is all alive with old roads and trails, all parallel with the first, and all pointing resolutely north. Some of them are so deep that they speak of long years of usage. They climb to the top of the ridge (400 feet) and find themselves on the brink of nothing, then turn sharp to left and wriggle down to the Rifle Butts Valley below, across it, and so up and out to the exact point where the Roman road from London strikes the hill's foot at Coldharbour Corner. If you will take the trouble to walk it you will not inquire why the London coaches long preferred to get round by way of Portslade and the Dyke, what time the great road down Clayton Hill as yet was not, or the road to Bolney either.

Those whose many feet scored so many and so deep tracks Pyecombe-way were assuredly not all bound for Brighton. Most of them were for the Devil's Dyke and Portslade and Shoreham, and fancied they were taking a short cut. That is the habit of strangers, and it seldom pays; it is much wiser to trust the wisdom of the natives, confident that not even a native goes two miles where one were as easy. The strangers whereof we speak couldn't be bothered to go by the hard Roman road all round Wolstanbury's big feet and so to the Dyke: they blundered straight along up hill and down again into Rifle Butts Valley through fearful "slubs" of greasy chalk, they broke their horses' wind in scaling the slope of the ridge, and dropped guilelessly down to Pyecombe, only to find that they had to do most of their climbing over again—twice over again—by

way of the opposite hill and Saddlescombe and Summer Down. You can see their vagabond footmarks all along the opposite side of the valley.

Amongst this web of tracks is one which rises to the dignity of a made road, and a big one too. A continuation of the same road by which you came up from the "Plough," it bears somewhat more to the right, skirting the hill-side as a smooth grass terrace 20 feet over, then curves across the head of the combe along an embankment 15 feet high and 30 feet wide, and, pointing straight for Clayton Mills, comes to an abrupt stop on the edge of the big cutting whereby the modern Clayton-Brighton road is eased over the hill-top. Seemingly it is in the line of the ancient "Tin-road" coming all the lengths of the Downs from Eastbourne. Arrived at Clayton the Tin-road could not go straight on, for this would have brought it only to the *cul de sac* of Wolstanbury Hill; therefore, it slanted south-west by way of Pyecombe toward the main mass of the Downs beyond, and this last lap of it, a short half-mile, was embodied in this "New Road," by which in 1775 Brighton was linked to London. For a few noisy years it rang, night and day, with the gallop and tantivy of ceaseless coaches. Then it went out of being, superseded by the present road, because the gradient on the further side was still too steep; but you can yet retrace its break-neck path down the northern slope, passing on the hill's crest an uninviting water-hole. Local wisdom will assure you that the sheep, when they will touch no other water, will travel miles to drink of this; whence it might appear that even mutton is susceptible to atavism, until one reflects that hereabouts there is no other pond to choose.

The Coach Road

The clue to this road's late date is the fact that it has overlain some of the old north-to-south pack-trails. In turn it has been overlain by the reservoir aforesaid, which is built on it and in it.

Opposite the reservoir a faint trail goes off westward along the flank of Wolstanbury, and this is the path to follow. It is not old, but it is easy, and it brings you gently enough to the camp, 677 feet up. Probably it was made by some of those who, living at Pyecombe, dug chalk in the huge quarry under the west face of the camp.

The Camp

The camp is circular, like the hill which it crowns. It is just such another camp, such another hill, as at Mount Caburn, but bigger in area and weaker in its defences. The hill, rising like a beehive, overtops the lines of earthwork, and must always have done so; and because of this configuration the earthwork is constructed in a special way: one big fosse was dug, and all the up-cast was thrown out along its down-hill lip; or to put it otherwise, the fosse is *inside* the vallum, not outside it. It does not seem a very efficient protection according to modern ideas of the prehistoric time. Rather, it strikes one as having been built like a trench in Flanders to shelter its inmates from heavy fire. But one must believe that its builders found it to answer their purpose. It is a big thing, the vallum 21 feet over, the ditch 24 feet wide, where they are least developed. Much of the vallum along the north side has been hacked to pieces by flint-diggers, the features of the entrance-way have been destroyed, and the whole area within is pock-marked with pits great and small. The Ordnance Map discreetly marks them as "supposed" pit-dwellings. From the analogy of Caburn one would suppose that the "camp" was once crowded with such things, but the flint-diggers have so turned it upside down that it is hopeless to seek them. Why anyone should come thus far and thus high to dig that common product of the Downs may appear a problem. It is, it appears, a striking example of the sapience of Authority. Authority had a large workhouse at Hurst, two miles away and 500 feet lower down, but it lacked a suitable—and profitable—employment for its able-bodied inmates. Therefore, it

made a practice of putting the said able-bodied into vehicles, driving them up here and setting them to dig. The poor fellows had a jolly drive anyway, and a glorious pitch. This is not romance, but the *ipse dixit* of a native who was old enough to know, and not too old to remember.

Along the hill's flank to the south-west runs a faint bank of earth which the map—again discreet—marks "supposed" ancient earthwork. Some 300 yards south-west of the camp, right across the ridge by which it is approached, runs another unquestionable earthwork, which the map does not mark at all, a big fosse, with a corresponding vallum on its inner (N.W.) edge. Possibly this was a sort of outer boundary of this borough of the hill-top. Where it crests the highest point stands beside it another something which the map marks a "tumulus." It does not look like a tumulus, for it is hollowed out like a chamber; but again the flint-diggers have been at work too vigorously to allow of any certainty. There are two or three less doubtful barrows elsewhere between this and the camp, and one at least has been mauled about by the same agents: they knew that there was a good chance of finding flint in a barrow. One that was lately destroyed near Telscombe yielded 80 tons of it, and another at Wepham totalled 150 tons! Flint at the time was worth ten shillings a ton, so that it is matter of wonder that ever a barrow remains intact.

Clayton Church

Clayton's church—there is little else of Clayton—is tucked away behind the big road at the hill's foot below the windmills. It has neither tower nor buttresses, and the nave is unusually lofty, nearly as tall as it is long, which is a fairly safe indication of great antiquity; for the early builders found it easier to build high than wide, and this explains why their chancel-arches are so tall and narrow. That of Clayton is a very handsome specimen, the three bold shafts of its piers continued beyond the rude abaci as a mighty moulding right round the arch.

Its workmanship is of later date than that of Pyecombe, and still later is that of the Early English chancel, which has some extraordinarily beautiful window-mouldings. The nave, the oldest part of all, has lost its transeptal Early English chapels, but it retains large part of its splendid wall-paintings, a double frieze of figures of unusual proportions, which cover the upper part of its lofty walls on three sides. Time has blurred the details to an indescribable mist of colour that is neither rose nor grey, through which are to be glimpsed the figures of saints and seraphs, vague as such things should be if they are to be impressive, curiously graceful in their lean mediaevalism, and curiously bold in their vagueness. A brass in the chancel's wall keeps green the memory of Robert Idon "parson of Clayton and Pykem," who died in 1523. Even so long ago then the two places had shrunk to smallness. One wonders too by what sort of path Parson Idon made his way from the one to the other in those far-away days.

A little east of the church beside the Underhill Lane is the Rectory, whose garden hides substructures of a Roman villa, a beautiful piece of mosaic flooring, and of course the inevitable bath. For many years one might go to see them, but another resident, grown impatient of such visitors—doubtless they *would* come just when he was busy with to-morrow's sermon or to-day's dinner—caused them to be filled in again. Their presence here suggests that the Underhill Lane represents a Roman thoroughfare linking up that at Coldharbour Corner to the west with that which passed from Westmeston Hill on the east to Streat.

A mile short of Westmeston the big road from Brighton crosses the Lane to reach Ditchling. Since motor cars came in Ditchling threatens to become suburban; it is developing that rash of small square houses and small square chicken-runs, all entrenched within small square *zarebas*, which is the

Ditchling

premonitory symptom of "development." It retains however as yet something of its ancient charm. It has a graceful white cruciform church and a fascinating old house thereby, a wonderful piece of old red brick and old half-timber, which, rightly or wrongly, claims to have sheltered Anne of Cleves.

North of the village as far as Wivelsfield stretches a spacious common, and here there stood erstwhile the splintered remains of "Jacob's Post," whilom the gallows-tree of one Jacob Harris (*obiit* 1734), whereof the timber was of very special virtue as a prophylactic against epileptic fits and toothache. In remoter days the village neighboured a great park, where John of Gaunt kept a stud of horses and an army of unruly grooms. Ditchling must have been noisy in that era. Local wit loves to believe that it was still noisy a short century ago, when one of the village dames likened London to her native High Street on a Saturday night. Alas! Saturday nights nowadays are as dull in Ditchling as are all others; the Saturday fairing and market which once in a week brought life and laughter into its quiet se'nights have passed to the big towns which did not need them, and every evening of the year in Ditchling is like all the others, only more so. Progress again!

The Slype

The big road sidles up to the very top of the Down in the shirking fashion required by progress. Having no alternative you must follow it for some distance, and then, if you possess the instinct which divines the thing unseen, you will break away up the rugged slope on your right to find yourself in the narrow vastity of Ditchling Slype. Vast as it is, it is quite as easy to miss it as to find it, this furrow worn so deeply into the hill's upper slope by the hoofs and heels of years. No shirking about the Slype. It leads you with old-fashioned directness up and out upon the hill's top a hundred yards west of the "camp." Learned folk, who do not know what they are talking about, will have you

to understand that the Slype was made by the men—"Romans"—who "garrisoned" the "camp" above it, because it was impossible otherwise for them to get down the hill's bare face unseen and so pounce upon the enemy who had gone a-hunting in the dense jungles of the Weald below; and the intelligent reader may embroider this outline according to his fancy. Folk who are not learned, but who know something about Sussex, insist that smugglers made it. Let us say smugglers used it, and by such use helped to make it so much the deeper. It is not to be inferred however that everyone who used it was a smuggler, though, if Sussex be taken at her own word, one could believe that the entire population of the county was made up of 99·9 *per cent* "free-traders" and the rest preventive men. How hardly do we cast the politics in which we were cradled! Probably 99·9 *per cent* of Sussex folk are free-traders still, if not the odd decimal also, but the Slype came into being in days long before smugglers found a name. Even the hillmen must have had a path whereby to go down from their thirsty heights for an occasional drink.

Ditchling Beacon

Ditchling Beacon—is it not one of the two mighty hills in whose keeping Rudyard Kipling confesses his soul to be? If it can capture the soul of so great a man, and a poet withal, it may well find room for those of lesser folk. It is a grand hill, but honestly the writer misdoubts that either Rudyard Kipling did not know all the Sussex hills when he wrote his confession, or—*peccavi!*—haply others would not fit the metre. The Beacon is not to be compared with Wolstanbury or the Dyke. It is a hump rather than a hill; it lacks pride. You cannot see where it begins or ends, so cordially does it snuggle up to its neighbours east and west and south. It overlooks a plateau on three sides, whereas Wolstanbury and the Dyke overlook space. Nevertheless, it is 813 feet in height, and it holds the soul of him who wrote "Sussex by the Sea," modern version.

Its one feature—the "Slype" is not a feature, for it is invisible save when you are actually in it—is its sadly wasted camp, and of the camp, a slight enclosure of some four acres, the feature is two ancient dew-ponds at the north-west corner. People who suffer from the common failing of valuing things only for their supposed antiquity, ask you to believe that those ponds were made when the camp was built; and thereafter will proceed to tell you that the camp is some 5,000 years old at the least, as much more as fancy may suggest. Be it known, once and for all, that there is no proof whatever that any camp in the Downs is of that age or even the half of it. It *may* be so, but it has not been proved, and as knowledge is now tending, it is never likely to be proved, because it is probably untrue. The great military builders of Britain were the Belgic tribes, whom authority admits to have *begun* to come here no earlier than 150 B.C. From Ditchling Beacon of a certainty has come nothing at all that points to an earlier date. The ponds were made afterwards.

Like the rest of its congeners, this "camp" so-called was a fortified town, a "*municipium* of the hills," and all around it would lie its lesser offspring. The ploughed lands show you their traces in the shape of flints and shards, the unbroken Down shows you their roads and their barrows. The town was doubtless a prosperous one; it lay actually on the age-old "Tin-road," and traffic, then as now, made prosperity. The trader going east would make this his halting-place before pushing on towards Caburn. He that was westward bound would do the like ere he saddled up for Wolstanbury or the Dyke. One would like to know what were the signs of the inns of those ancient days. There would be no "Cross Keys," no "Saracen's Head," no "Goat and Compasses," but there might well be a "Bel" or a "Sun," or even a "King's Arms." Why not? In the Roman time, at any rate, inns were common enough to need distinctive signs, and

in the hills of Wales the Celt has kept to this day the memory of them in many a spot called Tafarn (*i.e. taberna*, tavern) this or that.

The Ramble Back

It is a long four miles of dusty road back to Brighton by way of Stanmer and Hollingbury. The better plan is to ramble after the old-time trader westward towards Pyecombe. You will have turf all the way, and a mighty view, and you will pass Clayton's two dismantled mills, in one of which an enthusiastic lover of Sussex spent a year for the sake of studying dew-ponds and other things. That was the brick-built mill. The other, a wooden "post mill," was the last word in such things when doom came upon it: it was bought up by a jealous rival, locked, and left to go to ruin. It has obediently gone. Ten years ago it was intact, and equipped with a wonderful piece of automatic gearing to keep its sails always to the wind. To-day the gearing is all gone, and so probably is the brain that made it. A mile more brings you back to the "Plough" again, after a ramble of nine miles only, round a patch of ground which has yielded as many and as remarkable oddments of anhistoric date as most of its size in Sussex. Bronze axes from Wolstanbury, clay spoons from Clayton, inexplicably twisted loops of bronze from Pyecombe, urns and incense-cups and a pendant of blue faience from one or other of the many barrows which once lined the "Tin-road," to say nothing of *fibulae* and flint implements without number. Plainly the Saxon, the Roman and the Briton jostled each other closely in these now silent hills, where nowadays you meet not even a shepherd, and hear little but the distant squeal and grunt of the road-hog in the valleys. Past and present have at least this much in common—they are in a hurry to get past, and their passing leaves nothing but a little dust.

The "Plough" Inn at Pyecombe is some six miles from the Front at Brighton. The summit of Wolstanbury is a

mile from the " Plough," and three miles from Ditchling Beacon by the straight line of the Greenway. The Beacon is something less than two miles from Ditchling village, and five miles from Brighton. From Wolstanbury to the railway station at Hassocks is two miles.

12. THE DEVIL'S DYKE

AS more people go to the Devil his Dyke than to any other spot in the county, it is impossible to leave it out; and as every maker of books, Hare almost alone excepted, devotes several pages to it, it might be supposed that there remains nothing new to say of it. Nevertheless, as of every hundred who get so far, not more than one ever sees the actual Dyke at all, it may yet be possible to say something that is new to the ninety-and-nine others, if only by avoiding so far as may be the three principal themes of the makers of books. So but little shall be said of the view from this Mount of Temptation; less of the vulgarities which profane the spot; and never a word of the absurd legend so called, invented by one of the Ninety-Nine and solemnly repeated by all the rest, until it has come to be as much—or as little—part of the place as is the so-called hotel which frets through an incongruous existence behind red, white and blue gate-posts mounting the remains of red, white and blue elephants 700 feet in the air.

Those gate-posts are approached by an entry cut through a huge bank of earth which runs 200 yards east and west across the Down, cutting off the 40 acres or so which form the roof of the Dyke Hill. To this bank alone belongs the title of the Devil's Dyke, or more properly the "Poor Man's Wall," for the charitable Sussex folk, anticipating the view-point of Miss Marie Corelli, long years ago hit upon this pleasing euphemism for Old Nick; which is a very pretty illustration of that wholly desirable quality which earned for them the honourable title of "Silly." For "Silly

Sussex" means "Sussex that thinks no evil," or words to that effect; very possibly another of the little matters that the Ninety-and-Nine do not know.

The South Saxon folk found that bank here when they first crept up the hills, perhaps to storm the "camp." Its mightiness impressed them; it was no work of common men, but of the Devil. Wherefore they named it the Devil's Dyke or the Poor Man's Wall. It still rises 15 feet above the outer fosse and 10 feet above the area within.

For long centuries did "Silly Sussex" so know it and so call it, using the old Saxon word "dyke," as men still use it in the north and in the Netherlands, and even in the heart of France, in its sense of "wall." Then came the "discovery" of the county and the inrush of hordes of unenlightened foreigners from London, who had so far forgotten their mother tongue as to think that "dyke" must needs mean "ditch," and the Devil's Dyke therefore must needs be the great combe which here splits the northern face of the Downs and snuggles under the eastern flank of the Dyke Hill. Sussex knew better, but made no protest, whence it has come to pass that to the "general gender" that combe *is* the Devil's Dyke.

Golfers, who ought to know better, have tampered with the great fosse, and the War Office, which could not be expected to know better, lately made a dug-out in the body of the wall. Rumour has it that certain philanthropists purpose to "improve" the place into a garden-city. One can almost hear the Poor Man chuckle! He recalls how another philanthropist had the like benevolent idea some years ago, and got little further. There are certain local features to be reckoned with at this high altitude—wind, for example, and water, or the lack of it; and those who might find it no hardship to forego the latter, will not be consulted when the South-Westers have the bit in their teeth. The Pixies may still "dance their ringlets to the whistling wind" in security up here, as

they assuredly do, for you can see their ringlets on every hand. For the meantime one may share the solitude with them and with the sheep, at an hour when trippers trip not and golfers do not golf.

The Roof of the World

The convex top of the hill is girdled by the minished lines of other and smaller *valla* and fosses which link up with either end of the greater wall, enclosing an area of some 40 acres. The actual summit is more than 700 feet above sea level: to the south one overlooks all the Channel from Beachy Head to Selsey Bill; to the north the map lies unrolled before one from Crowborough on the right to Hindhead on the left, with Leith Hill straight in front. The forests—Ashdown and Worth, Highbeech and Tilgate and St. Leonards—form the sky-line, lesser patches of woodland stretching to the very foot of the Downs. Poynings is 400 feet below you, Newtimber Hill (664 feet) stands squarely out on the right, and beyond it peeps the great fortified dome of Wolstanbury (667 feet). Remote on the left Chanctonbury keeps his solitary guard over West Sussex, and hill after hill fills in the interval, each buttressed by its own great green bastion. Nowhere are the Downs so varied, their sky-lines and their contours so broken, as at this spot, and nowhere is the Weald more varied. The foothills are alive with colour no matter what the season; if summer has its crimson sainfoin and yellow mustard, and autumn its golden stubbles and its flaming leafage, winter has those more delicate but not less real tints, wherewith nature in the Downland enamels the homely face of Mother Earth. She uses nothing but chalk, but old experience has given to her a skill which no facial artist can approach. There are no cold tints here even under a December sky, for every arable is flushed with a peculiar glow like that of young blood beneath a healthy skin. Here you may see what Shakespeare meant when he wrote that "the red blood reigns in the winter's pale." No, there is no view like this in all Sussex, though Edburton

Hill, a mile to the west runs it hard. That handful of roofs clustered amongst the orchards down on the left is Fulking, and at Fulking is a way-side well bearing an appropriate text, "He maketh His springs to come into the valleys that run among the hills. O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness." Something of that sort were at least as much in place on the hill-top as is, for example, the skull of a whale; and were this hill in France, the people of that benighted land would, one fancies, have reared upon it a Madonna, or at least a Calvary, and left the whale's bones to the decent sea.

The Bridle Path

You would never guess that this lonely hill was once amongst the busy spots of Sussex—that a few hundred yards away, less than 200 years ago, was perhaps the most important *carfax* in the whole county. Yet, so it was, for here, just where now the road from Brighton turns sharp to right to wind down to Poynings, the great east-to-west greenway crossed another road not less important, which came up from the sea-coast at Old Shoreham, went down the slope of Summer Down through Saddlescombe, and wandered north-eastward by Pyecombe into the Weald. Search as you will, you will hardly find to-day one superficial trace of any of these four old routes, unless you recognise on the green turf of Summer Down the manifold parallel wrinkles worn by the wheels of other days. From your post on the Dyke Hill even these are invisible, but looking eastward across the abrupt green valley you may notice with idle curiosity an old trackway, which, springing from nowhere at its head, clambers along its sides, and goes steadily on, a graded path that, seen in a photograph, looks for all the world like a line deliberately ruled across the plate. Men call it the Bridle Path, and if you should have the energy to find and follow it, it will show you more of the Dyke Hill and the Dyke Valley than will any other, and like a good companion, you will find it expanding with familiarity. It broadens near the valley's foot to a

wide smooth terrace-way, 24 feet over, and as smooth as if made last year. It is a Roman road.

For 140 years the world had known that a Roman road came out of the north-east from London, as far as St. John's Common near Burgess Hill. It had guessed that it somehow joined up with another which came up from the south from Portslade by Hangleton straight towards the Dyke. But how the one road effected its junction with the other was not known until the missing link was discovered in the Bridle Path.

The Roman Road

Of all the various ways of going to the Devil's Dyke, most people choose the wrong ones, going either by rail, in which case they see nothing at all on the journey, or by the high-road from Brighton, in which case they see little that is worth while. The right course is to go to Hurst or Hassocks, and thence retrace the Roman road. So doing you see the best of the Weald and of the hills, no yard of your path is ugly, and so well did the old engineer lay out his course that you reach the ultimate crest without knowing that you have climbed 500 feet. Neither Hassocks—erstwhile Hassocks Gate, where was once a toll-bar—nor Hurst—Hurstpierpoint for distinction—has much to detain you; both are pretty, if only because of the hills behind them, and both are decidedly suburban; but whereas Hassocks had no existence a century ago, Hurst has been there ever since the *Domesday* was compiled. There was a church there, too, whereof remains nothing but the site, for the present fabric dates wholly from 1845, and houses nothing old but a battered crusader. But old as it is, Hurst is the later-day representative of a nameless town that stood near by, probably in British times, most certainly in the Romans' days. Its dead, or many of them, were buried where now is the big sand-pit of Stonepound, with wealth of pottery and occasionally other odds and ends. Here on one identical level men dig out urns of the age of the Antonines, Saxon crocks, and

others which belong—so says orthodoxy—to the Age of Bronze. *Credat Judaeus*; but, of course, one must not say so.

The Roman road came by the burial-ground from St. John's Common, going straight on past Stroud Farm to Coldharbour Farm. You may see it plainly in the big grass field just north of the last named, 27 feet wide, cambered and fossed on either side. It is a working maxim that the name of Coldharbour is a sure clue to the presence of the Romans, saving, of course, when found on the glass door-light of a modern villa. Will anyone explain to what Stroud or Strood may be the clue?

Straight as a gun the road continues on beyond the farm as if it meant to climb the 600 feet wall of Wolstanbury, then makes a right-angled turn and dodges off to the west along, or rather under, the modern road from Clayton towards Danny Park. The text-books having laid it down that no really Roman road is capable of conduct so far from straight, the old thing had for some centuries laughed at all the efforts of all the wiseacres to find it again. When the modern road in turn bends, the other keeps right on, and after hiding for 300 yards in a ploughed field, turns up in the disguise of a delightful lonely sunken path that hugs the abrupt slope of Wolstanbury, in places overgrown with coppice, in places flanked by the thin remnants of an ancient double hedgerow, a thing revealed only to the rabbits and the gamekeeper. So for half a mile, when you lose it again in the vast old chalk-pit behind Cherry Hurst. Into the same abyss falls a much younger road that comes from other vast chalk-pits on the western brow of Wolstanbury. It is the road by which the chalk was carted, and the heavy traffic has cut it out to an astonishing depth.

After this third attempt to throw you off the scent, the Roman road appears in a narrow field-path that brings you to the Brighton-Reigate road. Modern traffic must

keep to the high-road until it gets into the straight again at the lodge of Newtimber Place, but the old road took a right line to that point. Hence on to Poynings it plays no more tricks, but goes on quietly, first as Church-lane, thereafter as Beggar's-lane. Country roads that bear individual names are almost always ancient roads.

Beggar's-lane is a delightful bit of road, shaded by tall beeches or tall untidy hedgerows full of wild clematis, with the mass of Newtimber Hill almost tumbling into it on the east, and the greater mass of the Dyke Hill seeming to block its southward course. Tucked away in a hollow in the angle between, Poynings shyly hides itself yet more securely amidst ancient trees, and turning its back so far as may be on the Devil and his works, has put its church between to ward off any evil influences. Poynings Place is over the hedge on your right, and opposite to the corner of its home paddock you leave the high-road by a gap in the hedge, and go straight on by a broad cinder-path that brings you to the mill-pond ; for Poynings once had two mills, and not the least of its charms is that here, in this waterless land, it yet keeps a big pond, where birds and beasts have their own way. At the head of the pond a broken track leads you through a broken wicket-gate to the Bridle Path, and you are on the threshold of the Dyke Valley, having walked about four miles only.

Poynings

You will quit the trail for a moment to look at Poynings Church. Built in the plan of a Greek Cross, it is own brother to that of Alfriston, save that it boasts no spire ; and like the other it nearly fills a garth that was once circular and is still nearly so. The fabric dates from 1370, but the site was here when *Domesday* was compiled, as were those of Newtimber, Hurst and Clayton, all close to the line of the Roman road. Sir Michael de Poynings, who fought for St. George and England at Crécy and at Poitiers, died

The Church

in 1369 leaving money to build the church; and his widow Joan presently did the like. The south transept is known as the chapel of the family of Poynings and keeps three mutilated coffin-slabs, each one decorated with more or less elaborate crosses, which presumably belonged to them. There is a precious bit of grisaille and some encaustic tiles, some of them displaying the scutcheon of King Richard of the Romans, the worthy who was ignominiously trapped in the windmill at Lewes in 1264; but the features of the church are its height, its unusual plan, and the stern austerity of its most decorative details. Too large by far for its shrunken flock, its white severity is relieved by a flooring of warm red hexagonal tiles. The lords once lived next door at Poynings Place. The present house has nothing to delay you, but in the grass of the paddock beside it, on a sort of lynchet, you may see the traces of an earlier "Great House." This lynchet is the actual Roman road, and if you care to trespass you may follow it for some hundreds of yards along a primrose-path amid a belt of hazel until it dives out of sight again under the macadam of Beggar's-lane.

It is a charming corner of a charming county, and so thought someone of some 1800 years ago, who built him a belvedere on the brow of the eastward Down, and doubtless sat there on summer days reading a Latin novel and idly watching the go-and-come of men on the road below. How much the scene must have changed since his time, and yet how little! If you know where to look you may fill your pockets with scraps of his Britain—bits of the pottery off which he breakfasted, scraps of painted plaster and roof-tiles and iron-nails from his belvedere, curiously like the similar modern things. One lucky prowler here picked up a costrel of red earthenware in the form of a little barrel, the very duplicate of others that one may see made of wood to hold the cider of a Somerset harvester. No. There was no old Falernian in it. The sometime owner, thirsty soul, had seen to that.

Saddlescombe was once the *Domesday* manor of Salescumbe, what time Poynings belonged first to the great Saxon Earl Godwin and thereafter to the Norman de Warenne. The lords of Poynings have gone, like the house that roofed them. Saddlescombe remains much as it was, and its occupant now farms a large part of what once belonged to Poynings, his teams to this day going to and fro by the road the Romans built. It is odd that, after the lapse of eight and a half centuries, so many a Downland village should be to all intents in the same unchanged position of feudal unity as when the Conquest was yet new. Even the making of the great high-road from Brighton has not greatly interfered with the little place. On the sheltered slopes about are to be found botanical specimens—there shall be no price put upon their heads, for they shall not be named—to make the mouths of collectors water; in one of these sheltered bottoms was until recently a series of pit-dwellings; and in another was found but yesterday a number of loom-weights so heavy as to suggest that here there lived a colony of anhistoric carpet-weavers. *Eheu fugaces!* They could weave nothing to outlast the shroud of unchanging turf wherein Mother Nature lapped them long ago.

Saddlescombe

As you ascend the Dyke Valley by the Bridle Path you realise something of the tremendous natural strength of the town which once crowned the Dyke Hill; for it was doubtless as much of a town as was Caburn or Hollingbury, albeit there remains now no trace of those who peopled it, unless it be a rare arrow-head or so. Date, name and history have all vanished utterly, but the course of the Roman road is itself a hint that when the Roman came the place was a fortress "in being." The leavings of others of that age or earlier are scattered thickly over the surrounding Downs—bits of roadways, traces of entrenchments, a few almost vanished barrows, shards and flints

Vestiges of the Past

GRAVES OF DEVIL AND WIFE, THE DYKE

galore. But here, as elsewhere the coming of the Saxon wrought a total change in the social and economic conditions of the land. It "made a silence in the hills," and the towns which once crested not the Dyke Hill only, but all the surrounding vantage-points—Thundersbarrow and Wolstanbury and Ditchling—have vanished as completely as the hamlets and the isolated homesteads which must once have dotted all the slopes about.

The Devil's Grave

Two traces are there in the vicinity of the handiwork of ages later indeed, but still respectably old. One is the "Giants' Graves," otherwise the "Graves of the Devil and his wife," on the flat floor of the Dyke Valley and near its upper end. This is the entirely modern name of two heavy flattish banks of earth drawn across the floor so as to leave at one end only so much space as might serve for the passing of a cart, another and longer bank completing the three sides of the enclosure. The Nine-and-Ninety aforesaid look upon them with awe, and go home babbling of barrows. In blunt reality these are nothing more romantic than the ruins of an oxstall like that in Oxteddle Bottom under Caburn, and the length of the enclosure—96 feet—was just the space required for six yoke of oxen, whose labours levelled the valley's narrow floor. The Devil and his lady are certainly not buried here, nor anyone of less distinction; but the thing may be of some antiquity, for there seems to linger no smallest tradition of its real purpose. "The Shepherd's Garden" is its older name. A good example of the speed with which a familiar fact may pass into a fairy tale! Haply in a few years the like will have happened to the ugly ruins of the Funicular and the Aerial Flight. The sooner the better. There is ever the large-hearted Devil ready to annex whatever is going a-begging, as he has annexed a "shovelful" and "stairs." The former is a purely natural rounded hillock near the valley's foot, and the "stairs" are merely the successive

steps worn along the foot of Saddlescombe Hill by traffic to and from the vast chalk-pit there.

In the other direction, on the solitary summit of Edburton Hill, is Edburton Castle, a name which appears to preserve a genuine bit of history; for this is the site of a tiny Norman castle, of which no other record has survived. Built perhaps in the troubled days of the Barons' Wars, it was a makeshift structure of the same type as de Warenne's Castle of Laques in Southover, and the ownerless "Rookery" by Burghlow Castle on the Cuckmere, but far smaller in scale, as indeed the straitened site made imperative. Its *motte* is a very pygmy amongst its kind, rising barely 4 feet in height, though 100 feet in diameter at the base. Oddest feature of all, it has no discoverable water-supply, nor apparently ever had. It can have been nothing but a watch-tower, and for that end it was excellently placed, but the nearest water is 400 feet below.

Edburton Castle

At the end of the valley the road also vanishes, for the steep side of the hill slipped and choked it for any sort of wheeled traffic; which explains why the later traffic had to find another route down the hill. A cart-road resumes the line at Poynings Place Farm—not to be confused with Poynings Place itself—and presently bends due south towards Portslade. It was from Portslade just so far as this bend that the road was known, and it seems to have forked here: one branch was the road we have been following from Hassocks; the other went north-west to descend the Downs on the farther side of the Dyke Hill. By this route the coaches from Brighton to London found their way round to Clayton. It sounds absurd, but so says a writer of the year 1818, and anyway the road down the Dyke Valley was far too narrow for them, and the modern road did not exist. From the fork the main road runs in a right line southward over the golf links to Hangleton and Portslade, much of it a mere greenway, but all of it hard. Some occupant of

Hangleton

Hangleton, presumably after the coaches had ceased to ply this way, *i.e.*, after 1780 or so, so much appreciated the road's hard surface as to build a byre right athwart it, round which the few who now use it have to make a short but muddy detour. The " Great House " lies just beyond and below, on the left of the road, a pleasant place enough, and very proud of the tradition that once it housed that Astrophel who made sonnets to the eyebrow of Stella. Hangleton Church has been left stranded in a farmyard farther to the left, and in front is the grim ugliness of Portslade, whose Roman forbear—Portus Adurni or not—gathered about the spot where the road from Londinium made juncture with those from east and west along the coast. The very name of it testifies to the fact, for Portslade means Port's-road, and the ancient family of Port yet flourishes hereabout in Sussex. But on reaching Portslade there is but one thing more to do, *videlicet*, to get away at once, or as quickly as possible.

The Devil's Dyke is five miles from Brighton by a straight road, four miles from Portslade station, and five miles from Hassocks station by the old Roman trail through Newtimber and Coldharbour Farm. Edburton Castle is less than two miles to the west, Wolstanbury under three miles away to the north-east. Road-cars halt at Poynings Cross Roads and at Dale Hill.

13. SHOREHAM

THE western limit of East Sussex is the river nowadays called the Adur. It is a peculiarity of the rivers of Sussex that most of them have lost their older names. So with this one. Because there existed, or is believed to have existed, somewhere on the South Coast, a Roman town called Portus Adurni, Camden surmised first that it stood at this river's mouth, and secondly that the river's rightful name was Adur. Adur therefore it is to this day; and Adur or Aweddur, says Martin, signifies "running water." Wherever Portus Adurni may have stood—and it has been put at Bramber and at Shoreham, at Aldrington and at Portslade and at Porchester—there is no warrant whatever for thinking Adur to be an ancient name in Sussex. They are just as likely to be right who argue that the river was properly called the Soar, because on the bank of it stand Shoreham, Scoreham, or Soresham as *Domesday* wrote it. Possibly, in the remote days when Shoreham was the important place. In the nineteenth century, when Shoreham had been supplanted by Beeding—Upper Beeding as it is oddly named to distinguish it from Lower Beeding, which is 400 feet higher up in the world—men for the like reason called it the River Beeding. If the Roman town stood at its mouth, or very near it, it must long since have gone under the encroaching sea.

In days when the said river—call it what you will—coming out of the weald by way of Steyning and Bramber, went straightforth to the sea by Shoreham, it was a highway of commerce. Men always travelled by water

ere they took to roads, and in Sussex, where roads were ever proverbially bad and navigable rivers exceeding few, they made the more use of this one. Its six miles of valley were fringed with places of importance in their own day, and in the fourteenth century Shoreham was one of England's great sea-ports. Did it not send to France with Edward III no less than six-and-twenty sail of war, each carrying two-and-thirty men? In those good old times only Fowey, Dartmouth and Yarmouth—the Norfolk one—could do more. But Neptune proved false to his children: he blocked the river's mouth and choked its flow, so that it began to silt up. In vain did men dredge it, dumping their catches of mud in the shape of low mounds that stud the "brooks" thickly about Botolphs, to be a snare and a delusion to archæologists of some twenty generations later. Steyning and Bramber starved, Botolphs and Coombes became waste places, Old Shoreham felt the pinch. The river's mouth slipped sideways, and about it grew up a new port called for difference New Shoreham. New Shoreham is still a place of some importance, still builds boats as big as the battleships of Crécy's time, still smells not unpleasantly of mud and tar, and still gives a name to the harbour; but the river's mouth has slipped yet further eastward to Kingston and Southwick. Old Shoreham is altogether a back number, and where once was the fairway of her fleets, men—and women—have built the mushroom city of Bungalow Town, a cubist picture of white walls, green shutters, and scarlet roofs, splashed down on a ribbon of white shingle beside a blue sea. History has omitted to place on record the precise cause of Neptune's malice, but the old sea-god lives well up to his Homeric reputation for abiding wrath. Every now and again he remembers—and wipes out a large part of the picture.

Bungalow Town is all that remains to tell the world that New Shoreham is a health resort, and has been so for a whole century. Only fifty years ago the Swiss

Garden at New Shoreham was the resort of "thousands" during the summer, and offered "as great a variety of amusements as any other place of the kind in England." Eighty years back it boasted, besides the "Swiss Cottage" which gave it name, an assembly room, a concert hall, a theatre, and "a lake with a small steamer," the whole tucked into some six acres of ground beyond what was then the terminus of the London and Brighton railway system. In the winter the lake attracted yet other thousands of skaters. And one is solemnly assured that the climate of England is not changing! It has changed, and the Swiss Garden is gone with the snows of that era, with the thousands aforesaid, and with the famous "Christian Club." The latter, a caucus which under the guise of righteousness rigged the elections—for Shoreham had sent a couple of Members to every Parliament since 1298, and very consistently elected them within the north transept of its church—attained the dignity of a *cause célèbre* at the price of its own dissolution by 12 George III, 55 (1772), through the wholly unchristian spite of one of its own number, who betrayed his fellows.

Fifty Years Ago

But the Shorehams had other reasons for their greatness. They had greatness thrust upon them by geography. Before 1770 the whole block of Downland betwixt Ouse and Adur boasted but one tolerable road, which came from London by way of Lewes to Newhaven, followed the coast thence to Shoreham, and there turned north to Beeding Hill, and so by Henfield to London again. This devious line had to serve all the growing needs of Brighton until the direct road over Clayton Hill was opened in 1775, and much about the same time the direct route between Brighton and Lewes by Falmer. Thereafter the building of roads went on apace, and in 1781 was opened the famous Old Shoreham Bridge. Heretofore the traveller who aimed for the west had his choice of a dangerous ford, an unreliable

Roads Old and Older

ferry, and a long *dêtour* to the bridge between Beeding and Bramber; and so bad were the means of communication between east and west that the recording of a parliamentary vote in Shoreham was commonly estimated to require a fortnight. The new bridge altered all this, and the road it carried became the mail-coach route to Chichester and Portsmouth. On the other hand the old route between London and Brighton *via* Henfield and Shoreham went out of favour, and when one realises what was its course one does not marvel. It was not the pleasant broad and level highway that to-day winds by the Adur's eastern bank with the green wall of Downs upon the right. It was a greenway which ran along the top of the said wall, and met other similar greenways on the shoulder of Beeding Hill, 500 feet in air. One went westward to Bramber and Steyning; another northwards to London; a third—the old "Tin-road"—led to the Dyke; and yet others wandered south-east to Kingston and Southwick and Portslade. A mile or so to the north-west lies what is left of the village of Upper Beeding, whose church, yet half a mile further on, conserves all the memory and a good deal of the material of the sometime great Priory of Sele. The fashion in which humanity has ever clustered thickly about this point—Beeding and Bramber and Steyning and Botolphs—bespeaks it a notable thoroughfare from of old. All those places grew up about the Roman road and bridge which there crossed the river. The Priory came thither for the same reason, and one of the greater houses of Beeding still keeps the tell-tale name of The Hyde. A couple of miles higher up-stream is Stretham, whose name bespeaks another crossing. Even at Old Shoreham there must have been some means of passing the river in Roman times, for the great coastal road from Portslade to Chichester is traceable so far on either side, but whether it crossed by bridge or ferry or ford is unknown. It was the presence of that thoroughfare that had brought fame and fortune to Old Shoreham ere ever turnpikes and mail-

coaches were heard of. But the crossing must have been troublesome and long. The necessary inn on the further shore, the "Sussex Pad," lies half a mile away from the stream, where the Down drops into the marshes beside the gate of Lancing College. The marsh is no longer such since the river was embanked, and progress has set its mark upon the valley in the shape of cement-works on the one side and an aerodrome on the other. As aerodromes do not pay, a few years have served to blot out the latter's ugliness. The cement-works will abide so long as they are prosperous, their quarries eating like whitest leprosy into the hills, their fumes blackening the sun.

Progress!

Progress indeed is written large across the four miles or more dividing Shoreham from Brighton, surely one of the most heart-breaking bits of all the Sussex coast—four miles of gravel-pits and drying-grounds, of allotments, of those decrepit black shacks which are the peculiar fungus of such allotments, makeshift hen-houses and glass-houses and out-houses of every uninviting kind, all the rusted *débris* of the Iron Age, all the dead odds and ends of things that gather on the shore of a port that has not made good; the whole punctuated at wide intervals with chemical works, with the wreck of a great military camp, with a cemetery or two. It is, as it were, all the backyards of a great town gathered into one. What would you? Brighton has four miles of front. Needs must she therefore have as many miles of back, and having nowhere else to put them, she has put them here. The massed ugliness of it all is intolerable. In the good old days there were neat little villages dotted at every mile. To-day there remains but one, West Blatchington, which wisely keeps to itself, hugging its reconstructed little Norman church and its big "smock" windmill. The fate of Southwick you may guess when you are told that its church has been thrice restored and enlarged within the past 50 years.

St. Julian's at Kingston-by-Sea—it should be Kingston Bowsey, after the name of its sometime lords—is worth a peep. But the two architectural glories of this area belong, as they should, to the Shorehams; and they are glorious.

The Churches of Shoreham

That of Old Shoreham is appropriately the older of the two, and its dedication as appropriately to the sailors' Saint Nicholas. It is a wonderful bit of elaborate cruciform Norman work with an Early English chancel; and if the restorer's hand is discoverable here and there, it is less obtrusively so than commonly. The church of Our Lady of Sorrows—it is the solitary dedication of this form in England, says Miss Arnold Forster—in New Shoreham is merely a fragment of an original whose nave once extended 100 feet further to the west, but it is one of the few fine churches of a county which has some 200 that are interesting, very few that are really fine. A large part of the two transepts, and of the solitary remaining bay of the original nave, is of the best Norman period, and even the west doorway is happily put together out of scraps of the vanished part of the nave. Some of the foliated decoration of the interior recalls similar work in France, and there are curious similarities between this and the equally fine church of Steyning. Both again are fragments symbolical of the history of the towns which built them—towns which owed to one and the same river fortune and ambition, and lost both when their river failed them.

Humanity usually invents the worst motives for the best achievements, and humanity in Shoreham would seem to be no exception, for tradition avers that the great church was built as an act of expiation by one of the de Braoses, who had distinguished himself in Ireland by a too studied imitation of the methods of Macbeth. If the tale be true, one were tempted to make the comment that the result justifies the crime. Probably tradition has been as false

to the memory of Macbeth's alleged understudy as to that of the Thane of Cawdor himself, but while the world retains Shakespeare's finest tragedy and this splendid church, none need cavil, and least of all New Shoreham; for now that the glories of the Swiss Garden are no more, Our Lady of Sorrows is all that remains to it of its splendid past.

What the War Has Done

The plough has pushed too far into the Downs which once jostled the town's skirts. The Great War, which changed so much else, has changed even the stolid methods of the Downland farmers, and the sheep, lately the only tenants of the hills, will soon be as rare as wheatears. In one sense this is but a repetition of history, for sheep seem even in Celtic times to have been *rarae oves*, but it is regrettable, for arables are a sorry substitute for the old turf, and horned cattle, though they be guarantee of the turf's security, are guarantee also of fences and barbed wire. Wide stretches of the Downland which a year or two ago were free warren, are now so set about with wire that one might believe the eternal hills to have been made the dump for all that unwholesome material that was left over from the war. The war did its bit too in obliterating various odds and ends of history, as when it covered the broad shoulders of Thundersbarrow Hill with an unsightly cobweb of white trenches. Thank heaven it could not change the hill's Homeric name! In a hollow below it has produced something which in future days will doubtless prove a booby-trap to the unwary, a great amphitheatre big enough to accommodate 4,000 warriors, *arena* and *cavea* complete. The Romans left behind them in these islands various works of like sort, and a humble example in Falmer has been described elsewhere. In a century or less Shoreham's military amphitheatre will be blundered on by some Oldbuck of the time and will be glorified into an *amphitheatrum castrense* of singular perfection. A Learned Society will come down to investigate, and finding near by

the stances of a whole city of tin huts, will demonstrate *this* at last to be the long-lost and long-sought Portus Adurni; and one Boanerges of their number will write a book in two volumes quarto to prove that the tin hut was a necessary part of the legionary's kit in Cæsar's time, pointing to the name of the "Tin Road" as clinching the matter. And if, as is most unlikely, there should be found one who, having read both the book of Boanerges and also these fugitive papers, shall venture to demur, the present writer will be pilloried as an inept idiot who did not know Portus Adurni when he saw it. He meantime will be chuckling about it in the real Land of Heroes, while Spud A. of Poughkeepsie relates in what fashion he knocked out Bombardier B. of Medicine Hat in that same amphitheatre a long hundred years ago. It is to prevent—if it may be—such happenings that archæologists are sometimes driven to write about things which are obvious, for no one else takes the trouble to do it.

Thundersbarrow—the Hill of Thunor or Thor—is one of the rare spots in Saxon Sussex where yet lingers a memory of the old Saxon gods. Woden has held his own in Wanbarrow near Hurst, and Freya has given a name to Friday's Church near Burpham, but such cases are very few. If the South Saxon had held stubbornly by the old gods, nevertheless, when once convinced and converted, he made no reservations. It is the English way: the race is slow to change a view-point—changes it not at all or altogether. In which respect "Silly Sussex" is of all the English counties the most truly English, and in the proud knowledge thereof quite properly dismisses all the rest as "The Shires." It was "a gen'l'man out o' the Shires" bought and carried off the last of Pyecombe's famous crooks, so its maker told the writer, but a few months ago.

This is Thor's Hill

The Shorehams lie four miles away from Upper Beeding

by the low road which is the high road ; something further by way of the Downs past New and Old Erringham ; and the path among the hills from Upper Beeding back by Thundersbarrow into Portslade is what you choose to make it between five miles and six.

14. BRAMBER

FOR the purposes of these rambles the Adur marks the limits of East and West Sussex. It is not so for the purposes of 2 William IV, cap. 45, whereby the dividing line was drawn some three miles further east over Edburton Hill and thence in zig-zag fashion to Portslade; but Gilbert White has put on record convincing proof that Nature intended the boundary to be at the Adur, for (he writes) on the one side of that river all the sheep were speckled and spotted, whereas on the other they were all white. The sheep appear to have meekly bowed to the will of the nation as expressed in the Reform Bill, for they no longer retain the same local peculiarities. This is one of the drawbacks of Acts of Parliament; they level the world up—or down—to one dead uniformity.

That same Reform Bill interfered with Bramber too. A borough by prescription, it used to send two Members to Parliament, and if not precisely a large place, it was greatly larger than Old Sarum, for it had as many as 36 burgesses paying scot and lot when Sarum had not a single inhabitant; and seeing that its single street is not a quarter of a mile in length, one can believe that the 36, with their wives and families, might be esteemed a crowd in Bramber. Compulsorily retired from politics in 1832, it has since been busy with little else than making tea for trippers and looking pretty for artists and photographers. For Bramber can look very pretty—cannot look anything else indeed. It somehow suggests a delightful old lady of the lavender-scented Early-Victorian time, pottering about amongst her

"Retired Leisure"

flowers in a tiny garden and greatly teased by flies. The flowers are there, lots of them, of the good old-fashioned kinds and of good old-fashioned smell. The flies are the trippers.

The place grew up about a Norman castle, and the castle came here, like Lewes and Arundel Castles, to keep guard over the waterway of the Adur and over the Roman road which here crossed it by a bridge of nineteen spans. It was 17 feet wide and upwards of 200 feet in length. It was still there, "the old bridge," when the first Norman lord, William de Braose, mounted guard and took toll of all vessels sailing further up stream; for the Adur carried much traffic in the days when Steyning grew rich thereon, and even a century ago the barges used to get as far as Ashurst, five miles above that place. The stubborn piers of the Roman bridge were unearthed in 1849. Like most of its kind in this country, its upper structure was of wood, and there must have been one movable span to permit of the passage of vessels. When the woodwork had disappeared there would be nothing to show where the piers had stood, and beyond a doubt there are many English rivers whose waters conceal such things.

Bramber Castle

The place was a nameless outlier of Earl Gurd's great 7,000-acre manor of Washington when de Braose entered into possession. He could not well call by the name of Washington a fortress which he built five miles away, so he chose the fancy name of Brembre, "Bramble Castle," just as de Warenne in the like case called his first castle by the name of Laques, "Pool Castle," and Fitz Osbern of Chepstow called his by some Welsh name which took shape as Striguil. You should go to see what is left of Bramble Castle; it is quite worth the penny charged for admission. Of the masonry there remains *in situ* little enough. Cromwell's men, who took it in 1644, "slighted" it so successfully that nothing is left but a few scraps of shattered curtain-wall and a single soaring spire of flint rubble that

was once part of the gatehouse and keep. It is, as the carpenter might tell you, 21 by 9 feet, and rises full 70 feet in air, a slender needle of fabric so tough that neither Commonwealth gunpowder nor the passage of nigh three centuries thereafter could overthrow it.

But it is the mighty earth-works which make the place impressive. So vast is the fosse which rings the oval plateau that popular imagination has attributed it to anyone but its real authors—to Saxon Earls and Wessex Kings and Britons of the pre-Roman times; but there is nothing here which may not be purely Norman, like the similar works at Old Sarum. Leaning over the broken curtain one overlooks the tops of tall trees that have rooted themselves in the sheltered gulf below, and the view goes out for miles into the northward weald along the Adur's green valley. The de Braoses came to have other castles out there, mere hunting-boxes such as Knepp Castle by West Grinstead and Sedgewick Castle near Horsham, and all show much the same peculiar plan; for the de Braoses were original in adhering to the old Flanders fashion of putting the *motte* in the centre of the bailly instead of on its edge, and in preferring sites which guaranteed that the fosses should hold water all the year round. We shall see the same unusual plan again at Aldingbourne.

The mound that carried the original keep of Bramber Castle, covered now with old thorn trees, is still the central feature of the 2½ acres of grass that were the bailly. The Norman had learnt one of the most valuable of the Roman's *arcana imperii*, the art of making other people work for him, and de Braose made his villeins earn the precious privilege of his protection, as who should say "I'll larn ye to be villeins." The poor wretches had no choice. They huddled together in their squalid shacks down there along the old road and close to My Lord's front door, where there have been dug up the odds and ends of their leavings —crucibles and scraps of kitchen ware. Seemingly, the only thing amongst man's possessions which can be relied

upon to outlast him is the necessary saucepan wherein he cooks his food.

To gain a fair impression of the one-time strength of the castle you should make the circuit—750 yards—of it along the fosse's floor. So deep and sheltered is it that the wild clematis makes stems like tropical rattans that roof the chasm with leafage from one end to the other. It is perfectly dry to-day, and you will see that most of it can never have been otherwise, though water probably once stood in it on the eastern side, 100 feet below the bailly. About its floor lie huge masses of the curtain-wall, fallen from above, and such an accumulation of broken bottles as the Great British Public insists on leaving behind whenever its goes picnicking.

A Knight of Old

The house of de Braose made a good deal of history, but there is room here to mention only another William of that ilk, a very pleasing ruffian who began his career by inviting a number of Welshmen to dine—he was lord of lands, castles, and honours in England and Wales and Ireland—and murdering the lot. This master-stroke (1176) won for him the particular favour of King John, who found in William a man after his own heart, and showered further grants upon him—for considerations in cash. As William's principles forbade him to pay a debt or keep a promise, the two quarrelled pleasantly until William became for some three years an overt rebel. He was beaten at last and compelled to slink out of the country in the guise of a beggar, to die in exile near Paris (1211). His wife Maud, who seems to have done her best to live up to William's high example, was not so lucky; she was imprisoned at Windsor, and possibly starved to death by the royal creditor. So too the eldest son. Yet the second son, Bishop of Hereford, was permitted to buy back his father's lands at a merely nominal price; and when *he* died King John handsomely excused Reginald, the surviving heir, from paying the customary "succession duty" a second

time within two years. It is clear that John, for all his faults, knew a great man when he met him, and it is to be wished that some historical novelist or film artist in need of a hero should consider the claims of William. He fully deserves even that.

Your Norman was nothing if not a zealous Churchman. So to salve his conscience for the sweat and pains that went to the building of his fortress, the builder presently used more of the same to rear the church which stood at the left of his front door, on the natural slope of the castle hill just outside the fosse. This also you must see: it is a church the wrong way round, with its tower at the east end. It is a fragment only of its proper self, for what is now the chancel was originally the central tower of a cruciform building, and built into its north and south walls are the bold Norman arches telling of transepts now vanished, like the contemporary chancel, which must have been extremely small. The tower itself, small enough in reality—it is only 21 feet by 18 feet inside—is many sizes too large for the rest of the building. It has lost its original upper part, and finishes with a modern fringe of battlements exactly on a level with the ridge of the nave's roof. On the inner walls are remains of unusual painting, very charming in colour and in design light and graceful; and the capitals of the chancel-arch are amongst the rudest pieces of carving in the county. The figures —Noah's Ark foxes, two of them standing on their heads, holding in their jaws geese of the same epoch—look as if they had been fret-sawed out of thin slabs of clunch and glued in their places on either side of pygmy masks as artless as that of a child's golliwog doll. Evidently the Earl did not spend money on importing skilled labour from overseas. Detached from its surroundings the work would unhesitatingly be guessed as Saxon, but as it cannot be earlier than about 1100 one has a valuable lesson in the dating of "Anglo-Saxon" sculpture.

Conscience Money

The Adur Valley

Those who live in Bramber have no excuse for not going to church, for besides their own they have three others—Steyning and Upper Beeding and St. Botolph's—within a mile, and that of Coombes a half-mile further. It must be an ideal Sabbath duty to stroll by the meadows to either of the two last-named, at any time between April and October, though to judge from the look of the path but few people use it. It turns off at the corner of St. Mary's House, a fine old half-timbered building with delightful diamond-paned windows, at the east end of the village street. The meadows are wrinkled with old runnels and old banks which tell plainly enough that this was all undrained foreshore no great while back, and they are bordered by lines of giant thorn trees that represent what were the trim hedges of a century ago. Flushed over with their fruitage in October they might be the "thin red lines" of a veteran soldiery of the good days before khaki took the place of scarlet. October, indeed, is the time to see Bramber at its very best, with the cattle feeding over all the lawns that girdle it, and the creeper-clad houses making crimson splashes between the thin green and gold of the failing poplars round them. And in October the flies are fewer.

Dotted at intervals about these meadows on either hand of your path are a number of mounds of all sizes, mostly circular and flattish. There are two in the very first field, a couple more in the second; in the field beyond the railway is one of the best, 40 yards in diameter and 3 feet high, with a low vallum all about its edge and a faint surrounding fosse. There are several in the field beyond Hannington, a fine one 100 yards from Botolph's Church. The spade gets out of them only relics of mediaeval date and it is probable that they were merely dumps of mud dredged from the river's bed in the days when the river-side towns had awakened to realize that their river was

beginning to fail them. Fail it did, and the dumps were left like so many islets about the foreshore ; and being found useful as places of refuge for the livestock whenever the meadows were flooded, some of them were even improved into the semblance of prehistoric ring-forts. Men made such isles of refuge—cotterells—in the waste marshes of the Medway and in the wet levels of Somersetshire, as they do still in Friesland, if it be but to build a house thereon.

Botolph's and Coombes

Botolph's church stands on the extreme edge of the old-time marsh, its tower set on the very apex of the mound beneath it. Its north aisle dropped to ruin long ago, and the exposed arcade of the nave has been built in with flints of a darker colour, each bay pierced with a window of abominable style. The experts say there is Saxon work in the tower. There is certainly Norman work in the chancel, and the finials of the half-round moulding of the chancel arch show a local artistry ruder, if possible, than that of Bramber. One farmstead and two cottages are the sole attendants of the old age of this church, which was but one of six—so tradition has it—that belonged to a thriving town. The town failed with the river that created it. Tucked into its fold amongst the Downs a half-mile further on, Coombes, which can boast at least twice as many houses, is relatively busy. Coombes Church, so old that no man knows its dedication, cowers pathetically in the narrow combe that gave the place a name. You could believe it to be trying to keep out of sight of the climbing pride of Lancing's College chapel a mile to the south ; but when that same chapel of SS. Mary and Nicholas shall have seen as many centuries as has the other, it will still be what it is to-day, a splendid piece of building indeed, but still new, and wholly out of keeping with the picture.

Now the church at Coombes is not merely in keeping with the picture, it is itself the picture. It lies on a slope

so steep that the ground at its west end is on a level with the west window, while at the other end it is as much below the floor of the little chancel. The plain rectangle of its plan is broken by never a buttress: one began to grow at the north-west corner, but, ashamed of its impertinence, changed its mind betimes. The four walls are pierced by at least ten lights of every style or of no style at all; two of them are fine late perpendicular work; two might have come from a Tudor house; one is a "low-side" window, as also probably was a circular opening beside it (now blocked). The neglected churchyard, of no plan that has a name, preserves a fragment of one feature almost unique in Sussex: at the south-west side you will find, hidden under the overgrown hedge, some yards of the circular bank and ditch which once ringed not this only, but probably many other Sussex churchyards. Here also is one of the uncommon Sussex tapsel gates.

It was presumably with the pious hope of recalling to populous Coombes and busy Botolph's something of their old-time prosperity that they have been provided with a handsome tarred road, 36 feet wide at one spot. It will take you to the hostel called the Sussex Pad, and so to Old Shoreham Bridge, unless you prefer to follow the footpath along the river-bank so far. This is the shorter and the better route, especially if the tide be in and a chance barge or two be flapping their slow course up or down.

Keepers of the Threshold

Bramber's meditations amongst the tombs are not limited to the five convenient churches already mentioned. She has other excuses for a somewhat melancholy mood. Out of the village its one high road must take you east or west. Go west and you come in a quarter of a mile to a signpost and a carfax. This is Heathen Burials Corner, and the Burials, i.e., the burial-*place* in question, lay in the north-west angle. It yielded some scores of urns, about which there seems to be nothing known, but

the popular name is doubtless right in implying that the most of them were heathen. If you take the opposite direction, and crossing the river climb up the slopes of Beeding Hill, you come to "Christian Burials." There is as little now to be seen in the one case as in the other, but it is an odd alternative. One is reminded of the queer Roman fashion of lining with tombs all the roadways that led out of their towns, so that your every jaunt took you of necessity through a "burials." One surmises that the practical purpose of such an arrangement was to put a stop to the habit of "walking-out" in the evening. At any rate the habit seems not to be mentioned in the classics.

Park Brow

Three years ago Park Brow was known to none but a few shepherds and the men that farmed it. To-day it is important—how important it is too soon to say. So the archæologically minded will go thither as a matter of duty, and many other wise folk because they love the loneliness of the hills. Park Brow is lonely enough now. Once upon a time it was a town, but it faded off the map so long ago that not even the ingenious "Richard of Cirencester" troubled himself to coin a name for it.

You take the road which leads from Heathen Burials Corner south and south-west and uphill all the time, swinging through a quarter-circle until you come at right angles into a lane running from Steyning direct south to Sompting. Thus far you have a made road beneath you, but beyond rises only the open turf of Round Hill. Had you looked up to Round Hill from your starting-point you might, if the light served, have seen a series of faint lines curving round and up its north face, all roughly parallel and very near together. These are the trails made by the Celt before the Roman came to engineer a better and more abiding road to the hill-tops and to the lost town on Park Brow. *His* road you cannot miss, for you will instinctively bear a trifle to the right and so take the

easiest way up the slope ahead; which is precisely what the Roman did. In a few yards you will find yourself standing upon a broad riband of firm and level turf which leads on through a shallow *col* to the brow that overlooks Pepperscombe Bottom, round which it sidles on and up —a characteristic Roman terrace road, and one of the best of its kind.

Where the conditions required it the Roman provided his terrace-ways with gutters on the uphill side to carry off the rain water. This one, as it comes down the steep flank of Pepperscombe Bottom, has the uphill side to the south, and there, too, is the gutter; but as it traverses the *col* the shift of the ground reverses things, and the uphill side is now to the north. So, too, is the gutter. You could not wish for more convincing proof that the Roman built his gutters with very purposeful knowledge.

Just where you reach the brow of Pepperscombe another road swung off, going direct down the hill into Steyning, and you may see from the fashion of their junction that it was intentional. This second road is still a pathway, and from your stance at the junction you can see its course right into the town and pick up the line of it thence beyond as it heads for Henfield. Should the levels of the Adur be in flood, as they not seldom are between November and March, only the railway track stands up amid the waters, and that is in a dead right line with the apparent course of the Roman road. Seemingly the railway engineers had learnt that here at any rate there was a hard bottom, and put their metals thereon accordingly; but as unhappily, they omitted to talk about it, and they are now beyond the reach of inquiry, the matter must remain a surmise only. The surmise finds corroboration in the name of Stretham, the spot where the railway crosses the river, and other place-names to the west hint of yet another thoroughfare which came to the same crossing from the direction of Washington and ran eastward towards Newtimber and Clayton.

On the top of the open Down the terrace-way, of course, dies out, and anything that the Roman did hereabouts is out of sight under the turf. It is mostly so with his roads on the flat, be it hilltop or lowland, they are only rarely visible things—you pick them up, as a rule, only on falling ground. So it is here; bear to the south over the ridge and you find yourself at the head of a long and gentle tongue of hill, on either hand a combe; and following this tongue as it dips to the south, you presently find the road again. But it is a Celtic road now, a shallow trench with slight lateral banks, all alike covered with ancient turf. Old lynchets run up to the road on either hand to tell you that it is at least as old as they are. In the hollows right and left grow masses of scrubby thorn-bushes roped with honeysuckle; Chanctonbury's beechen boss just overtops the sky-line to the north-west, with Lancing Ring to balance it on the south-east, between is the mass that carries Cissbury, and beyond to the south is the Channel. Some tall elms clustered in the lowest ground a mile ahead mark Lychpole Farm. When Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries* he remarked that every Gallic farm-house had its own clump of sheltering trees—one of those touches of nature which link up the present and the past, and hint at a yet unrecognised kinship between the Saxon and the Gaul. Lychpole was an estate in the thirteenth century, and if its elms be not quite of that age their ordered arrangement speaks of a sometime great house here, as the name of Park Brow possibly keeps the memory of its forgotten deer-park.

The Celtic road plods on, sagging a little here and there, but reasonably straight and, of course, growing always a little deeper as the ground falls; and a few yards short of the point at which the hill's nose begins to dip steeply to the bottom below, a gap in the left hand bank admits you to a small and shallow oval pit, rimmed by a broad but unmistakable vallum. You have seen another work

The Key to the Past

of the same character at Buckland Bank, but somewhat bigger and better formed, and boasting two entrances instead of one. As that on Buckland Bank was the Town Hall of those who built it, so was this on Park Brow; and having learnt to recognise such a *circus* when you see it, you would have inferred—rightly—that here, too, had once stood a town.

But what in the other case is after all a matter of inference only, is a matter of proof at Park Brow, for at the centre of it was the shallow pit which was its one essential, and the pit was filled with the black soil of many ritual fires and the fragments of the pottery which speak of libations made to Consus. Consus was the Romans' personification of their collective "ancestors," and so often as the City Fathers foregathered in their town hall to attend to communal business, they preluded their session with a prayer to Consus, just as the House of Commons commences it proceedings with a prayer. The old Greek had done the same and so likewise did the Celt, albeit each had another name for his "ancestors." Wise folk, that knew the value of a past and believed that they should prosper only so long as they kept it, and those who made it, in mind.

What the Key Revealed

And the town itself? Vanished so utterly that, the *circus* and the road excepted, there was on the surface not a trace that could be recognised even by the expert's complaisant eye, that is ever ready to see the thing it wishes to see. The plough had ribbed it over with lynchets years ago; old turf had followed when the land became a park; and in these latter days the flint-digger had begun to rip it up and destroy the evidence he did not understand. But the town was here. At one date or another it covered all the nose of the hill from the *circus* southward to the bottom. Already the spade has proved so much. Two items amongst the many finds must be mentioned. The one was a type of pottery as yet strange

to English archæology—although very curiously some of the same kind was turned up almost simultaneously in Eastbourne—coarse hand-made stuff of a peculiar purplish chocolate colour and a greasy feel. The experts recognise it as identical with the ware made at Hallstadt in the Tyrol and dating not later than 600 B.C. The other item was a quantity of burnt clay showing on the reverse the impress of wattlework, on the obverse an elaborate pargetting. This, finished off with a dressing of fine cement, which was painted with panels and patterns in green and yellow and red and brown, was the sufficient core of the walls of any house in any little town of the Romano-British time. Pargetting was—and still is—used to give the cement a firmer hold. It was done apparently with a small roller which was passed over the wet clay, leaving in intaglio the print of the little square pyramidal studs with which the wheel was furnished. You may see men using identically such a tool, but larger and heavier, to produce the roughened surface on a cemented paving of to-day.

Enough has been found to suggest that the lost town had an existence of some 800 years at least. One can accumulate a large number of ancestors in that length of time.

Town Houses of Other Days

The wattle-and-daub houses belonged to the Roman period. Of any edifice which may date from the earlier part of the town's career, probably none survived even in the Roman's day. It is only by exception that one finds a building of 600 years old in modern England—the average life of even bricks and mortar is little more than a century, and as a rule almost every street is reconstructed at intervals of two centuries at longest. The interval would be a good deal shorter when wattle-and-daub represented the limit of advance in the art of building. In the vast majority of cases there is no reason to regret it, and they have a good case who

think that it would be well if modern buildings were less durable than they are. Over-permanence has its drawbacks, as Tithonus learnt, and there are few buildings of our time which any save their architects, or the enemies of those architects, could wish to preserve as evidence to posterity of the incapacity of our time. Time deals with buildings as with books; only the best work lives, and it is as logical to regret lost Parthenons and Pyramids as to weep for lost Homers and Shakespeares. There were none, and we owe to the same law of natural selection alike the preservation of the Elgin marbles and the comfortable assurance that the jerry-builder's works perish with him, though he be an unconscionable time a-dying. Were it not so there would be scarcely an unencumbered square mile of soil in southern England, and even the empty Downland would present merely such a panorama of ruinated and shabby incompletion as is to-day the usual setting of the most up-to-date of English towns.

A peculiar pit near the *circus* perhaps belongs to the earlier time. It is circular and bottle-shouldered, its mouth six feet wide, the floor eight feet across and as much below the surface. It may have been made for some other purpose, for a store-pit for example, but it had certainly been used at various periods as a habitation, access being by a ladder, which has long since perished. The "dug-out" is surprisingly dry and still more surprisingly comfortable. It is exactly what a modern house-agent might truthfully describe as "that exceptionally compact and self-contained bijou residence."

It needs an effort of the imagination to envisage the scene when Park Brow could show a town in being, when the old road was thronged with the traffic that wore it hollow, and the combes that are so empty now were noisy with the young fry of their day.

The old road peters out near the foot of the hill, but on

the slopes opposite one can trace others which radiate all from this same centre, and clearly show that it was a centre of some importance in its day. Some of them climb the northern shoulder of Steep Down and lead on to Lancing Ring there intersecting a formidable fosse of three quarters of a mile in length, which runs across the south end of Steep Down towards Titch Hill Farm. The Ordnance Map marks it as "Roman Ditch," but the shepherds call it the "Roman Path," which seems to be a genuine folk-memory of its purpose; for it was probably a road, albeit of earlier than Roman date. There was a Roman villa near the junction, whereof the sorry relics—*tesserae*, small altars, coins, etc.—were housed within a "neat series of huts," in which the visitor might combine instruction with light refreshments. The huts have lasted less well than did the villa. On the eastern flank of Lychpole Hill is another road, a Roman terrace, overlooking the farmstead of that name—the grim name probably means "leech-pond." In the near vicinity, possibly past the very gates of the lost town on Park Brow, must have run the great east-to-west trunk road of the pre-Roman time which we shall see presently at Whiteways, ten miles to the west, and the ghosts of Cissbury Hill still overlook the spot from the "Knot" upon the sky-line, as did their incarnations of old.

The "Roman Ditch"

You may get back to the noisy realities of life and carbon-monoxide by way of Lychpole and Beggars Bush and Sompting. At Sompting is a church whose odd tower figures in every book on English Ecclesiastical Architecture. Its four-side extinguisher roof set askew upon the four steep gables of the tower's walls, though of a fashion not uncommon along the Rhine, is unique in England; and one cannot greatly regret it, for it is anything but artistic and from most points of view it looks lop-sided. The church has characteristic bits of the work of every style from Saxon

Sompting Church

(in the tower) down to Jacobean (in the west porch), an Easter Sepulchre, and two little chapels in the north transept with beautiful groined roofs. The ruins on the north side of the tower are those of another chapel of the fourteenth century. It is about two miles further to a railway station, either Lancing or Worthing, and the whole walk from Bramber is but six miles or so.

15. STEYNING

IF the Downland overlooks any more pleasant town than Steyning, the writer has failed to find it. The little place is just what one's dreams and its own surroundings require, neither too big nor too small, neither too formal nor too formless, neither too old nor altogether new, a perfect blend of all things desirable. Its High Street alone, wide enough to stand well, neither too straight nor so level as to fail of the picturesque, is a delightful jumble of houses heled with red-hot pantiles and dark slates and moss-browned Horsham stone, houses of brick and stone and plaster and half-timber, houses with diamond panes and carven barge-boards to their gables, and a surprising number of fine old Georgian doorways out of all keeping with the little dwellings they serve, houses wrapped in roses or Virginia creeper, a quaint toy clock-tower that looks not nearly big enough for the volume of its chimes, and a sufficiency of decent hostels and curiosity shops. There may be ugly bits in Steyning, but you need not see them amid this wealth of prettier ones. And the whole is set in as superb a framework of Down and Weald as all good Sussex can show.

"Angulus Ille"

A narrower street of quaint outline leads in leisured sort —old streets were never in a hurry, and had time enough to twist and turn—past Brotherhood Hall and the church to the railway station. Even the station is as such modernities should be, so little obtrusive that you need never know there was a railway here at all, and in summer time the leaves and the roses do all they can to camouflage its

whereabouts. Built in 1614 to serve as a Grammar School by a grateful native who had risen to be an Alderman of Chichester, Brotherhood Hall's long wings, pierced with leaded lights and hooded by fine carven gables, flank a projecting gabled gatehouse with a good Tudor doorway. There is nothing stand-offish about it; the wall of the hall is the wall of the street, and its front door has stepped right over the footpath as if coming to meet one half-way. A few yards beyond it is the famous church.

St. Cuthman and His Barrow

Tradition declares that the church, dedicated to St. Andrew, was founded by St. Cuthman, a pious youth who wheeled thus far his helpless mother and stopped here only because the wheelbarrow —or the old lady—gave out. Here he built a hut and a church of timber, and here he was himself buried. As a child he had wrought miracles; he could prevent a flock of sheep from straying by drawing around them the magic circle, and to this day—so some believe—it is useless to try to grow hay upon a certain field adjoining the church because the saintly youth, annoyed by the jibes of haymakers there at work, cursed them and their meadow with such abiding power that not merely did rain spoil their labours of the moment, but the same thing has happened with every haysel since. Naturally, therefore, the place of his burial became a place of pilgrimage and a source of much profit, which the weak-kneed Confessor was persuaded to grant to the Abbey of Fécamp. His successor, Harold, who rather believed in keeping England for the English Godwins, refused to confirm the grant, and so gave to Duke William the convenient excuse that he came to England to avenge Holy Church. The monks of Fécamp quickly recovered their title, and for 400 years enjoyed the revenues of Steyning, although they foisted another saint upon the place. Being Normans they had no liking for Saxon saints, and apparently no fear of their powers either. It was they who built most part of the great

church, of which the remnant is still amongst the glories of Sussex.

It is seldom that the chaff of medieval legend contains no grain of truth. Of the grains in this one is the admission that the earlier church was but a timber shack, which the saint built with his own hands, and if we knew all it would probably transpire that the same shack was also his dwelling. It is curious too that the saint is credited with magical powers, such as other legends attribute to the Druids of Scotland and Ireland. There was probably little difference between pagan and early Christian, save in the names of the gods they professed to serve. Lastly, the saint's mother may be said to have died under suspicious circumstances, if one remembers that early Christianity considered a funeral to be the first essential to the making of a "church," and that even St. Columba sacrificed his disciple St. Oran to hallow his first Christian "church" on British soil. You may know by the shape of the churchyard here—its wall is still in great part circular—that it is far older than is the building within it.

The Wheat Amid the Chaff

The church is only a fragment of what it was meant to be; it has been docked at both ends, and those who, in the sixteenth century, rudely amputated the western limb, staunched the wound by building up the heavy tower with its heavy buttresses; but there remains a wealth of ancient stonework, some of the pre-Conquest time which is only curious, much of the twelfth century, which is beautiful. To the latter date belongs the clerestory with its ornate window mouldings. In the north wall is a beautiful Early English doorway now blocked up, and one of the gargoyles of the Norman south porch represents the impossible—a woman holding her tongue! In the Rectory grounds are some relics of yet older time, fragments of crosses of the Hiberno-Saxon age, with their customary carven interlacing.

The Church of Steyning

A generation which has little use for wheelbarrows and less for saints has forgotten old Cuthman, but the larger part of Steyning was for long enough known as St. Cuthman's parish, in contrast with St. Mary's parish on the other side of the High-street ; and while the Adur was yet a thoroughfare of commerce St. Cuthman's Port was as well-known to sailor-folk as was any other haven.

From Gootland to the Cape of Fynystere.

It has forgotten also that here, if old Asser's text is rightly read, was buried that great Aethelwulf who smote the Dane so fearfully at Ockley in 851, and boasted himself 18th in descent from Woden and 43rd from Adam, but whose greater merit is that he fathered King Alfred. At some later date his body, it would seem, was translated, so that the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* could say quite truthfully that " his body lies at Winchester."

A narrow lane continuing westward the line of the town's main street will lead you in a mile or so to the big house and the little church which are Wiston.

Wiston An ancient manor, " Azor held it of Count Godwin " in the Confessor's time ; " then it vouched for 12 hides, now for nothing." So runs the terse record of *Domesday*, but one is left uninformed of the excuse whereby was secured this drastic reduction of its assessment. There is a manorial flavour about the place to this day. Even then there was a " church " as there is to-day—a parish church, of course—but the stranger stands small chance to get inside it unless it be as a Sabbath Day worshipper. Yet the south aisle enshrines some of the most curious monuments in Sussex, notably the splendid brass of one Sir John de Braose, who died in Henry VI's time and sleeps there at full length, his crested tilting-casque under his head, a lion beneath his feet, upon a great slab *sémé* with tiny little scrolls—30 or so of them—which are every one a prayer ; while through the stained

quarrels of the windows the sunshine paints his black plate armour with the blazon of his house. The de Braoses passed on the manor by marriage to the Shirleys, who held it for 200 years and packed the church with other monuments which have mostly fared less happily. It was a Shirley built in Queen Bess's time the "great house," which was "reconditioned" a hundred years ago. Some of us would be glad if architects could as cleverly recondition old churches—they spoilt St. Michael's in 1862—not to say our own elderly selves.

Amongst the memorials is one to a Goring who has deserved well of his county—that Sir John who planted Chanctonbury Ring. Good man, he lived to see it a landmark to all Sussex, and not even an archæologist need bear him ill will for that he planted his trees upon a "camp" and amidst broken ruins of a Roman building. Chanctonbury is the "Hill of Cengeltune," and the latter was a *Domesday* manor lying in the lowlands beside the Steyning-Pulborough road, where to this day is Lower Chancton Farm. Two generations back men called it Chankbury. The peasant mind has coined for itself a new and satisfying etymology to replace what it has forgotten; here did one Chancton, prize-fighter, do battle with one Bury of the same kidney. Is not the "Ring" yet there to prove it? So the writer was assured by one who could see Sir John's beech-trees across five and twenty miles of weald from where he was digging "forest-stone" by King's Standing Hill on Ashdown. It is a pleasing instance of its kind.

What's in a Name?

To climb to the "Ring" (783 feet), a long mile away from Wiston and 600 feet higher, is no jest on a hot summer's day, but to miss it is to miss one of the gems of Sussex, nay, of England. The diminutive ringwork smothered amongst the trees, the brick and tiles and pottery that litter it, the half dozen mounds that cast scarcely a shadow on the open turf, the odd and ancient

Chanctonbury Ring

"entrenchment," which so deceptively looks as if built to cover the big dew-pond that was made not 50 years ago —such matters may not greatly draw you, but you can hardly fail of your reward in what you gaze at, lying tumbled on the thyme of the hill's northward brow. The old Roman who reared here his building, belvedere or *nymphaeum*, thought worth while the long climb from his villa somewhere under the soil of the foothills, though he had no beech trees to give him shade. When you have had your fill of the "dim blue goodness" of it all—happy phrase!—you may descend by any one of many tracks. There is "Heaven's Gate" to the right—a common Downland name for such steep paths; it is corrupted from Hevend Gate, the road that "heaves" up to the hill's top; Wiltshire yet has a Hevend Hill, and near Folkington, it may be added, is a "Hell's Gate." To the left is the Roman terrace-way; it leads you past a weird and wizened lime-tree that might have stood sentry here when Vespasian was young, and so down to the ploughlands again. Then it vanishes; but you can easily find your way back through the fields to the big road, and beyond it to the tiny Norman chapel of Buncton, to whose fabric went some few of that old Roman's bricks. He had left a hypocaust a few yards off, between this and the rectory.

Washington Ale

A mile or so to the west is that Washington whither, in days now grown legendary, when ale was ale and plenty of it, came certain Four Men—and more also—to bait their Pegasus in "the true, the blushful Hippocrene." *Eheu fugaces!* The war has altered all that, and it may be that England's ale, like England's "Punch," was never quite so good as it used to be. Unto this generation at any rate is left nothing but the poet's word for it—and another poet's warning: *Satur est cum dicit* Hilarius *Evoe!*

The choicer route is that which takes you back to Steyning by the northern edge of Wiston Park—a delightful bit of road where hedge and park, brambles and rhododen-

drons, run each into the other, and the meadows are in its season yellow with the bloom that gave a name to the Plantagenets, and you catch glimpses of rose-red farmsteads that might well date from the Plantagenets' time. Why do men no longer make bricks of that colour? The old stuff seems to radiate still the flame that fired it three or four centuries ago.

Anything about Cissbury is of interest, just as is anything about Stonehenge, and for the same reason—both places are mysteries; and when, if ever, the mysteries are solved, anything that had before been written of them will still be interesting because it will be funny. Thus the writer is secure of his excuse in any event.

Cissbury as it is—

The right way to approach this mystery is from Chanctonbury on the north, or from Findon on the west, for so doing you gain a proper realisation of the strength of the position and a comprehensive view of the mighty trenches that girdle it. Either way brings you to the pond (long dry) at the foot of the steep north slope, whence slanting tracks lead gently up to "Cissbury Knot" and the great gate at the north-east corner of the "camp." The approach from the east or the south is less impressive and gives no synoptic view at all. Howbeit you may prefer to go as far as may be by train, that is, to Worthing, and make your way (four miles) thence past Broadwater Church and Offington and the golf links to the southern gate. The rise is so gentle that you will find it hard to believe you have climbed 500 feet. As you near the hill-top you have on your right the deep sun-trap called the Vineyard, on your left a long series of shallow saucer-like depressions of small size lining the roadway right up to the south end of the great earthworks that belt the kidney-shaped "camp." Those pits mark what were once some of the famous shafts of the unknown folk who mined the flint of the hill. Inside the earthworks there are others—scores of them—of all sizes, some of them

almost wide and deep enough to suggest the craters of dead volcanoes. The vallum, fosse and parapet, cross the minefield as if it had no existence. You should walk the entire circuit of the rampart to learn how formidable was this fortress and how spacious. It is 1½ miles about and compasses some 60 acres. Then, if you are appreciative, you will do the same again, and even a third time, and you will be able to say that you know almost as much about Cissbury as is known.

But not so much as is guessed. That is quite another story. For there is that in the air of the spot which stirs in the brains of the unwary a fever only to be worked off in romance. One would think that there issued from those pits that yawn in the green turf such a gas as intoxicated the Sibyl or the Pytho. And to speak the truth, much of all this utterance is not more logical than was that of the priestess of the oracle.

And as it is said to be

"He were a bold antiquarian who should state anything decided as to this remarkable spot." So the Rev. J. Wood Warter exactly 70 years ago (1853), and 'tis as true now as it was then. The great "camp" has ringed its hill-top for an unknown number of centuries, and ever since archæologists have had a name have they been talking and writing about it. At intervals within the last 60 years the attempt has been made to attack it seriously, and the resultant ha'porth of fact has been dished up before this or that learned society, diluted with a most "monstrous quantity of sack" in the shape of speculation thereon. From the *adyta* of the said learned societies has the heady stuff been scattered broadcast by the daily Press and by every transient scribbler who—like the present writer—has visited it, and many that have not. "One of the oldest earthworks in this England," "The Sheffield of the Neolithic Age," "The fortress which bears the name of Cissa"—how well one knows the tags. Anyone with but an average opinion of the intelligence of humanity might

CISSBURY : THE NORTH-WESTERN RAMPART

believe that we had learned at least the facts about the matter. Yet within the past few months it was solemnly stated in the columns of a weighty London journal that "Cissbury is the largest dew-pond in England!" Nay, the statement bore the name and address of its author!! And—to crown the whole—it passed wholly uncontradicted!!! It is matter for debate, which of the three phenomena calls the most loudly for the tears of the angels.

Of the Name Thereof

To take first the name, there was a tendency a century or so ago to connect it with the ubiquitous Cæsar. It is scarcely necessary to say that Cæsar never came into this region, but the fact shows that the name was then pronounced, as now, with a "soft" initial. Since that date Cæsar has been supplanted by Cissa, one of the three sons of that Ella who founded the South Saxon kingdom in 477; but that worthy's name, though written Cissa, was pronounced as the name of Chichester declares, *Chissa*, and if Cissbury had him for eponym its name should be pronounced Chisbury. In Wiltshire there actually is a camp of this name, but no Sussex lips ever so called Cissbury. Colt Hoare indeed wrote it Cheesebury, but he was himself a Wiltshire moonraker, a bird of passage and no son of Sussex. In 1774 it was Sizeburgh, and in 1587 it was Siebury, so that the further one goes back the less one finds to suggest either Cæsar or Cissa. It would be vastly simpler if it were otherwise, for then we might feel confident that the fortress was here at any rate in Cissa's time, whereas at present we have no proof of even this small measure of its antiquity, nor, indeed, of any antiquity at all save the fact that the half of its *enceinte* has been taken to serve as a parish boundary. But parish boundaries, even the oldest of them, belong to an age later than that of Cissa—an age much nearer to 777 than to A.D. 477.

The place has been attributed to every people that has

figured "in our fair island story"—the Devil himself not excepted, though perhaps no one but Mr. Belloc now upholds this view—from the Danes back to the Stone Age, and there is as little proof for one attribution as for another; and such peoples—no few either—exhausted, there have come to the rescue the great Druidical School, who would interpret it as a holy place of paganism and its mine shafts as Gargantuan altar-pits, and the greater Cowshed School, who would have this, and most other earthworks, to be but the cattle-folds of a primitive time: are there not still to be seen the deep-worn paths whereby the kine went to and from their water-hole, the big "dew-pond" under the north face of the camp, and the site of the hut where sat the tally-man to keep count of all that went and came? Even if the pond were a dew-pond, and an ancient one, and it is neither, one would still marvel at the industry of a race that built its fold on this colossal scale, and wonder of what breed were the kine which needed such defences for their safe-keeping.

Who were the Builders?

Those who prefer logic to lyrics have hinted the belief that Cissbury may after all belong to the Roman time. They do not suggest that it was Roman *work*, which is quite another matter, and though the fact is seldom remembered, there were happenings in this island during the latter half of the fourth century which might amply justify the building of such a mighty "camp." Nor is there yet forthcoming any reason why it may not have been made in the troubled years which intervened between the Roman's departure and the Saxon's triumph. There was a "dark age" in Sussex story what time Ceadwalla of Wessex and his kinsman Mul fought mightily up and down this land; and Ceadwalla, as his name declares, was of British blood. If he did not verily build Cissbury, he may very well have rebuilt it, and it has been thought that there can be detected signs of reconstruction about the great north-east

"Guess Again"

gate. The writer does not for a moment assert that he *did* so, but were fain to know that he did *not*. Certainly there have not been found as yet any relics to justify the view that the place was occupied for many years and in large numbers by any population of any age. Pitt-Rivers calculated that it would require at least 5,000 warriors to man its long defences, and wondered whence such a force could have got its supply of water.

The Flint Mines

The pits, large and small, are the mouths of shafts sunk at a date unknown in search of flint. Of this there is no question; there are scores of them, and some have been explored. The narrow galleries radiating from them, and honeycombing all the south-western portion of the camp, yielded quantities of flakes and cores and implements in every stage of manufacture, together with a few odd bones, human and others, a few scraps of pottery, rude cups of chalk believed to have served as lamps to the miners, and the picks of deer-horn wherewith the chalk was quarried. Romance has proudly set a date upon the whole: the mines date from those remote ages when man in Sussex possessed no metal—from the Age of Stone. But it is calm cold fact that no man knows when the making of flint tools ceased, let alone when it commenced; that deer-horn picks were still in common use when the Romans were here, long years after iron was introduced; and that, though logic justifiably postulates an age in which men's only tools were tools of stone, it has not yet been proved that such an age ever existed in this England. Romance, borne joyously on over the ocean of conjecture by the favouring wind of its own utterance, next confused the mines with the earthworks: if the former were neolithic, so must the latter be. Yet you may see for yourself that the walls are of later date than the shafts, for they overlie the shafts, and here and there, where they pass over an old working, they have sunk in and lost their symmetry. So the vallum was not built to safeguard the mines, many

of which indeed lie far outside it to the south. The rabbits, too, scratch out flint implements wherever they burrow in the banks, from which one would infer that those who built the vallum made small account of the stone implements wherewith the soil in places is, or was, strewn.

Over most part of the area may be traced the signs of ancient ploughing—the rectilineal balks of "lynchets," larger or smaller, and here and there a pit has been sunk in such a balk. So the pit is apparently later than the balks. So seemingly are the great earthworks, for they appear to cut across and over the lynchets, which extend far over the saddle and flanks of the hill that slopes away to the south-east. If one but knew the age of the lynchets, one might date the time when neither pits nor vallum was there, but as lynchets are of various ages, and no man knows when the first of them were made, one is baffled again. Here and there amid these cultivation-lines can be detected also a number of small rectangular steads, each with its own shadowy fosse and vallum, but all so faint that only the very keenest eyes can see them, and that only when the light is favourable. Pitt-Rivers examined one and found odds and ends which told of the Roman time. If all are of that age—and the "if" is a large one—then possibly one might infer the lynchets to be of the same date, and it would follow that the *valla* and some of the pits are of a later time.

Little Things that Matter

In this sort one may go on *ad libitum*, exercising one's own ingenuity, but convincing no one else. There is no drawing sound conclusions from unsound premisses, and at the present time most of the premisses available are remarkably unsound. By what right, for example, is it assumed that all the shafts at Cissbury are of one age? It is reasonable to suppose that they were constructed at various times over a long period of years, possibly even centuries, as modern coal mines are to-day. Romance,

Logic and Archæo-logic

which counts a thousand years but as yesterday, will ignore mere centuries altogether. By what right? Little trifles of that sort cannot be ignored in real life.

Two human skulls were found in the course of the long digging, and both were of the long-headed type. *Ergo*, says Romance, Cissbury dates back to the age—infinitely remote—when the long-headed race were in possession. There are not a few long-headed men and women amongst us to-day, and the probability is that at no period has there ever been any lack of them. Long-headed skulls have been found in the Lake Village of Meare, in Somersetshire, yet we know this to have been a village of the Iron Age. Seeing that *all* the skulls were merely two, the great Cowshed School might have as good a case, for one excavator found precisely that number of skulls of *Bos urus*. There is no building up a "categorical imperative" on two instances. Let the long-headed archæologist see to it that he lose not his head at Cissbury.

"Where then shall Truth be found?" By digging: her home was ever at the bottom of a well. In a gamble of this kind, the safest call is spades. If England would spend on Cissbury but a little of the time and money which are now poured into the sands of Semiramis and Saïs, we should soon arrive at facts. The facts when known will prove to be romantic enough, and the romance of Cissbury will then be of a more satisfying kind than that which has furnished the most of this small chapter.

The Correct Call

Yet Cissbury is great, and they do well who wish to see it a national trust, though the rabbits have to be reckoned with. They are a feeble folk, the conies, but the aggregate result of their efforts bids fair to remove the camp from the map. The hill itself they will scarcely manage to remove, and you need be no archæologist to feel the splendour and the power of the place as you sit on its north-west brow and watch the sunset filling with shadow the valley below, the great hills beyond growing always

greater as they pass from green to blue, from blue to black. You need be no archæologist to regret that all good things have their ending—and the lights of Worthing are four long miles away below you. You will come away feeling that you know less about Cissbury than when you came. Not so, for you may have learnt something of how much you do *not* know of it ; and that is greatly more than the Romancers have yet learnt.

16. HARROW HILL

IT stands in a lone land, a conical hill of 549 feet, with the solitary homestead of Lee Farm at its north-west foot, and otherwise hardly a house, certainly not a village, within sight. Three-quarters of its horizon are hills only less lonesome than itself—Blackpatch on the east, with Cissbury peeping up beyond it, Barpham Hill and Friday's Church to the west, and to the north the main ridge of the Downs with the clump of Chanctonbury on the right, then Sullington Hill, Kithurst, Springhead (with another clump) Rackham Hill and Amberley Mount overlooking the Arun Valley. The rest of its view is seaward across a dark belt of woods that hides all features of the land. Once those woods were the demesne of Michelgrove, as was Harrow Hill itself. Michelgrove is gone with its deerpark and its heronry, and rarely does even a shepherd come nowadays to the hill-top; and if it be permissible to argue from the silence of *Domesday*, it was just as lonely a thousand years ago, when one-third of the land was still waste. Not even the blackberry-pickers come so far; they can find more than they can carry in the brakes that were Michelgrove. The hill is left mostly to yourself and to the partridges, wise fowl that know it for a sanctuary when the season brings haymaker and harvester and ploughman into the bottoms below. The sudden whirr of their wings midst the silence startles one, but it is a relief from the waste silence itself. Doubtless the larks sing over this, as they sing over the other hills, but not loud enough to fill the air. Elsewhere they positively

No-Man's Land

shout, but here their notes are whispers only. It is a place wherein you might look to find

> Old dew,
> And your own footsteps meeting you.

The footsteps of other men you may find at every turn, but of the men of other days. Their roads and tracks immesh all the lower slopes of the hill, starred here and again with the usual *memento mori* in form of a barrow. There are some notable things of that kind under the grass that lies south-east towards Myrtlegrove—amongst them the half of a great ring barrow, and beside it the shapeless ridges and hollows that bespeak a vanished homestead, and further north, a few hundred yards east of Northdown Farm, a yet more curious something that may be a mutilated disc-barrow of 50 yards diameter. Barrows of this type, rarely common, are scarce in the Downs and seldom so big as this; yet until 1921 it went unrecognised. Haply, when the English have scaled Mount Everest and laid out a golf course at the South Pole, there may be found one or two to spare a little of their energy and wealth for the discovery of this England. It will provide them with some notable surprises.

On the summit of Harrow Hill is a diminutive "camp," a mean rectangular *enceinte* of seventy by sixty yards, with the customary fosse and vallum, its whole extent less than an acre, with an entrance in the west side, and another near the north-east corner. Within it you may pick up such flint-flakes as litter all the chalk hills, and rarer scraps of pottery, but also teeth of horse and sheep and pig, in such quantity that one wonders how they came here. It is tempting to interpret them as the remains of feasts or sacrifices, and to find corroboration in the name of Harrow Hill; for in some cases the name of Harrow indubitably represents the Saxon *hearg*, "holy place." There was certainly a Saxon population on and about the hill's flanks, and probably

Etymology and——

in pre-Christian times, for they have left their bones and other more reliable matters to witness thereto, but until the spade has been used it is idle to guess. The name of Mount Harry by Lewes is just as dubious, and the natives frequently speak of this as Harry Hill. Sometimes again they call it Harroway Hill. The term Harroway—whether it be " War Path " or " Muddy Way "—ought to allude to some ancient road, and there is ground for thinking that a great pre-Roman war-path did in fact pass east and west across the hill's southern base ; but again one is told that Harroway is here a modernism introduced by some colonial troops, though why they should affect an Anglo-Saxon word which has been for centuries extinct in the motherland is not apparent. Enough said ! There is the hill and the name of the hill ; there the dateless road ; there also—if you please—the *hearg* ; and until knowledge forbids you to guess you may take your choice.

Silicolegy

But you should take into account those old barrows and the pits that cover the east slope of the hill, and look as if they were younger brethren of the Cissbury flint-shaft family. The flint-digger—nothing is said of his date and nation—of a certainty worked the veins of Blackpatch. His shafts honeycomb the southward spur of it only a mile to the south-east, and not 200 yards away from Myrtle Grove, where as recently as 1922 one has been opened and yielded the familiar dateless relics—his picks of deers' horn and specimens of his output in various stages of manufacture. More significant, these specimens were of divers types, and he had left a fine " palæolith " right at the top of the shaft with no more than a foot or so of soil above it ! It was most inconsiderate of him, for his carelessness appears to make nonsense of much that has been written about the relative age of such various types. Indeed the silicolegist—the name is coined to meet a crying need, and is spelt as here printed—is in a bad way of late : shock

after shock of this sort has pulverised his theories, and Wisdom has sadly confessed that they must all go back into the melting-pot, and that types have no dates. So *Mudd on Flints* is become waste paper—you might, however, cut out and save the 375 charming illustrations, *minus* what the printer calls their captions—and you are at liberty again to make your own theories. And so doing, bear in mind that the English churls were using stone weapons in the fight at Hastings, that Irish chieftains were still doing so a century later, that there survived as a business in Norfolk until so late as the Great War one factory of stone tools, and that the use of stone implements has not yet perished out of this England.

In this critical age it may be well to show that there is warrant for assertions so reactionary as these. Take the Battle of Hastings as example. One narrative of that decisive fight was penned by William of Poitiers, in his *Gesta Gulielmi*, or *History of Duke William*, and he therein states that the English "wielded lances and other weapons of divers kinds, murderous axes, and stones hafted in wood." The Chronicler, who died Archdeacon of Lisieux, was in his earlier days a man of war, and it is quite possible that he was actually a combatant at Hastings, when he was 46 years of age. However this may be, he was so veracious a writer that he has been styled "the man who, of all in his day, best deserved the style of historian," and his mention of the fashion of those stone-weapons reads like that of an eye-witness. So there is good reason for the belief that in 1066 many of the rank and file of the Saxon levies were armed with weapons of stone, and this 1,000 years after the commencement of the Iron Age in these islands. It may be that those weapons were mere survivals like the rusted blunderbusses which, a hundred years ago, used to hang on any farmer's kitchen wall, but even so such weapons must have been made at a far later period than the text-books would have us think; and it

is easier to believe that new ones were yet being made in the tenth century, than to believe that old ones, fashioned in a dateless antiquity, had withstood the fraternal scrapping of Saxon with Saxon and with Dane, and remained still serviceable, after even 500 years. It is reasonable also to believe that the men who thus used them had by experience found them to be valiant helpers in an argument. They had just used them with convincing weight upon the brains of Tostig's Northmen, and they would not have brought them to the field of Hastings had they not felt them to be quite as reliable as any old chopper or bill-hook in the owner's possession. War must have been an exciting game in those good old days, when you never knew what particular form of weapon your adversary might spring upon you, but knew only that it was sure to be a nasty one.

The Hundred of Rieberge

Harrow Hill belongs to the huge 4,557-acre parish of Angmering, which was a member of the *Domesday* Hundred of Rieberge. It is quite possible that the hill gave its name to the Hundred, for Rieberge—the Rye-Hill—exactly describes its peculiar shape; *rhie, rhee, reia* and *rye* being all so many forms of a lost word, which meant a "heap" like that of winnowed grain on a barn floor. From the hill radiate the several members of the Hundred like the sticks of a fan—Patching and Clapham, Angmering and Lyminster, Burpham and North Stoke, with others of less account. It lay out on the "waste," as it still lies, and according to the modern view this was a customary site for the Hundred's moot. The modern view further suggests that Hundreds and their courts were no invention of the Saxon, but inheritances, and inherited not from the later years of the Celt, but from those dim hypothetical days when the first folk of that speech made their first rude settlements upon the untilled hills. It is not unlikely.

Some day there will be an end of the grey-haired fallacy

Nationality and Nonsense

which confounds differences of name with differences of race, and pretends that your "Celt"—and should you press the question, Science finds it strangely hard to tell you who was or was not a "Celt"—was of another breed than your "Saxon," because he bore another name. The various members of one family commonly do bear different names, but they are all of one breed notwithstanding; and had the whole clan Smith been called by the name of Jones, the world would have been no penny the worse or the better. Most of the so-called "Saxons" who overran these islands had no right to that name and never claimed it, and there are the best reasons for doubting whether the "Celts," whose heritage they devoured, would have answered to that style at all. The further one goes into the matter the more probable does it appear that "Celt" and "Saxon" were but different names for one and the same people, brethren of one blood, who had drifted apart by the accident of things, and drifted together again only when the younger conceived the brilliant idea of stealing the elder's birthright. Of the resultant family scrap the text-books speak as the "Saxon" Conquest, and when a third brother, and yet a fourth, repeated the same fraternal *coup*, the text-books talk of the "Danish" and the "Norman" Conquests. We have known for long enough that the Norman was the Dane's own brother. We have had an uneasy suspicion that the Dane was very near of kin to the Saxon, but being not a little ashamed of him with his red hair and his nasty "Red" habits, we were fain to disown him. For exactly similar reasons did the Celt disown his Saxon brother. Science, slowly feeling its way to a saner view, though not even yet bold enough to blurt out the entire truth, now calls the whole quarrelsome family by the name of the Nordic men. From Norman back to Celt all were of one blood, with for difference a little more or a little less of that "devil," congenital or borrowed, which makes or mars the breed.

Had there been no devil in this world, there had been no good in it.

It was with peoples as it is with people. Most of the surnames of modern England are derived merely from the places where once lived their owners' forbears, and of the rest the larger number were nicknames of a point more or less personal; but they are few who now live in the places whence they take their names, and it is the fact, as obvious as pleasing, that Miss Black is the fairest of her sex, Miss White the ruddiest, that Taylor cannot sew a button on his own shirt, and that young Strong is most pitifully unfit. So it is with peoples also, and it is as warrantable to look for racial differences between Saxon and Celt as to expect all Men of Kent to be pink, all Men of Sussex yellow, because their respective counties are so tinted on the map. The two differed only in their degree of culture. Until he reached England the education of the younger brother had been neglected, but once here he began to learn things. And he had none to learn from but the Celt, dashed with more or less of the Roman. One of the chief things which he learnt was the elaborate system of which the Hundred was a part. He had had a rudimentary something of the kind before, but nothing systematised, and it took him some centuries to master the system. By King Alfred's time the thing was done, and this explains why the Good King has got the credit of it all. If it be the first step which costs the most, it is certainly the last one reaps the profit.

Across the wooded ground to the south the map still writes the names of Michelgrove and Angmering Park. Both are ghosts—*magni nominis umbrae,* but Michelgrove House was once amongst the finest castellated mansions of Sussex. Built in the early sixteenth century by one of the great house of Shelley, its estates embraced almost the whole of the parishes of Patching and Clapham, and the brass of Sir John Shelley (1526) is the chief pride of the little

Michel-grove

church of the last-named village, where lie many others of his kin. It is, said Lower, one of the most interesting of all Sussex churches for its sepulchral monuments. Hidden amongst its woodland one and a half miles to the south-east, and far from the high road, Clapham recks not of modern progress, but goes on making hurdles and wattles just as it made them in Sir John's time, and earlier belike. The great house stood its ground until 1828, when it was bought by the Duke of Norfolk and presently pulled down. All you can see to-day is the great pit left by the house-breakers, which was once the cellarage of whose sack and malvoisie Kings were glad to drink, and not far off the ruins of a queer tower that once bore a dial (*scilicet* clock). There is no one left hereabout to-day to need a clock. Now and again a big hawk comes questing for the herons that fled the place when their tall nesting-trees were felled to build the Norfolk Bridge at Shoreham. They came to Angmering Park, one is told, from Kentish Penshurst, and they have fled to Parham ; but their parents were brought to Penshurst in Queen Bess's time from Coity Castle in Glamorganshire. It is whispered that a pair of peregrines made their eyrie not so far away until one of the pair was trapped on the uplands by Springhead.

Chantry Hill

Chantry Hill on the main ridge of the Downs is 1½ miles north from Harrow Hill, and as far beyond it lies Storrington. Cart-roads lead thither from both Myrtle Grove and Lee Farm, uniting just below the ridge ; but mostly you may choose your own road hereabouts. The land is, indeed, a modern farm, but it is equally a back number, the proofs whereof wink at you from every shadow cast on the turf—old barrows all but vanished, old dew-ponds long since dry, old trails long silent, and in and about Chantry Bottom old lynchets and other earthworks crossing and re-crossing one another by the acre. In the rare spots where the soil is ploughed you will pick up the usual *indicia* of a lost population, occasionally something of older date, but

mostly the leavings of medieval times. Medieval pottery as a rule substitutes size for quality; coarse thick stuff with a coarse and patchy glaze, it reminds you that the Northern folk, even in Tacitus' day, sneered at the littleness of the Roman breed, and a Saxon's drinking-mug seems commonly to have been many times larger than that which had contented the Southron; though this possibly is in a measure due to the inferior strength of the liquor he had to drink. To this day it is as unusual to drink beer out of a wine-glass as to drink port out of a stable-bucket. Southron and Northerner have each left their mark about Chantry Bottom, for from the very top of the hill have come such quantities of the choicest Roman ware as to suggest that here was once a costly villa. It overlooked a wondrous view, and flatly contradicts the cherished doctrine that the Roman eschewed the hill-tops. Doubtless for most of the year his position, then as now, compensated him for wild weather now and again. A Roman road leads you down the scarp into Storrington, and walking that way on the 17th of December of 1921—it was 4 p.m. and sunny enough for Italy—the present writer saw, flying as strongly and gaily as in April, an English swallow! You may see the bird in Eastbourne in early November of almost any year, but this one was six weeks behind the calendar of his kind, and seemingly none the worse for it.

Downland's Flowers

In Storrington you may count upon decent entertainment, or, if you arrange it, can catch a road-car to take you back by way of Washington and Findon to Worthing; but the better way is to walk along the Greenway and pick up the car on the road nearer to Findon. It will add but two miles to your path, and you will be near heaven all the way. Moreover, it is worth while to do it, if only to see the yellow rock-rose in bloom on Highden Hill. One need not be a professed botanist to learn where and when to find in their most generous profusion the

flowers that weave rainbows round the Downland year—primrose and bluebell, burnet rose and rose-bay—that splintered foam of strawberries and cream which the children (bless them !) call drop-wort, and Science (confusion to it !) labels *Spiraea Filipendula*—scabious according to their kinds—great knapweeds "angry and red," with a drinking and drunken red admiral stuck like a jewel in the heart of each—there can surely be no greater knapweeds than these, nor ever a sweet sultan that can match them !—the splendid violet-blue of the rampion—cascades of wild clematis, carpets of cistus, and the gorse that sent Linnæus to his knees. The wise man learns the floral Zodiac as he goes, and having learnt it, goes back to each particular spot what time he knows that he will find his Egeria tricked in her best. His lore is become wisdom unto him, but passed on to yourself at second-hand it is knowledge only. You must find your own Egeria and share your secret with her alone. Now the bright particular glory of Highden Hill is the yellow rock-rose. *Verbum sapientibus satis.*

17. ARUNDEL

"ARUNDEL," so it is written, "is the jewel for which the whole county of Sussex was made." There is certainly as much that is beautiful and as much that is old in and around it as in any part of Sussex—so much that it is hard to know where to begin or where to leave off. Seeking only for the less obvious and avoiding the trite, one is yet left with a "nimiety of too muchness." One comes for a day, and stays a month—two months if it may be so—and still the half of it is not discovered. Nor do the seasons make much difference. The place is scarcely less beautiful, not a whit less full of interest, when the mists hang over the valley and never a leaf keeps warm the trees, than when the may trees put on their Whitsuntide white or the purple reeds make of August one joyous flag-day from Warningcamp to Pulborough. The Great British Public, which each year swarms hither more multitudinously, and each year makes, as is its manner, more and more noise in the narrow little town that cowers under the soaring walls of the castle and its exaggerated modern church, spoils not the peace of its surroundings, for it and its cars may not come where *we* go. There are bounds even to the presumption of a Tin-Lizzie, and amongst such are the gates of the Park and the footpaths which hug the river. Motor cars are a boon to those of us who have none, for they must perforce leave wholly to ourselves the pathways and the greenways, the only ways that matter.

The Jewel of Sussex

The big Downs, pushing in column eastward from the

Lavant Valley, carry the 900-feet heights of Duncton without a pause, slacken pace as they cross Gumber Down, and dropping to Whiteways, run up against the hidden barrage of the Arun, waver, and break in confusion to the south.

The Setting of the Jewel

On the nose of the last of these fugitive hills, just where it pauses on the edge of the wide flat foreshore, stands Arundel Castle; and under the Castle nestles Arundel town. From Whiteways to the town stretch the broad acres of Arundel Park, and beyond, across four miles of water-meadows, the roofs of Littlehampton fret the coastline. One can see Lyminster's big church on the one side, and on the other Ford's tiny bede-house, which they found (so you are told) by accident one day amongst the nettles; and all between is green meadow and grazing kine, amongst which the river curvets like a bitted, but not yet broken steed. The town's three or four streets all converge upon the bridge below the Castle: the river brought the Castle; the Castle brought the bridge; and the Castle and the bridge together made the town. So the river was the ultimate factor in the matter. Nowadays men call it the Arun, but like other Sussex streams it has changed its name. It was once known as the Tarrant—there is yet a Tarrant-street in Arundel—a river-name that occurs again in Dorset. In a charter of 692, Nunna, King of the South Saxons, makes over to the lord spiritual of Selsey, certain four of his tenants then residing at "Piperinge near the river Tarrant." Piperinge—now Peppering—is but two miles away up-stream.

The castle came to Arundel with the Norman Conquest, just as castles came to Lewes and to Bramber, and for the same reason: the grantee, Roger de Montgomeri, had to keep guard over the river, and over any river-crossings thereabout. The traditional view that there was even then a crossing where now is Arundel Bridge is probably wrong, and for two reasons: in the first place there is no evidence

The River and the Bridge

that any sort of bridge was provided at that spot earlier than about 1150 ; and in the second place there were two other crossings on the stream, one at Lyminster and the other at Warningcamp. Old roads run to these crossings on either bank, but it has not been shown that any road of the same age came to Arundel Bridge. The Castle of Arundel seems, like that of Lewes, to have been so planted midway between the two crossings, as to control them both. After the lapse of something like a century, when the Normans' occupation of the country was become part of the accepted order of things, the Countess Adeliza founded the small Priory of Calceto, expressly to maintain a causeway and bridge immediately beneath the Castle's gates. The present road from the town to the station is the ultimate successor of that which was built by the monks of Calceto, *scilicet* " The Causeway " ; to this day it is called " The Causeway " ; and next beyond the railway station, embodied in a still inhabited house, is part of the priory's buildings. Nay, there still grow close by some of the pines to which it owed its alternative name of Pynham, " The homestead amid the pines."

The Causeway is some 700 yards in length, and before it was built there must have been an estuary of that width to sunder Dame Adeliza from the lands—some 2,400 acres —which her husband d'Albini—it is Daubeney nowadays —held in demesne at Lyminster. It is, of course, not possible to show that there was previously no means of crossing at this point, but it may be taken as certain that Adeliza was dissatisfied with the existing means. She had probably found that the passage by boat was detrimental to her shoes.

As was the river at Arundel in those days, so was it probably all the way to the sea, and for long miles in the opposite direction—a broad marshy estuary averaging at least half a mile across, and frequently more than twice that width. But—and the " but " is important —if it was so much wider then than now, it was propor-

tionately less deep and its current less swift. To-day it chafes and frets between narrow banks, and the pent-up water is far deeper than of old, when it was unbanked; and though it is out of the question now to ford it either at Warning-camp or at Lyminster, it was then easy enough to cross it at either place. Opposite to Lyminster still stands Ford, as it has stood ever since the Conquest, to remind you of the fact.

Amnis Arun-dinibus Limosas Obsita Ripas

It is bald fact that there is as yet no evidence of any settlement at Arundel prior to the Roman's time. One of that breed jumped to the possibilities of the spot, and here built a handsome house. Tarrant-street crosses the site, whence one infers that then, as now, the ground was dry. Your Roman was a confirmed devotee of sport; he loved hunting and fishing, and he would get both in plenty with the river before him and the hills behind. The Arun was famous for its sea-trout and its mullet until a century ago, though but few of either sort of fish now find courage to track its muddy windings at the heels of the motor boats that snort oil and noise from Littlehampton to the Black Rabbit, to Houghton Bridge, nay, even to far-off Pulborough. The fish, one observes, are wiser than the fishermen; the former have found other pastures, but the fishermen still punctuate the river's banks as of yore, waiting for the bite that comes not. They feed upon a certain hardy annual of the local Press, a vague and apocryphal legend of a boy who, with a beanstick and a bent pin, yearly lands a ten-pound sea-trout, heaven knows where; and their looks for the most part reflect the unsubstantial character of that they feed on. Howbeit there must yet be fish of sorts in the stream, for there are otters not a few.

What was the Roman name of Arundel no man knows. There was, it appears, ten miles away from Regnum (Chichester), a spot called Ad Decimum; and Arundel

being ten miles (and a little more) from Chichester, there are those who maintain that this was Ad Decimum. The chances are that Ad Decimum was on a trunk road; but there is no evidence that Arundel was on such a road, and the presence of a villa here, so far from being evidence of a busy town, is rather the contrary: a villa was a country house as distinct from a town house.

Then and Now

When Alfred made his will, he specified amongst other properties in Sussex one at Erendelle. Common sense suggests that he meant Arundel; science after its manner argues otherwise. If common sense is right the place had at last attained unto a name, and that name was of Danish origin. This is almost the only spot on Sussex soil where the speech of the Dane is traceable, as for example in Arun-dale, in Dale Park beyond Fair-mile Bottom, and in Dalesdown Wood by Whiteways. It is also the only spot of Sussex soil whereon is to be found what may perhaps be Danish spade-work, namely the great "camp" at Burpham. It is possible that these matters are connected. Local belief maintains that Arundel is named after Hirondelle, the horse of Sir Bevis of Hampton, a beefy varlet who warded the castle gate for a wage of an ox *per* week (or was it *per diem*?); and it finds proof thereof in the Castle Armoury, where hangs to this day a valiant piece of rust that once was *Mongley*, the varlet's blade, and in the flying swallow that is still the borough's badge. Lo! is it not blazoned on the glass of the ancient church? Sir Bevis himself is buried in the Park, and every native of Arundel knows the fact, albeit the writer has not yet found one who can point out the precise spot. One of the great towers of the Castle goes by Sir Bevis' name, but that there stood a castle, or any equivalent of a castle, upon this hill before the year of grace 1066, there is no tittle of evidence or probability. When the *Domesday*

Sir Bevis of Hampton

Roll was made twenty years later, there was something which might be called a town here, and its name of Castle Harundel implies that the Castle was the most important feature of it. So it has remained ever since, but it has been a different castle at every different date. It is so much a part of the picture, it groups so happily with all that is old and new around it, that one realizes with an effort that very little of it is a hundred years old. It is one of the happiest of fakes, *pace* Augustus Hare, who seems to have had more than a touch of liver when he came to see it. The shilling which gives one some hours' freedom of the place is better spent than most of such coins. Where else may one buy such a *mélange* of interests at such a price? These walls enshrine a "very body of history," be the portraits that line them genuine or not; the mortuary glories of the Fitz-Alan Chapel are alone worth the sum many times over, and the old servitors of the house do the honours thereof with an unobtrusive quietude which is as rare as it is inexpensive. It costs His Grace the Duke considerably more, and the writer hopes it gives him at least as much pleasure.

The Castle

Roger de Montgomeri, first Earl, chose the site, and began the task of digging-in. A pious old millionaire who owned this Rape of Arundel, most of Shropshire, lands in a dozen other counties, and castles in proportion, he made his daughter an Abbess in Normandy, gave generous alms to God and the Church, and was the father of Roger de Belesme. This last fact may well have prompted him to unusual piety. The son continued the digging-in to such good purpose that Henry I. was at much trouble to dig him out: he was forced to reduce the place by siege (1102), and this entailed the building about it of siege-castles which seem to have left no trace; but de Belesme kept the Earldom until his demise (1118), a jovial firebrand whose pet diversion was to watch the agonies of the victims of his displeasure, whom he commonly impaled.

Then came in succession d'Albinis and Fitz-Alans and Howards, and for centuries more each successive Earl did his share in reinforcing his stronghold with earth or timber or stone. It was probably d'Albini who built the vast drum-tower of the Norman keep, which yet overtops all the efforts of all the Earls of later years. So the fortress went on growing from generation to generation, until the Roundheads laid it in ruins in 1643. Belonging to an age which knew not gunpowder, it crumpled up somewhat shamefully when Waller mounted a piece of ordnance upon the tower of St. Mary's Church, not 200 yards away, and it capitulated after 17 days of it. Duly "slighted," it lay to all intents a ruin for upwards of a century, and only blossomed out in full pomp again when Jockey of Norfolk was Duke. It was he who made the great Park—the patent bears date of November 28, 1809—thereby putting out of cultivation a thousand acres of good land at a moment when we were still at death-grips with Napoleon, still six years away from Waterloo! They say that Jockey was holding his house-warming on the very evening of the Waterloo fight. Anyhow the castle which he built was at once so well and so ill built, that to recondition it kept busy his successors for all but a century.

The Park

He was happier with his park. It is one of the most beautiful of its kind in the country—incomparably the most beautiful in Sussex, and a wise economy of administration has gone far to conceal the real modernity of it all. You might easily think the wall had been there for three centuries at least, yet there is no old timber within all its 11 miles of ambit, save where the ridge of Lonebeech—pretty name!—tumbles down to Southwood and the river, a corner of the world to which few wander.

But it is a sanctuary within which comes never a motor, and were it not for the gamekeepers it would be an asylum of wild life of every kind. Keepers or no keepers, there

come and go strange things here, quite apart from the three several kinds of deer that form the herd, and a certain faded old Indian bull who periodically re-appears as it were to read his own obituary.

That Springbok

There is, for example, that springbok. Whence he comes, or whither he goes, not even the keepers pretend to know, but now and again they catch a glimpse of him—some old-time stray from Leonardslee, belike, who hides his loneliness for 364 days in the forest that lies between here and Midhurst, and once a year comes back to his next-of-kin behind the 7 feet of stone wall at which he laughs. So has it been for years. Think of it! Tom Hood could weep for the last *man*. What of this last of springboks? Apocryphal, say you? The beast could never leap that wall? But the writer has seen a driven hind race up the sheer 300-feet slope of Drylodge Hill and vault clean the 6½ feet of fence that crown it. Now this springbok is a very serious matter. One day he will go the way of other good springboks. He will drag his sick bones to some dark hole and die. What if it should be in one of Cissbury's flint shafts? Another day someone will find those bones, and then the fun will begin. *Gazella euchore*, you may be solemnly assured, roamed the Downs in vast herds in the days when the Cissbury mines were worked! Some will date the bones by the mines, others the mines by the bones, and both will be equally wrong. One swallow does not make a summer, but the bones of one springbok may yet add a new epoch to the catalogue which began behind the Red Crag and is not ended yet. One wonders whether possibly some of those epochs have any better foundation. May there not come a time when Wisdom will argue the occupation of Britain by a Chinese race, from the constant finding of the bones of *Canis Pekinensis*?

On the further side of Lonebeech all the multitudinous hollows that wrinkle the hills—in this corner of Sussex

you are in a land where men speak a strange speech, and call such hollows "borstals"—fall away at last to the river. On the nearer side all converge upon Swanbourne Lake, at the edge of the levels in front of Warningcamp. The lake began in the mill-pond which was certainly here in *Domesday* time, and turned a mill which stood until the middle of the last century where now is the Castle Dairy. Fed by perennial springs that rise in the lake's bed near its western shore—the rush of water is strong enough to keep away the weeds that grow everywhere else, and limpid enough to colour the white chalk floor an intense and constant blue—its overflow was sufficient to drive not one mill alone, but three or four; *Domesday* records that Offham, now reduced to little more than a farmhouse, had then two mills, and as there is no other position possible, these two must have stood upon the same mill-leet between the Dairy and the river. The damming of the valley's gorge drowned what was once the main thoroughfare between east and west, but beyond the lake's further brink you may pick up the old road and follow it all the way up Pughdene to Whiteways Lodge. The pottery that strews the rabbit-casts along it tells you that it was used in Roman time, if the superb piece of terracing by which it climbs the last slope to Lone Oak were not there to prove it. "Two or three towns might be packed into the park's winding hollows," wrote E. V. Lucas, "and know nothing of each other"; and if one may believe the evidence, such was actually the case in Roman times, for one meets Roman-British pottery, Roman-British roads, and the like *indicia* at every turn. By another terrace—Long Hill—which descends to the same thoroughfare from the direction of Hiorne Tower the occupant of the Roman villa maintained communication with the remoter world, with another big man who lorded it on Chantry Hill, and with that yet bigger one whose dwelling was at Bignor. These were among the country gentry of their day, but,

Swanbourne Lake

if one is to judge from the evidence, there was a veritable town under the south slope of Lonebeech. There was another—a veritable city—in Dalesdown Wood. But not every earthwork within the Park is of that date: though it has been a park for 100 years, you can yet trace the lines of the old field-hedges and follow the old cart-trails of the farms which Jockey of Norfolk extinguished. The surface of it is a map of things as they were so many years ago, before the days of deep ploughing. The map is worn and fretted somewhat, as such things must be, but it is serviceable still, and as far as it goes it is correct—which is more than one can believe of many man-made maps of the like age. And all the beauty and silence of it is yours for nothing at all.

A Downland Waterway

One can get a boat and so more intimately explore the river—to assert that this is no Downland pathway is a mere quibble, for rivers were man's first pathways, and the Arun is one of the most alluring of them. Also it is almost the only stream in Sussex which is worth the experiment. The adventure should be made with discretion, for a river is like a horse, and one must learn its ways and its capacities by experience. Given the right day, the right tide, the right boat, and the right companion, he must be a joyless creature who can follow the flood betwixt its green leading-strings from Arundel Bridge to Bury, and have no desire to do it again. The Thames in June is not more beautiful, and it is a good deal less adventurous. And on the far-off faces of the great hills that stare down at you with the dead insolence of Oxymandyas, the sunlight will show you unexpected scars that were made by the feet and the hands of the men of other days. You must get outside the frame now and again if you would see all that is in the picture.

18. LYMINSTER

"THE Causeway" takes you from Arundel Bridge to the old Priory of Pynham, and a stile on the right hand marks the field-path to Lyminster. You cannot lose the way for it leads to nothing else.

The monks of Pynham, so it is said, built this path also, as they built "The Causeway." The high road—first turn to the right—is a little longer, and less attractive. It is best to go by road and return by the path, a circuit of four miles or less. It is true that it takes one away from the Downs, but also it gives one views of the Downs and of Arundel that are worth while. To view your picture well, you must needs step outside the frame, as was before remarked. And there be three good reasons for making the pilgrimage to Lyminster, for it harbours three ancient things, to wit, a minster, a monster and a myth.

Of its *mynstre* pictures find a place in all books upon the county's ecclesiology. Whereof Lyminster is justifiably proud. She was also the haunt of a dragon, in good old days when foxes and pheasants were not yet the only long-tailed creatures left in England, until rid thereof by a timely deliverer. In these later days she has, through no fault of her own, become the scene of a most discreditable myth which connects her with a *cause célèbre* of pre-Conquest antiquity. It is time there arose another deliverer to defend her honour. He will, of course, be welcomed with the customary meed of abuse—not less venomous, but much less fatal, than the bite of "loathly worm": but "such things must be in every famous victory."

In the days of the saint-king Edward the Confessor, Sussex belonged to that "first of great modern politicians," Earl Godwin. He held, amongst dozens more, the manor of Angmering and the bigger one of Climping, and his eldest son was that Sweyn who, so early as 1043, was in his own right Earl of Hereford and, therefore, a Lord Marcher with plenty to do in Wales. In or about the year 1047, *vide* the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," Earl Sweyn conducted yet another highly successful raid into South Wales, and on his way home, that is, to his head-quarters in Hereford, he abducted the pretty Abbess of the great monastery of Leominster in Herefordshire, an outrage which led to the summary suppression of the said monastery and the ultimate ruin of his own career. Had he lived and behaved himself, he would have been King of England in the place of his brother Harold, and there might have been no Norman Conquest.

Earl Sweyn and the Abbess

There is no possible doubt about the facts, but with the regrettable modern appetite for a place in the sun, Lyminster has been led to believe that she is herself the scene of this most reprehensible affair. Who may have been the first to originate the error—it is certainly as old as Horsfield—is of no moment: it was easy to juggle with the tortured readings of old manuscripts, and with the vanity which was all that was left to Lyminster in days when her monster and her monastery were both back numbers, and so to perpetuate the falsehood, which has duly passed into most books that deal with the forsaken spot. The church of Lyminster is solemnly pointed out as the residuary legatee of the fair and frail Edgifu, and one is soberly asked to believe that the shocking deed "probably occurred at Angmering." Poor little Angmering! Its pretty little railway station does not look like that sort of place. As for Sweyn, well—youth will be served, and poor Edgifu may have been as "winsome and coy" as was that Prioress Dame Eglantine whom Dan

Chaucer found such good company, with her whippets and her wimple and her lisping East-End French, what time he rode to Canterbury; and if you wish to know how supremely attractive Eve's daughters could look in the queer get-up of so long ago, go to Bradford-on-Avon and see the portrait-bust of just such another in St. Mary's Church. Then will you feel more charitably towards that boy-Earl of five-and-twenty. In any case, one can hardly believe without some sort of evidence that he was so case-hardened a ruffian as to add insult to injury by bringing his prize, willing or otherwise, to his great sire's front doorstep, so to speak.

The Myth of Nunminster

Exactly how the myth was fostered is too long a story for these pages. No small part of the trouble arose from the fact that *Domesday* mentions in this vicinity a manor and a church of Nonneminstre, and *nonneminstre* was a legitimate Saxon term for a "nunnery." Where exactly Nonneminstre was is quite another matter, but Sussex has been asked—and persuaded—to believe that it was another name for Lyminster. Lyminster was easily twisted into Leominster, or any of the multifarious ways of mis-spelling that name. And, of course, the element *minstre* denoted a "monastery"—such was the *suggestio falsi*. Of all cock-and-bull fables—whatever that may mean, and not even Dr. Brewer knows—is none more so than this. Edgifu had nothing whatever to do with Lyminster, or even with the lost Nonneminstre, and if Lyminster cannot be led to believe that "happy are they who have no history," she must at any rate cast about for some more convincing—and, be it hoped, more creditable—title to fame than depends upon Earl Sweyn's hot youth.

Lyminster was there in Alfred's time, and the lawyer who drew up the great king's will wrote it Lullyngmynstre. In *Domesday Book* it was still there, a 2,400-acre manor, and it was spelt Lolinminstre. Its value was a handsome £50 per annum. Nonneminstre was a manor of 1,800

acres, worth only £25 a year, so the two places cannot possibly be the same, though they may have been contiguous. Nonneminstre is mentioned only once again (1178), so that one must suppose that it decayed and disappeared—no uncommon fate either of man or of manors. Throughout the seventh to tenth centuries, *mynstre* meant "church" quite as often as it meant "monastery," and Nunna is known as far back as the seventh century as the name of a king of the South Saxons, reputed a great benefactor of the Church. Nonneminstre very probably means Nunna's Church, just as Lullyngmynstre certainly means Lulling's Church, and neither name of necessity implies the presence of any monastery in Alfred's time or after. There was actually a convent, a considerable one, at Lyminster some years after the Conquest, but no man knows when it was established there. Hint that it was there in Sweyn's time there is none at all. So Lyminster may yet look the world in the face.

Lulling's Minster

The church stands in gaunt loneliness at the end of a tongue of high ground at the edge of the meadows that were once the Arun's estuary. The road that leads thus far and no farther, was once the Roman thoroughfare from Portslade to Chichester and from this point one could cross either to Tortington or to Ford. The oaken corduroy track to Tortington has been proved, and the name of Ford is proof that once one could cross at that point also. Between Lyminster and Littlehampton was a wide arm of the estuary running north-east as far as the ancient house in Angmering which is called New Place. Not a century ago there was still left of it enough to make worth while a big decoy, and it is yet possible to trace the "pipes" whereby the silly wild-fowl found their way to His Grace's kitchen in Arundel. To-day the flats are all drained and ploughed, the wild-duck have flown, and the narrow channel of the Black Dyke suffices to carry the little water that comes down from Patching Pond; but even in

Armada-time it was big enough to be accounted by the War Office of that day sufficient protection against any possible Spanish landing on this part of the coast, and five hundred years earlier it seems to have added to the rent-roll of Nonneminstre by the profits of a fishery, a mill, and a couple of salterns.

The name of Lyminster declaring that there existed a *church* here as early as 901, the architects are possibly right in affirming that there is Saxon work in the walls of Lyminster's nave and chancel, but the oldest part of the tower is said to belong to the twelfth century. The narrow chancel-arch with double imposts is possibly rather the result of some reconstruction, when the arch was raised, than any part of the original design. The vast graveyard speaks of years of sanctity long antedating any structure, though the place is unique in Sussex as speaking definitely of a *mynstre* that was here a thousand years ago. Needless to say, that minster was a great deal smaller than the present building, which is many sizes too big for its people. There was a time when the measure of a church was the measure of the faith of its age, just as the measure of a man's acres was that of his means. Nowadays we are grown wiser, and we gauge purses and piety by other methods.

To Lyminster belongs a rare scrap of old Saxon myth, something altogether in keeping with the place's ancientry.

Knucker's Hole

As you follow the footpath back to Arundel you pass, upon your left, 300 yards or so from the church, some water-cress beds and an odd rounded pool. This is Knucker's Hole, and you might not guess it to be a perennial spring, still less that it is bottomless—so ran the old belief. "Once upon a time" it was the haunt of Knucker, a fearsome dragon, who carried off indifferently the cattle of the countryside and their owners. If you have not forgotten the *Song of Beowulf* you will recognise that same old Grendel, "The Grinder," who dwelt in just such a bottomless

bog-hole anenst the gates of the carven hall that Hrothgar the Dane had built him in Heorot by the sea, battening nightly upon Hrothgar's battlemen until young Beowulf came to the rescue. The like fate at last overtook Knucker —to wit, Nicor, the Nixie or water-devil—when he had slain a multitude of his would-be slayers and brought the local king to such straits that that worthy offered as a reward to the deliverer the hand of the king's daughter, and, presumably, a title to the succession: there came at last the valiant stripling who should prove too much for Knucker. At the church they will show you the grave-slab of this nameless Saint George, who, to judge from the workmanship of it, must have lived to a green old age and died about 1170, if this monument was verily made to cover his grave. One writer has learnedly explained the tale as a parable of the stirring old days when good Christian folk in Arundel were harried by bad pagan raiders from beyond the river. He may have known Lyminster well, but clearly he had never read *Beowulf*. Well, the dragon is forgotten, and his legend too, one misdoubts; and looking down into the 30-feet deeps of his sometime hole you can see the white chalk bottom of it turned to brilliant ultramarine by the flow of the spring, just as you saw it in the fabulous deeps of Swanbourne Lake.

This is genuine folk lore. One is not so sure about another Nixie which was seen—so the fortunate observer assured the present writer—to be swimming up the Adur near to Beeding Bridge within the last few years; she distinctly saw its face and eyes and the golden hair that was hanging down its back. Obviously a very twentieth century nixie this, in whom Grendel's horrible old dam would not have recognised anything of her breed. And old Knucker showed far more judgment in his choice of haunt, for the Adur is a muddy stream.

One may extend this too brief ramble to embrace

Poling and Angmering, Ecclesdon and Highdown Hill—four very peaceful miles of field-path and drift-way, where one's only companions are the great brown horses that are forever breaking the wide acres, and the collies as eternally worrying themselves to leanness over their flocks. Why should a dog make such a fetish of his toil, while a horse, who takes it so quietly, does his bit just as well? And when will men—the men who write the books—learn to be just to these prime instruments of progress? Flint implements, the use of fire, pottery, weaving—they will work them into lyrics over the merits of such trivial inventions, yet say never a word of the patient merit that has filled man's barns and shepherded his folds ever since such things were known. Would you actually *see* something of that "prehistoric" life whereof they write so largely and prate so glibly? Then go to Poling, and you shall find Neolithic Jocks and Dobbins of the Iron Age going about their labours precisely as they did long centuries ago. Horse-sense and dog-lealty are still amongst the greatest things in the world, though we may yet live to buy our greengroceries at the chemists, and rear—if not also eat—our mutton by wireless.

Poling

Your path will be the Roman road; turn your back to Lulling's Minster and go straight east to Poling's Church. There was a time when the village clustered about the church, but the necessities of modern life, rather than any futilities of modern philosophy, have drawn most of it northward towards the big trunk road, leaving little but a farm to mother this small sanctuary of St. Nicholas; and your difficulty will be to find the way into it through a barrage of chickens and pigs and straw. It were impossible to guess that the place was of such importance as to have given a name to the Hundred when Rieberge lost that honour, boasted a notable Commandery of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and had of course an annual fair, whereof the memory is preserved in the name of Fair-place. As Poling is unnamed in *Domesday*, one

gathers that its rise was hardly less sudden than its decline. Even the tiny church contains little to tell of that hectic flash of greatness, but it makes what shift it may to impress the rare visitor with a tiny "Saxon" window set high, as usual, in its north wall, and beneath it in a glass case the authentic fragments of the wooden shutter of it. Odd and aimless lanes—mere driftways now—ramble here and there between the fields, their depth bespeaking much use in some far-off time; and in the grass beside them you may see, if you know for what to look, the shadowgraphs that tell of homesteads altogether unremembered. You may see also to the south and east the slight, but abrupt, lines of what were tide-marks in the days when all these green meadows were an estuary and Poling stood almost on an island amongst the surrounding fen.

Another Villa

Into that sometime fen drops your path—it is a road no longer—and rising again, follows the level spine of another such strip of higher ground into Angmering. This was erst the West Common-Field of its manor, a mile in length, chequered with the customary unfenced "acres" and "furlongs" of the time. To this day it is mostly unfenced, and your narrow path has a directness which hints that it was laid out by practised hands rather than worn, as are most field-paths, by casual feet. So much of its Roman origin it still retains, and it is with no surprise that one learns that beside it, near the western end of the Common-Field, stood a Roman villa. The relics of it—a vast bath of 18 feet by 15 feet, hypocausts, culverts, *tesserae* in quantities—were found a century ago (1819), though to-day the matter and the site are alike forgotten. Near by was found the burial-place with the customary urns. All seem to be lost again. Such witnesses of history are being turned out of the soil with every year that passes, and most of them are lost before their evidence is read. People whose honesty would scorn to appropriate a

chance-found sovereign or a thermos flask, have no scruples about a Neronian *denarius* or an urn, things in themselves of no value whatever, but of value possibly priceless to Knowledge, provided always and only that it is known also whence they came. The finder's interest, which begins and ends in his being the finder, stirs no one else, and one fine morning the over-zealous Martha who "does" for him, does for these treasures also. They pass on the whirlwind of "spring cleaning" into the capacious limbo of the dust-bin, and the private "collector" has connived at a public felony.

Angmering

At the eastern end of the West Common-Field lies the village. It is a place ancient of days, for it is the Angemaeringtun of King Alfred's Will, the *tun* of the clan of Angmaer. This is a happy bit of information, for there are yet people who maintain that its name has something to do with "mere," referring to the wetness of its ancient surroundings. Wet it undoubtedly was, for amongst the perquisites of its people in the fifteenth century were the proceeds of all "wrecks"; which means that until so late a period the narrow streams which thread the meadows must have been navigable waterways. One of these streams still passes through the very centre of the village, and in wet seasons can yet make it impassable. The nameless owner of the Roman villa of a certainty looked out over a waste of tidal waters stretching right and left to the southward, far as the Arun on the west, and eastward at least as far as the spot where now is the railway station and beside it two deep holes which represent a sometime big pool called Menmere or Munmare. Splendid times he and his house-parties must have enjoyed amongst the fish, flesh, and fowl of their surroundings. Was he not belike a son of that Crispinus who paid £60 for a single mullet and ate it all himself? In his time 'twere worth while coming so far for Arundel mullets.

In *Domesday* Angmare comprised two manors, neither

of them large. Each came in time to have its church, and the two churches stood not 100 yards apart. St. Margaret's is still there, though the good intentions of someone who owned a Derby winner of 70 years ago have left of its original fabric nothing but the massive tower. Of St. Peter's remains only one lump of flint-rubble prostrate amongst the peas and parsley of a garden; for what was once the graveyard is a garden now, and there survives scarce a son of Angmaer to remember that erst it was called Lightning Hill or The Lightning, nor any at all who knows that this is simply corrupted from the Saxon word for a graveyard (*lictun*). But it was still known—possibly still used—as the churchyard of East Angmering as late as 1737.

The existence of the two manors and the two churches led to the fiction that there were two Angmerings, East and West, and you may still hear the names used, albeit the benefices were conjoined in 1580 and the manors have for a century ceased to be realities. Moreover, to add to the perplexity, the manor of West Angmering was also called by the name of Ecclesdon, which is away on the other and eastern side of the parish, and in these later years has come into being a totally different Angmering-on-Sea, which is not in the parish at all. Howbeit all right-minded people know, lawyers and maps notwithstanding, that there is but one Angmering, which is a very pretty, jumbled, old-world village tricked in green, where alone runs not the saying that "East is east, and West is west, and never the twain shall meet"; for in Angmering the two are the same.

The Breed of the Sons of Angmaer

A very upstanding breed, these sons of Angmaer, they boasted privileges above the common ruck. They had as a matter of course their own court-leet, but further a court-of-law every 3 weeks, with "right of arrest by body on any accord, and trial within ye manor," assize of bread and beer, pillory and stocks, and a coroner all their own. Having so much law-business at home they claimed exemption from all jury-service further afield, and

from all King's taxes whatever. Also they claimed that their goods should be free of custom in all the King's ports, which suggests that in days gone by the place was a port, if it had not actually ships of its own. In short they pretended to constitute what was styled a liberty. How many of these privileges they verily enjoyed is quite another matter, upon which there is little evidence, but manifestly they were, in their own opinion, citizens of no mean city, and intended that other folks should know it.

The assertiveness of Angmering is further expressed in the size of the parish, which counts to-day no less than 4,557 acres, stretching away northward into the silences beyond Harrow Hill and almost to the greenway that ridges the high Downs. Again and again has it removed its neighbours' landmark, bolting whole the sometime parish of Barpham, biting a large chunk out of poor little Poling, and wholly robbing the sea of its sometime right of user. And as, since Michelgrove went down, the northward portions of its domain are for the most part empty, there can be few parishes in the Downland which enjoy an ampler share of open spaces for the recreation of their inhabitants, a smaller population to the acre. Each son of Angmaer is born—nominally, that is to say—to a patrimony of about 4½ acres, which may in some measure account for the healthy pushfulness of the clan. When not engaged in land-grabbing further afield they would seem to have amused themselves with making footpaths nearer home: if there be a village upon which centre more miles of footpaths it remains to be discovered. And many of them are to all appearance such wholly needless ones to boot. You would say that Angmering folk were born with an intuitive dislike for high-roads and an innate gift of walking in a bee-line; for they are the straightest footpaths ever seen. It is all of a piece with the rest of their history: clearly these folks know what they wish to get at, and get there. Their neighbours must live in fear and trembling. One wonders—Did the hungry clan also swallow up

Nonneminstre ? There is room and to spare for its lost acres here.

A mile east of the village is the house called Ecclesdon Manor, which keeps of its past little but the name, and another mile brings you to the little four-sided tump called Highdown Hill (269 O.D.), crowned by its little four-sided "camp." Digging into it in the 'sixties Pitt-Rivers found evidence that it was of ancient date—he thought it to be less old than he thought Cissbury to be—but its greater treasures remained undisturbed until 1892, when the planting of trees within it led to the discovery of one of the wealthiest Saxon cemeteries in the country. There were no less than 86 separate interments, the dead lying side by side in so orderly a fashion as to make it certain that each grave—they were not barrows and the dead were not burnt—must have been marked by some token analogous to a headstone, although nothing of the sort was discoverable. Possibly the marks were made of wood, as with Elpenor in Homer, whose ghost begs that his body may be duly buried and that on his grave may be set the oar whereat he had tugged in his lifetime ; and the passer-by would know thereby that here lay the bones of a mariner. Another method was to set up the skull of a horse or an ox upon a stake above the grave. Wooden stakes, like wooden oars, would soon perish, and there is no more immortality about the bones of a horse than about those of a Horsa. Horsa naturally hoped that his sons would see to it. Doubtless they did so—but his sons' sons forgot, and there was an end of it. 'Tis a clever child that remembers his own grandfather.

The Treasures of Highdown Hill

Much of the loot from Highdown has very properly found its way to the Museum in Worthing, three miles away, and for that reason only you should go so far to see it. There is some wondrous glassware of strange shapes and stranger decoration, the like whereof has not come from any other graves in England, though something similar has been

unearthed across the Channel. Most remarkable among the vessels are drinking-cups shaped in the fashion of horns, and one tall and delicate vase, beautifully engraved with a belt of hounds chasing a hare, bears also in Greek a legend equivalent to "Drink and be jolly." Fragile stuff to have survived so many centuries! and eloquent, like all such grave-furniture, of the same eternal irony, that the cup should last while he that drank of it has neither substance nor name. Doubtless he was a puissant pirate of the early Saxon time, who brought from far raids this plunder that has lived to laugh at all his brawn and sinew. Of what fashion would be the mark reared over the graves of puissant pirates? In the next show-case in the Museum are a number of funeral urns which were laid in earth some 1,500 years ago when the pirate and his kindred passed to Valhalla and oblivion. They are of a quality to match, dainty pieces of unusually good workmanship and unusually well preserved. Some of them are decorated in a fashion which recalls the so-called "Bronze-Age" patterns of herringbones and chevrons. Where did the Saxon learn those patterns? Gilded brooches and buckles, beads and spear-heads of irons, were amongst the spoil, and also a perfect specimen of one of the rarest weapons of the time, the so-called *angon*. A murderous sort of socketed spit, 30 inches in length and furnished with a double barb, it was the ponderous head of a wooden shaft, half pike and half javelin, and its interest lies in its close similarity to the famous *pilum* wherewith the Roman legions conquered half the world. The supposed "originality" of the Roman as often as not was something borrowed, and much of the best of it was borrowed from one or other of those "barbarian" races of whom we now speak, vaguely but wisely, as Nordic. Was the *pilum* possibly a case in point?

Three hundred yards east of the "camp," beside the footpath that leads to Worthing, is the "Miller's Tomb." The miller was one John Oliver. His mill stood at

the south-west corner of the "camp," and he built his own tomb 30 years before it was required (1793), which was just 130 years ago. All the countryside came to his funeral, and all yet remember the Miller, though most have already forgotten his name. His tomb is a landmark and a *rendezvous* for picnic-parties, but only Quotusquisque knows anything at all about that pirate-king who preceded him by fourteen long centuries. So the dusty miller lives, but

The Miller of Highdown

Dust in dust are the bones of Kings.

Which is yet another irony.

Little more than a mile away to the south lies Goring station, whence you may get back to your starting-point. In the other direction a forgotten lane leads you in a mile to the big trunk road. You are still five miles away from Arundel, but they are five quite amiable miles: the road is wide, it is screened for long stretches by cool woodlands, it offers you a quite unusual choice of inns for your refreshment, and—best of all—the fleets of motor-coaches in which overworked trippers toil in pursuit of pleasure for the most part avoid it. It wobbles agreeably, as if it had turned this way or that to gather the flowers; it skips childishly over gentle foothills and into gentle hollows. Had it not been tarred it were an altogether out-of-date road, dating from the remote period when the world was not in a hurry. Why, it has green verges and green banks which bid you sit down and be at peace; whereas the road of modern ideals has but one constant message to such as use it—"Get on, or get out!"

19. BURPHAM

JOHN Ruskin averred that, if one could not live at Coniston, one ought to live at Burpham. He was more correct in this than in many of his perfervid utterances, and more consistent also, for he used to make long stays at Peppering, only half a mile from the church, and Burpham is proud of it, as she has every right to be. The only trouble is that there is such little accommodation for any of those who would follow his example.

The correct time and way are to approach the place by the high road from Arundel by way of Warningcamp in the sunshine of a summer's morning, and to leave it by the same road in the late afternoon. If you can arrange that there be a full tide in the Arun, so much the better. Then is your ramble one of "linked sweetness," its only flaw that it is not "long drawn out," for it amounts to but two miles each way, even with such diversions as are demanded of the intelligent. And there are one or two of these. There is—or should one rather say was—Warningcamp, once a parish and a manor of *Domesday Book*, but now reduced to a hamlet whose one public institution is a letter-box. Hither in old days gathered the roadways from the eastward to cross the river by the old ford that gave access to the Swanbourne Valley. Popular etymology would have you believe that here stood a "camp" or outpost, whence might be signalled to Arundel's Castle "warning" of any impending peril; which is nonsense, if only because the lookout on Montgomeri's keep had a far wider outlook than had any watcher at Warningcamp. The first part of the name is that of Warne, which reappears in Warnham

Warningcamp

and Warninglid; and the second part is probably that same puzzling *comp* which meets one everywhere in Sussex. Will no voice answer, what was a comp? There is an odd earthwork in the field to the right, some 300 yards before you come to the hamlet, a circular ramparted and unfossed mound, which might supply the answer an it could speak.

A few yards down the lane to the left is the river, and you may read in the great bay of its eastern bank a hint of times when Warningcamp was a place of much traffic. You may follow the Arun's bank all the way into Burpham if you like the lisping company of the stream, but the better way is to return to the level crossing, and take the cinder-path that sneaks behind the grounds of Sefton Place to emerge in the form of an old roadway, all flowers and thorn trees, that contours the edge of the brooks for awhile and then plunges straight across them towards Burpham. This was the high road not 50 years ago, and you are sure to lose your way if you take it, but you are just as sure to get there at last by one or another of a dozen paths, all as delightful as the one you missed.

The War-Field

The half of Burpham is Wepham, a scattered dozen of houses and cottages dotted beside the road where it loops round to cross a green hollow in the foothills before climbing to the veritable Burpham, perched upon an odd narrow headland between the said green hollow on the east and the river on the west. The top of this headland is one long lean level triangle of 22 acres, two sides whereof, dropping almost sheer to their base, are covered, where there is slope enough to afford roothold, with a thorny jungle of greenery. The third and northern side is marked by a mighty grass-grown rampart which runs from edge to edge of the plateau, breached only by the entrance-way at the central point. Large part of Burpham is gathered in and on what was erst the fosse that followed the rampart's foot—an inn, a modest house or two, a real old-fashioned wheelwright's shop, again a cottage, and

thereafter a 40-feet drop into the Arun. The noticeable thing is that no part of the village stands, or seemingly ever did stand, *within* that 22-acre *enclave* which men know as the War Field and the Ordnance Map correctly marks as "camp." Even the church—and the "camp" excepted, it is greatly the most ancient thing in Burpham, for it was there in *Domesday* time, when Burpham was Bercheham—is set without the wall.

Who Built the "Camp"?

This "camp" is yet another "riddle of the sands," for no man knows who built it, nor has it thus far deigned to yield one scrap of evidence of its origin. The name of it helps us little, for there is no knowing whether it means the "Field of War" or the "Field of the Wall." History gives but a Delphic clue: Burpham, it is recorded, was one of the places fortified in the tenth century in the vain hope of keeping out the insistent Dane and his kind. At Burpham, therefore, was a *burh*. Indeed, the name of Burpham tells you so much, were there not the crabbed witness of the *Burghal Hidage* to do so, for Burpham means the *ham* where was the *burh*. So the *burh* was here ere the *ham* came hither. A *burh* was a fort, and the plain man will infer that the fort was the War Field. So the War Field was already fortified when the royal order went forth that the place should be made one of the country's bulwarks. The great earthen rampart, therefore, is no work of the Saxon, who found it there and put it to his own purposes. Who then built it?—Dane or Briton?

The Case for the Danes

If it were British work there had assuredly been some discoverable trace of the Briton's customary leavings in the way of flint tools and chips; but though you should search the War Field for the space of a day you will find none. One is thrown back, therefore, upon the Dane, and though it is at best a guess, such is the best guess that can be hazarded. There is that odd group of Danish

names—Arundel and Dale Park and the rest—to prove that the fierce "redheads" verily came thus far, and a camp of Danes could be expected to furnish but little in the way of leavings. That folk were ever more renowned for the much they took than for the little they left. The Arun's wide estuary would call to their "sea-snakes" with the lure of the Sirens, and just here it offered the perfect site for a winter's rest; for the tides in those days ran round the southward end of the War Field and up the green hollow behind it as far as Wepham, so forming a natural harbour for the ships of the raiders entrenched above. The earthwork was plainly built against attack from up country, and as plainly it was the work of a force which saw no danger from the seaward side. It is the stronghold of an invader, and such the Dane was and the Briton was not. Climb to the crest of this mighty wall that was wrought at the bidding of some unremembered Hubba or Halfdene, and ponder the feelings of the wretched Saxon who glimpsed from afar the dreaded galleys shooting up with the tide. Why, one might well believe that the Downland to north and east is lonely still—and it is uncannily lonely—for the terror that came then and has never since departed.

The same tides that—possibly—bore the Danes to Wepham, for centuries turned a mill that stood beside the road in the hollow; the fields to the right and left yet keep the tell-tale names of "The Penns" and "The Shuttles." There abides of it all only the leet, and this is fed no longer by the tides, but by a spring at the valley's head that might have housed another Knucker. It has housed other monsters of scaly kind, sea-trout to wit, whom the lure of the Arun's valley drew thus far, even as it has drawn yourself. Like yourself again, they went home to dinner at the last—only it was not their own dinner.

The Danes came and worried and went, but their camp gave to the slow-witted Saxon a brilliant idea; why should not *he* entrench himself here? *Raison de plus,*

the Dane had done all the digging that was needed. Your Saxon hated the spade, but the Dane wrought with it in such fashion as few but his brother the Norman could equal. So the order went forth that the Danes' work should become the Saxons' *burh*, a fortress to guard the waterway against a second Danish visitation.

The Saxon Burh

In that fashion was Burpham called into being, but the new *ham* was planted, not *within* the great camp, where it would have been in full view of an enemy coming up the stream, but *outside* it, where the earthwork effectually screened it from such observation. If it was a somewhat Irish procedure, it saved a lot of extra digging; and there seems no other reasonable way of explaining the facts. One would like to know what Ruskin thought of it. He was not an archæologist, but he was a creature of imagination, which is—not seldom—the same thing.

Inside and out, the church is a thing of beauty, and moreover it is provided, as should be every ancient church, with a sufficient printed account of its more notable features; foremost amongst which are the beautiful groined stone vaulting of the chancel, and the extraordinary moulding of the southern transeptal arch. It is a zig-zag *à jour*, so deeply undercut as to be aptly named the "crown of thorns," and there is not to be found—so 'tis said—the equal of it nearer than a certain far-off little village of Normandy near Falaise. Ruskin designed the triple lights of the window in the north wall of the aisle, with the figures of the three Marys, and that is its chiefest praise. He is not the only artist who has failed with the feet of his subject.

Burpham Church

Away on the Downs, two miles to the East, is another church—"Friday's Church," to wit—which is a problem in archæology. You reach it by the Leper's Path, the white terrace-road which slants up the long flank of Wepham

Friday's Church

Down, and led in old days to a leper settlement in the dreary region behind Lee Farm under Harrow Hill, though it is possibly a good deal older than that. Follow it to the top of the Down, then turn straight east across the turf to Barpham Hill, along the line of a great green vallum which marks the limit of the arables. It ends where a curious wide patch of maybe virgin scrub mantles the slope, and just beyond the scrub, at the hill's highest point, is —or was—"Friday's Church." It is just where the Ordnance Map prints the figures 469 and the triangular symbol which imports that the spot was used as a trigonometrical station in the Survey.

No name is better known to the *indigenæ* than is "Friday's Church," yet there is nothing to be seen that the wildest imagination could interpret as pertaining to a church—nothing at all, indeed, save the remnants of a cluster of small barrows long since spread by the plough. There is nothing even to suggest that hereabouts there ever stood a village which might be excuse for a church. With the single exception of "Puckchurch Parlour," on the edge of the cliffs between Seaford and Chyngton, this word "church" seems to be unknown elsewhere in the Downs. How came it here?

There has been guessing enough upon the matter. A priest came hither to preach on Fridays to the lepers, says one ingenious theory. The younger generation of Downlanders will tell you glibly that "once there was a church here," a piece of information which they doubtless got from a book, or from one that had it from a book. But if you consult an older generation of their kind you may be told that "Queen Fridias was buried here." This has about it no smell of the lamp: it savours of genuine folk-memory. One would fain know who was Queen Fridias, but that lady's identity is after all of less importance than is the implication that a "church" was a place where someone was buried. This at any rate is solid fact: "Church"

Queen Fridias

bears this meaning to-day in the ears of the major part of Christendom, and if it bears no such meaning to modern English ears, it verily did so at an earlier date. A "church" was first and foremost a place of burial. You did not think to learn this valuable piece of information from the lips of a Downland shepherd? "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. . . ." The shepherd peradventure, knew more than you or I.

Barpham, to-day the name of a couple of farms, was once a manor and a village, and had a church of its own as that term is commonly understood. Men will yet show you where it stood beside Upper Barpham farmstead. This is an instance the more of the strange fashion in which hereabouts whole slices of the map have sunk into earth and vanished. The name itself was anciently Bargeham. Bargeham has changed to Barpham, just as Bercheham to Burpham, and—somewhat farther away towards Bognor—Falcheham to Felpham. Not yet, however, does custom permit one to write "enuph," and we are probably the only people who persist in trying to represent "f" by "gh." So touph a thing is convention.

Barpham Gibbet

Hard by Upper Barpham stood the gibbet where swung poor Jack Upperton's bones as an encouragement to other admirers of Beau Brocade. The matter is of interest chiefly as reminding one by what unexpected routes men travelled a short two centuries ago; for Jack was hanged, as custom was, on the spot where he had held up (1771) and robbed H.M.'s Mail. The mails, it seems, in the good old days took the open Down 'twixt Crossbush and Storrington. Probably such a course was no more arduous to their teams than were many of the ill-made roads of that age. Certainly it offered less cover for the evil-minded, and the crocodilian Jehus of de Quincey's dreams could be trusted to know how a good horse lifts to his work in a delirium of goodwill when he feels under his feet the spring of the greenway's turf. Doubtless also

the joys of "going down with the mails" were to right-minded folk vastly enhanced by the frequent pick-me-up of a gibbet and its grisly trimmings; and other sort of pick-me-up the Downs had none to offer, nor have. This, be it said, is the obvious explanation of the seeming incongruity that so many of those who have best loved the Downs find so much to sing about beer. It was the want of it made them so sing, not the quantity of it or its qualities; for they loved the qualities that most they lacked.

This part of the hill bears the odd name of New Down, and the combe that flanks it on the left is Lowsdene, "Barrow Valley." The slopes on either side were carven into lynchets by the toil of those who were buried here umpteen centuries ago, and the barrows that covered them were swept away but recently to make straight the way for the ploughs of a more hungry age. Those ploughs have crept northward now as far as the green bank by which you came to "Friday's Church," and that bank is all that is here left of the Grand Trunk Road of pre-Roman Sussex.

The Grand Trunk Road

Turn along it and follow its direction—the thing itself is mostly gone—back to the crest of Wepham Down, and looking thence in the same line across the next dip, Peppering Bottom, you can pick it up anew, doggedly pushing north-westward towards the lonely cottages that men know as Canada, a mile away. That was the path of the Celt 2,000 years ago, and to-day it should be yours.

Peppering Old and New

There are other places in the Downs that have about them an eerie feel. Balsdean is such an one, and Harrow Hill another, but Peppering Bottom is easily the first. From side to side it is dead, looks dead, feels dead. The very flowers are few and shadowy as those that bloomed about the dead feet of the heroes in the faded sunlight of the Elysian Fields; and as for birds, the place is nigh as

silent as a French *forêt*. Keats might have wandered here to write his *Belle Dame Sans Merci*. Dead lynchets, huge of size, overhang the trail; dewponds, long dead and dry, wait for the dead mutton that left them long ago. And only a mile to the south Peppering—Great Peppering, if you please—sleeps in the sunlight beside its river, focussing surely half the beauty of this England. There it stands, very much where it stood when, more than 1,200 years ago "Nunna, a kinsman of Ine," was king of the South Saxons; but out of Peppering Bottom the life went—so one might believe—as many years ago, and comes not back.

Canada

The old road brings you at last to Canada, and you breathe again at the glad sight of a few ducks and chickens, a cottage garden, and a chimney whence goes up the smoke that smells, and spells, humanity. Life has pulsed here, the name notwithstanding, longer even than at Great Peppering, for on the round breast of Camp Hill beyond was once a Celtic town, and not half a mile to the east was another something which Tradition remembers as Cromwell Castle. It was, says Tradition, a square of half an acre in extent, and this is doubtless fact. When Tradition adds that Cromwell planted here his sakers to batter Arundel, you were well advised to doubt it. Both "camp" and "castle" have wholly gone, but broken scraps of roads of every age, converging to the spot, yet speak of the days when the Grand Trunk Road was verily such.

Dewponds and Denshers

Close beside Canada's cottages lies one of the biggest dewponds of this part of Sussex. Built some 30 years ago, it is still doing its work as well as ever, like the good man who caused it to be built. No one who concerns himself with the Downs may omit some passing notice of these dewponds, and least of all may it be omitted, where, as here, the purpose is not to bemuse, but to illume the wanderer upon the hills. You may call them fog-

ponds or mist-ponds, if you prefer to do so ; as all three names are equally descriptive of their operation, any of them will serve until there is introduced some scientifically-tricked carpet-bag neologism which shall include the lot. What is meant is an artificial basin so placed that it cannot possibly derive any part of its water-supply from surface-drainage. It is well to bear this in mind, for the point is constantly forgotten by others.

When William Cobbett was touring upon his *Rural Rides* men still sought to improve their lean farms by dressing them with chalk. In some regions open chalk-pits gaped in every second field ; in others the chalk was laboriously brought up from dene-holes made as carefully as wells and often sunk as deeply. But should you seek to learn from books what was a dene-hole, the chances are that you will be led on a fool's dance among Danes and Druids, or at least be informed roundly and wrongly that one Diodorus Siculus, a historian of Augustus' day, put it on record that the Britons made dene-holes wherein to garner their grain ; and should you consult a geologist about these extinct craters that one finds upon the Downs, 'tis odds that he will discourse to you learnedly of subterranean erosion and swallets. Yet it is little more than a century since dene-holes and marling-pits were commonplaces of daily life in the chalk-lands. John Evelyn, of salad-fame, described at length the breast-plough with which the turf was pared off at the breaking-up of a new Downland field ; it came from Devonshire, and was therefore known as the Densher plough, its use as " densher-ing." The word was strange to the ears of the men who made the Ordnance Survey ; they wrote it Dencher, and you will meet it over and over again in the Sussex hills, though none remember its meaning. Truly men's memories are short ; as their knowledge grows at the one end, it decays at the other; which is after all the excuse for the existence of those queer creatures whom you call archæologists.

Dewponds are another instance of the same kind. There are men who still make such things—in Wiltshire chiefly—and 50 years ago men still made them on the Sussex Downs. A century earlier every farmer made them, yet nowadays they are become a mystery as great as dene-holes, and the fungus that comes on all dead things is growing upon them at a furious pace. It is entirely a growth of the last generation. You are asked to believe that they are scientific mysteries, that they function better in summer's heat than in winter's rain, and—it was bound to come—that they are of pre-historic age. And each of these statements is as dubious as is that which is put into the lips of Diodorus anent dene-holes.

Fact and Fiction

Walking over a high moor, no matter where, you may be puzzled to find that the higher you go, the wetter is the ground. It seems to be in direct defiance of the ancient doctrine that water seeks the lowest levels, yet it is a fact, and the simple explanation is that on these chill uplands the warm air from the lower levels is condensed and drops its moisture. How else should rivers rise in the hills? And if you watch the hill-tops from some point in the valleys you will learn that there are peaks about which there seem constantly to linger clouds, while all the sky elsewhere is clear. Those clouds are the warm currents condensing to visibility, and such points of the hills are always the wettest. Make a pond at such a point and—provided it does not leak—it will contain water all the year round. Doubtless you knew all this before—in theory. The Downlanders knew it also—in practice, and they made dewponds accordingly. There are places in the Downs where, on the chilliest winter's day, you may suddenly find yourself plunged into warmth; and if you look around, you are pretty sure to see a dewpond thereabouts. Some Downland shepherd had learnt the secret of the spot long years before you blundered into it, and there his dull wit found a

means to circumvent the power which made the hills bone-dry.

How to Make a Dewpond

There are various ways of making the pond. In Sussex the normal way was to dig the hole to the required size and puddle it. You can make even chalk hold water if you puddle it sufficiently, but it is better to line the hole with a foot or two of clay, if it can be got. Once the pond is started, the trampling of the multitudinous feet of a flock of sheep will do all the puddling needed, though it was thought well to tell off a lad in a slack season to spend his day in driving round and round the pond a cart loaded with flints. The advantages of such a pond were that it was the cheapest to make and it could defy the tread of even horses and cattle. Therefore also it was needless to fence it. On the other hand you had to see that it was kept properly puddled. A Sussex pond is almost always round and shallow.

Wiltshire ponds were of another kind. They were—and are—usually square and deep, and their making was a "mystery" in the mediaeval sense of that term, a trade-secret which needed a "master" workman's help. You made your hole as before, throwing up the excavated "dirt" or "brick" in a solid vallum all round. Over the floor you laid two inches of well-puddled clay, dressing it to the smoothness of a wall; and over the clay you laid half an inch of hot quicklime with the care of a plasterer, working always from the centre so as to avoid damaging the work. Working then in the reverse direction you laid nine inches of clean straw over the whole basin, as neatly as a thatcher on a roof; and over the straw you scattered "dirt" to the depth of a foot, finishing, if you pleased, with a thin layer of flint. Under the action of water the quicklime formed a cement, which covered the whole basin. The "dirt" and flint were to prevent its fracture by the feet of animals; and the straw was to prevent similar damage when the "dirt" was laid on.

Such a pond was costly to make, but it needed no further attention save adequate protection from heavy animals whose feet might sink through the "dirt" and crack the thin lining of lime which was the real secret. Therefore, such a pond must be so fenced as to keep out anything bigger than a sheep.

Such was the method as described to the writer by a man who had practised it, as he stood beside the pond he had built 20 years before, a big one, in the torrid summer of 1921, and saw that even then it had abundant water. But probably the making of ponds is as the making of tribal lays, and

> There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
> And every single one of 'em is right.

The Fords of Arun

From Canada a made road brings you down to North Stoke. The road is straight, because the hill falls straight, and at the ultimate foot of the hill are the church and the "great house" which are still, as they always have been, the first cause of the village. The church is the centre about which is described the semi-circle of hills that form the valley's farther side, and along the foot of those hills flows what is left of the Arun. Between lie 500 yards or so of flat green "brooks" that were once the river's estuary, and somewhere under their green surface lies the causeway —or causeways—whereby men got across them. The name of Stoke, one is told, denotes a staked causeway, and to the river's brink from the high ground of Arundel Park near to Whiteways descended two ancient roads. One is the Grand Trunk Road, the War Dyke so called. The other is a Roman road. Regarded merely as a road the Roman work is the better, as was to be expected, but the other is the more impressive work. We shall see it in another ramble, for to-day there is no means of passing the river hereabouts. You may pass it at either end of the semi-circle, at Houghton or at South Stoke, but not

between those points. Embanking and dredging, and the making of a series of short cuts for its flow betwixt Houghton and Arundel, made it navigable, but impassable. That was a century ago; to-day it is impassable still, and all but unnavigable except by pleasure-craft.

The Stokes, North and South

North Stoke's church is one of the oddest in the county. The relics of a once fine cruciform building, it looks from a distance like a barn, the quaint little bell-cote that roofs the north transept too squat to be a feature; but within are some delightful bits of ancient splendour in the form of canopied niches of unusual design and ornament. It groups delightfully with its companion, the Manor House, for North Stoke was a manor of *Domesday*. The manor was conterminous with the parish, and the acreage now is pretty much what it then was, with but a few odd acres added. Things hereabouts can have changed little since 1085. Along the garden wall of the Manor House is trained a vegetable wonder, a wistaria alleged to be the oldest in Sussex. It may be well so, for of its two great arms the one measures 101 feet in length, the other 55 feet, and its stem is like that of an elderly elm tree. In May it is a cascade of bloom full 52 yards from end to end.

A field-path will take you by way of the brooks and the river's bank to South Stoke, whose church has one of the most charming little Early English porches and one of the most diminutive towers—an old one, too—in Sussex. The restorer has spoiled the tower, but the porch is still what it was designed to be. From South Stoke you may make your way back into Arundel by road or field or by the river, and either way is equally beautiful; or you can turn in the opposite direction and find the old path which follows the river by the Ash Trees and Southwood to Houghton Bridge, which is the same thing as Amberley Station, though by no means the same thing as Amberley-God-Knows.

From start to finish of this longest route the walk is but ten miles. It is about the same if you go back to Arundel; and if you make your way direct by the high-road from North Stoke to Amberley Station, the total distance is two miles less.

20. AMBERLEY

PRIGS, pedants, prudes, and the Post Office call it just Amberley, as if it were no better than any other place of that name. Precisians and the people who really belong to it call it Amberley-God-Knows. The origin of this appellative is one of the mysteries about which even an Archæologist hesitates to speculate, but it has a distinctive quality which the world in general, and the men of Amberley-God-Knows in particular, should not willingly let die.

The House that Rede Built

There is a castle at Amberley-God-Knows. It hangs on the brink of things where the northern foothills come to sudden stop, ten feet or so above the Wild Brooks, the village huddled behind it, so that you might fancy that good Bishop Rede was moved to build here his great grey walls expressly to prevent the probable further slide of the village into the fen. What else he had to be afraid of in remote and quiet Amberley, God knows; and his castle, all said, was hardly of a sort to put up much of a fight. With never a moat, and hardly a tower to break the flatness of its four gaunt sides, it is as ugly as anything of its kind could be, yet withal attractive. In strict speech it is not a castle at all, but a small fortified manor house, whose wall is many sizes too big for it. But again, why Bishop Rede should build him such a thing at Amberley, God knows. Did he raise its walls thus high that like Saint Cuthbert he might have no view of the outer world to distract his thoughts of Heaven? Did he find, like Bacon, that his brain worked the better when cabined and confined within narrow bounds? Or was his donnish

soul so out of love with moor and mountain, that he must try to shut them from his sight? Nowadays the little village is a sanctuary of the artistic, who paint it inside and out, and—be it said—make of it in high summer-time a "quiet place of all delights." In winter it wears another complexion, but if the seasons alter, they cannot mar, the beauty of its hills and its river and its marshes, or minish the interest thereof. If you are of the number of those misguided folk who have been led to think that a marsh cannot be either beautiful or interesting, ask a botanist or a lover of birds, or—better still—spend a year in Amberley-God-Knows, and you will recant your error. There come to the Wild Brooks—why, the mere name is a poem!—marsh fowl that have now few other sanctuaries in Sussex, and rare plants whose uncouth pseudo-Latin names belie their beauty; and always there is the brimming river chasing itself to and fro between its rushes and silver willows and swart alders, with all the hills of West Sussex looking on from the skyline. Amberley—God knows—has all the beauties of marsh and hill combined.

The Rest of It

It is a place of ancient days. It came to the Bishopric by gift of Ceadwalla of Wessex in the time when Wilfred was building that first Sussex church of his at Selsey, but the bishops came not here until William Rede (1379) did so. Others came after him, but in Commonwealth times it was already let to a lay tenant. He was a malignant, that is to say a Royalist, and suffered accordingly, for Waller's Roundheads knocked the castle about badly. To-day it is merely a shell. The shell hides a roomy house of really old-world sort, but where once stood the Great Hall and other buildings is now mostly smooth green lawn. The tower of St. Michael's Church all but leans against the castle's wall and far overtops it; squeezed in where there was little room and no particular need for it, it blocks a beautiful Norman window, which once lighted the west end of the church. It belongs to an age when church towers

were the fashionable method of advertising the prosperity of places and the piety of persons, and Amberley must needs be in the fashion. There is a good Norman chancel-arch, a brass (1424), some bits of old wall-painting, and the stand of the hour-glass which warned the preacher of his periods.

The rest of the little place is chiefly four little streets set four-square, Arcadia clasping Bohemia in oddest and closest embrace, a place where calves blend with calceolarias, and pigs with pictures, as if both were born that way.

A footpath and a ferry will take you across to Bury. If Amberley were not, then would Bury be the goal of all pilgrims who come hereabout, with its church and its manor-house and its old tithe-barn tumbling to the river—surely as perfect a specimen of England as an Englishman could desire to see. For your castles are after all un-English things. They smack of the Norman's mailed fist. Bury has excuse to be jealous, but she has her compensations; she has a finer view of Amberley than has Amberley of Bury. And moreover she holds the "Dog and Duck."

Bury

Bury's church is precisely two miles from Bignor's Villa by the underhill road which has been wrongly spoken of as "the oldest road in the world." It is assuredly one of the hungriest, for long miles of it offer accommodation for neither man nor beast.

Two miles from Amberley in the other direction is Parham, that is to say the Elizabethan house, the little church beside it, and the Park, which together make up the most of the parish. It is worth while to go so far to make acquaintance with the "builder oaks" and "sayling pines" of the only Park which has dared—quite unsuccessfully—to challenge the superiority of that of Arundel. It has no such infinite variety of far-flung views as has the other, but it was a park 200 years before the other had thought about it, and it still keeps no small

Villula Nota Parum

part of its native wildness and of the live things belonging thereto. It came to this dignity in Elizabeth's time, who in due course paid it the customary visit: you may see her token there side by side with the rampant demi-panther "*semee* of hurts" and grasping a palm-branch, which is the crest of the great Sussex house of Palmer. That Sir Thomas (1591) who built the house was a near relative of the famous trio whose unique distinctions included that they were brought into this world at Angmering by the same mother on three successive Sundays of the same year—to wit, John on Whit-Sunday, Henry on Trinity Sunday, and Thomas on the first Sunday after Trinity—and all three lived to be knighted by Henry VIII. "for valour." They had something to be proud of, and their many-quartered coat of arms bespeaks it: with a greyhound, a leash of bats, divers trefoils and crescents, four crosses *pattee fitchee*, "many torteauxes," and "a hand issuant from clouds and dropping blood," it is a picture-gallery in itself. Parham, you would say, was upon its mettle: it could not well aspire to surpass the record of that mother in Angmering, but it could and would produce a record equally unassailable; so it was a mother in Parham who redeemed the corpse of her gibbeted son, and made money by exhibiting the same for the sum of 6d. *per* person. Rightly to appraise this combination of prudence with piety would have occupied Robert Browning for some time. Parham further boasts at least one well-accredited ghost and a couple of picturesque murders. Places, like persons, are not to be judged by appearances only.

Rackham Bank

From the crests of Rackham Hill and Amberley Mount a dozen trackways come to the edge of the arables, beckoning to you to go meet them. Arables and Downs together add up to 400 feet, but the climb is worth the trouble. Aim for Rackham Bank, the great trench and mound that nick the skyline just south of Rackham farm, and

whether or no you recognise the fact, you will be following the trail by which your forbears for unknown centuries climbed out of the lurid atmosphere of Parham into the cooler air that keeps the great Downs so clean. It is a branch thrown off by the Grand Trunk Road, and if you care to follow it, it will lead you all the way to Canada—which is not so far as it sounds, being at most 1¼ miles. The trench itself is 50 feet over, sunk into the solid chalk to the measure of a tall man's height, its western side covered by the "Bank" from brow to brow of the narrow ridge. It illustrates what must surely be one of the most laboured fashions in road-making that ever well-meaning men devised, and one would like to know precisely why that covering bank was needed. There are those who think its purpose was to conceal the traveller, so that, as Ruskin would have put it, a fool in Celtic Canada could get to see another fool in Celtic Parham without any other fool's knowing of it. But there are three forceful objections to this explanation. *Imprimis*, the bank does not give cover enough; northward and southward it is so disposed that the prehistoric footpad on the hilltop could plainly see the travellers coming up from the combes below and make his plans accordingly. *Secondo*, one finds the same laboured bank in other cases where the road is not traversing the open ground of a hilltop. And *tertio*, it is common sense that the open road is the safest road, because it offers no cover for rogues. Now this last objection is a truism which was even more true in the days of stone-axes and close grips than it is in this modern age of firearms. It would be perfectly reasonable, yet wholly foolish, to maintain that Rackham Bank was built by a syndicate of professional footpads to facilitate their operations, and that covered ways covered none but the wicked of their day.

At the southern end of the Bank is a curious something—two large circular pits, that may have been meant for ponds, but certainly do not look it—whose purpose

you may discuss with your sandwiches. You have here a free field, for up to the present no theorist of the light-headed variety *Cissburiensis* seems to have roamed so far. The opportunity he has lost will not recur, for it is hereby placed on record that those pits were *not* round-houses or toll-bars of their day. Now *Cissburiensis* would have maintained that they were such, and that the provision of two at the same spot is proof positive that man was born a protectionist with a nice understanding of the differences between imports and exports, between customs and excise, and that if, as documentary evidence declares, his front-name was Adam, the rest of it was undoubtedly Smith.

A Lost Opportunity

Keep due west over the turf of Amberley Mount—these hills are growing somewhat shaggy now that there are so few sheep to barber them daily—to where a narrow green terrace-way comes up from the right. That is your way back into Amberley—Roman work. The terrace—it is but 12 feet wide—" caters " down the hill-side to develop into an *agger* 20 feet across the base and 6 feet above the gutter which was made on the uphill side to keep it dry. The ploughs have rudely cut it short, and so doing have saved its life, for no man uses it now, and therefore no traffic harms it. For the same reason it is difficult to find, if one wishes to walk it in the reverse direction. It was making for the heath-lands about Wiggonholt, and so for Pulborough, which was probably quite as busy a market-town in Roman times as ever it has been since.

Houghton's handsome bridge is a modern edition of one which was here at least as early as the fifteenth century. It was not a good point to select, but with the marsh on one side and the bluff slope of the Downs on the other there was no choice. From the bridge the white road, winding gently up to the saddle of the Downs, meets other white roads that come from Arundel and Bury and Slindon to make

Whiteways Cross

Whiteways Cross. In pre-macadamite time, when roads were green, they met here in the same sort—meet here still if you have the eyes to see them, coaching-roads and Roman roads, and others of yet older date. It is a Clapham Junction of the Downs and worth a little study, even if it were not so very beautiful a spot, with the ancient shadows of Houghton Forest on the one hand and the younger leafage of Arundel Park on the other, and all the loveliness of Fairmile Bottom—there are in reality near three fair miles of it—between. When Spring comes back to her own, her route lined by mighty beech trees in her livery of emerald and silver, white-beams for her maids-of-honour, Fairmile Bottom is one of the Gates of the Earthly Paradise.

Turn left into the Park by way of Whiteways Lodge, and follow the drive for 250 yards to the spot where it cuts across a wide trench that seams the falling hill towards the river. Go down that trench—a tunnel of 40 feet in width driven through the beech-trees, red-brown beech leaves beneath you, red-brown deer glancing now and again across your path, and never a soul else to intrude upon yourself and the woodpeckers. For half a mile the trench winds steadily down between the flank of the hill on the right and a huge artificial bank upon the left, to break off abruptly in the face of a great chalk-pit on the brink of the Arun directly opposite to North Stoke. Men who belong to the locality and have no book-learning, know it as the War Dyke and vaguely associate it with the ubiquitous Cromwell. Others have misinterpreted it as the outer line of the defences which covered an imagined Celtic fortress at Arundel. In sober reality it is the Grand Trunk Road again, and the part thereof which has best survived the ravage of some 2,000 years. Some wasted fragments of its eastward course you saw near Friday's Church and in Peppering Bottom, but safeguarded by the river and screened by Southwood's beeches, secure from the plough by reason of

The War Dyke

the steepness of the ground, protected from further harms for a century past by the liberties of Arundel Park, here it is something that might stir the interest of Gallio. In places more than 100 feet over, and from 18 to 20 feet in depth or even more, the total length of it is over three quarters of a mile, and it stalks across the map with such an inevitable air that the natives might be forgiven if they should say of it, as they say of smaller things of the kind elsewhere, that "it goes right round the world."

A Lost City

In the other direction it runs on towards Fairmile Bottom, smothered among the young woods that line most of the road from here to Arundel, and making an odd right-angle turn it seems to end "in the air" on the brow of the hill. In reality it merely changes its form, passing into a terrace, a hollow way, and again a terrace—a Protean thing and as elusive as Proteus, but traceable if one can read the signs. The last 300 yards by which at last it drops into the Bottom have been reconstructed by Roman hands, a fact which at once establishes its pre-Roman date. Here on Rewell Hill, some 300 yards south of it, are the cluttered banks and fosses of a great town that covered some 80 acres of ground and dated, so far as the scanty evidence shows, at least as far back as 150 B.C. It was larger in area than the largest of the fortresses of Roman Britain; the walls of Caerlleon, the "city of palaces," enclosed but 50 acres, those of York, the administrative capital, embraced but 52, and there were few more extensive than these; but the earthworks yet traceable on Rewell Hill extend to more than three miles in length. Ploughed over for long years, and thereafter planted (about a century ago), they are now so lost in leafage that in seeking for them you are like to lose yourself, and stand small chance to find anything else.

To the same forsaken spot come up lesser roads out of

the northward; others from the south, and notably that which ran by Warningcamp and Swanbourne Lake along Pughdene to join the War Dyke. The Roman, who was not above using the roads of the men before him, certainly used this line thus far, but as certainly made a new and better road across the river, a narrow terrace-way which sidles down the eastern slope of Lonebeech Hill to Nanny's Croft, and thence strikes straight across the Arun to North Stoke. It was a little less direct, but it offered a better gradient and a safer crossing, whether by a ford or by a bridge. If you can find the spot you will see the water boiling up as it always does where the channel hides some considerable obstruction; and if you can plumb the bottom—no easy matter with such a current—you will learn that there is a barrier 6 feet in height and some 12 feet wide across the bed of the stream.

"Nanny's Croft"

Nanny's Croft—the name does not figure on the map—you may recognise by the token that it is littered with the leavings of all the ages from the Roman's time to Nanny's own day. That was a century ago, when the Park was enclosed and the poor old lady was evicted. She had two sons who stood up for her even against the King, his letters patent and his crown and his dignity, and knocked down the Duke's new-built wall, to their own immediate sorrow and the abiding memory of Nanny. Here you may find the choicest Roman stuff—New Forest ware and Samian and specimens of other handsome fabrics—jostling the ruder makes of Chaucer's and Shakespeare's time, and odds and ends from Nanny's own humble cupboard. Gamekeepers excepted, few folk wander thus far from the beaten track, and the moles and the rabbits industriously dig out such unconsidered trifles for the wise Autolycus—tireless excavators who ask no wage for the toil that will fill your pockets over and over again, if you have the eyes and the interest.

Exactly where went the Grand Trunk Road on reaching

Fairmile Bottom is not yet known. Probably it followed the Bottom all or most of the way to its outfall by Slindon; and you should do the same, even if it involves tramping all the way back again to Whiteways. No man may pretend to know his road until he has walked it both ways, and the Fairmile will bear repetition better than most. On the west is Dale Park; on the east is the Rewell, some portion whereof was the chase of Arundel's lords ere they enclosed the Park. Its dense woodland effectually guards its own secrets. As one wanders westward one finds the trees taking up always more and more of the map, blocking out more and more of the view. There is little open Down between the Arun and the Lavant. If most of the tall timber is of modern planting, the shorter scrub of Bignor Hill and Gumber Down is largely original. The "gnarled and writhen thorn," of course, is everywhere, but it is generously interspersed with scented juniper and "dusty miller," with dogwood and spindle-tree—a wealth of good colour which fails not the year through. That old artist who wrought in mosaic the figure of Winter in the floor of Bignor's Roman house, took his tints, you would swear, from the winter hills above him; black of the juniper, tawny-yellow of the dead leaves, red of the fruited thorns, and for background the grey-green of the turf. Had he ever the luck to see those same thorns as they flamed in the autumn of 1922? The fierce heat of the wonder-year before it—how one loved it and revelled in it! and how earnestly one prays that one may never see its like again! —ripening every twig betimes, made of bush and hedgerow a scented snowdrift in May, in October a flame of fire; and some of us who had known the Downs for years could not guess what wrought those crimson splashes in the familiar view. We had to go and see. Where the wild clematis of July had rambled up to the light, it was like those trailing silver sprays wherewith a Japanese artist laces the pigeon's-blood *cloisonné* of some precious vase.

Winter on the Hills

21. BIGNOR

BY the map it is but 2½ miles from Whiteways Cross to the famous villa, but no bee-line will take you thither quite so quickly. It is beyond the power of an intelligent being to make bee-lines in a land where to right and left is so much that makes appeal to the intelligence. You may traverse Houghton Forest, if you prefer it, and you cannot well go wrong if you resist the human tendency to go downhill; but the better plan is to keep to the open by way of Bury Hill and Westburton Hill, if only for the sake of the northward views.

Bury Hill

Bury Hill has its tumuli, of course, mostly small ones, but one that is of notable size. A utilitarian age placed a mill upon it, whence its name of "the Mill-ball," but that was long ago. In the Great War it was ploughed over and scalped, and its chalky hump stands up in the sunlight like the cranium of a bleaching skull. Now, quite apart from the chance of picking up here a good flint implement or so, the spot has other interests. Just to the west of it passed from Whiteways a dateless road which had utterly vanished under the turf when the War Office set to work the steam ploughs which alone had power enough to break up its hard-trodden bed of flints; and right across the white surface of the field, where the road had been was left a visible line of flints so black as to provoke the belief that the roadway had been "bitumenised." Whatever the reason for its peculiar coloration, it was a roadway in Roman times, and one

A Pre-macadamite Road

wonders of what date was the barrow beside it. Orthodoxy, on the evidence of the flint implements particularly, would have it to be far earlier, but . . . ?

The soil to the north of the barrow is literally full of oyster-shells; you may pick them up from the surface in hundreds within a circle of 20 paces or so, and not a single specimen elsewhere. Now it is orthodox to believe —G. F. Watts notwithstanding to the contrary—that no man in these isles ate oysters before the Romans came to teach him the decadent practice. How then came those shells hither, the leavings, one must suppose, of many a Gargantuan oyster-feast? If orthodoxy is right, men gathered here to eat oysters in the Roman time, but why in the name of wonderment choose so griefly a spot for the revel? The proverbial skeleton at the feast was none of the gormandising Roman's way of enjoying himself, so why come here? Is orthodoxy haply at fault in thinking that the ancient Briton had not learnt the nutritive value of *ostrea edulis*? And what of the kitchen-middens, those rubbish heaps of supposed neolithic kitchens? They are full of such shells. In Lowsdene, by Wepham, there was found a "Bronze Age" urn within a barrow that was built upon ground strewn with oyster shells. It is a pretty problem, and obviously someone must be wrong.

The Importance of Oysters

Your path—you make it yourself—lies over Westburton Hill, and wherever the plough has come you may chance to find traces of the Roman times, pottery, tiles, and bits of that foreign lava which the Romans brought from Andernach and Niedermendig to make querns, that is, millstones. Well, men were bringing stone for the same purpose from French quarries nearly as far afield, so long as we were wise enough to grind our grain in windmills, and that was not more than 50 years ago.

On again, through the scrub—you have left the plough behind now—rising steadily all the time, and you reach

the roof of things on Bignor Hill (738 feet). Down in the lowlands, due north of you, is a cluster of little black thatched huts, just like those of a Kaffir *kraal*, save that they are set out upon a square, and a *kraal* is, or should be, set out on a round. Within those huts is housed all that Time has spared of Bignor's Villa. The field in which it lies was through the centuries known as the Town-field or the Old Berry, tell-tale names both.

The House that T.R. Built

Roughly speaking it covered two squares, each measuring some 110 yards to the side. Round one square were ranged the unchanging and unchangeable things that make a farmstead—byres and barns and stalls and store-houses—exactly as you may see them ranged in scores of English farmsteads to this day; while the other, set out on the same general plan, was the great man's residence—a great square court shut in by long ranges of buildings which were My Lord's library, dining-room, bathrooms, bedrooms and the very necessary solar, that particular room which caught most of the little English sunshine, wherein —if, like the children, you should "shut your eyes and wish" hard enough—you might now and then believe that you were verily in Italy. The whole was built, footings and lower floors of stone or brick, upper floor—where there was one—of timber or cob. The method explains at once the little and the much that Time has left of such villas; if the Roman's masonry could outlast the shift of 1,500 years, his timberwork might perish in the fire of a day.

The Mosaics

There is not quite so much of it now as there was when it was first uncovered in 1811, for frost and damp and less obvious agencies have nibbled at it ceaselessly, despite the best efforts of man to prevent it. Time will tell, and it has told here, but there is enough left to give a very handsome impression of the style in which our conquerors housed themselves; and not easily even under the kindlier skies

of Italy or Africa will you find mosaics that are more delicately wrought. The Britons, it is said, made the best of workers in mosaic. They wrought well here. There is a famous Medusa's head, the snakes still writhing about the vacant features. There is that figure of Winter that was spoken of before, and others of the Seasons. There are nymphs and dolphins and "there flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh half buried in the eagle's down." Best of all is a band of little winged *amorini* engaged in gladiatorial fight. And, of course, there are the necessary borders of elaborate interlacing patterns which form the frames to every such picture in mosaic.

Where the floors have fallen in you may see in what simple, but efficient manner the Roman heated his rooms. Wise man, he knew how to do it without the drawbacks of open grates, and in lieu of carpets which fade and perish, he laid down these mosaics which even to-day are bright with colour and which only purposed violence or neglect could destroy.

Who Was T.R.?

Who lived here? No man knows. Wrought into the guilloche border of one floor is the monogram T.R., and romance has guessed—will guess again —who T.R. may have been. Name and date are equally a mystery. The easy guess that it stands for "Titus Rex" is a guess only.

You may see where the Roman dined and where he bathed. You may handle scraps of the cups he drank from, and the very bones of the beasts that went to make his dinner. But there it ends. T.R. is merely one of the great unknown, and again Time has triumphed. Nay, he has lately carried off the guardian spirit of the place, its tutelary, the little old lady who had inherited and cared for its orphaned ruins with a devotion which would have been rare even in one who had no more immediate claims upon her, sweeping and dusting and ventilating,

even washing with her own hands those frayed stone carpets, so long as strength and sight allowed it. She knew every *tessera* in the floor—all that might be known of it, save only what might "T.R." mean, and doubtless she has now learnt even this. To ourselves the symbol is cryptic no more; it stands for *Tupper Redintegravit.*

Roads New and Old

The villa faced south-west to the magnificent combe in which lies Coldharbour Farm, between Farm Hill (695 feet) and Bignor Hill (738 feet), and along the western flank of Bignor Hill marches the Stane Street on its way from Pulborough by Hardham to Chichester. Of necessity that is our way, for it is old. You may "walk out" with, younger roads, lanes, streets, alleys and avenues, for "company" on any day o' the year and in any locality, but here is no room for choice. Another time you may nuzzle your way along the leafy gutter which is the underhill road, the vagabond compound of zig-zag and switchback that twists by Sutton into Barlavington—a place whose name no alien may pronounce correctly nor its best friend spell aright—and so into the new road that has never a village along all its eight-mile course into Chichester, Up Waltham not excepted, seeing that Up Waltham long since lost itself amongst its upland solitudes nor has yet come back to village's estate, though it can still boast one of the three original apsidal churches in the county—a wholly delectable walk when there is none with prior claims. To-day we take the Road of the Legions:—

> Now, new-made roads are ruts for toads,
> Girls' ribbons, idle things;
> But the Roman wrought, as the Roman ought,
> A street for the cars of kings,

in days when kings, like other honest folk, were content

BY THE STANE STREET, BIGNOR HILL

to drive a pair. No "silencers" affright the silence of the Stane Street. This section of it is to all intents a right line, and, the name of it excepted, its straightness is the sole feature whereby it might be known for Roman work. In everything else it is not so much the type of what a Roman road should be, as the exception to the type. High up on Gumber Down, which forms the backing of the combe, it develops indeed an *agger*, but in a form so unusual as to have no parallel and very few analogies in these islands, while the width of it is altogether abnormal. And its name notwithstanding, it seems never to have been "steined" as that word is commonly understood. It is said that there lingered hereabouts until recent years the tradition that the road was built by men who carried *in baskets* the necessary materials, and this was, in fact, the practice in Roman times. There cannot be many traditions in the county which date back so far. But Bignor's utter aloofness has been of a sort to encourage long memories; where so little happened men might the better remember that little. In a dim way they had remembered even that long-lost villa, calling the site by the names of the Town-field and the Old Berry, though they had long forgotten why. The names shouted their secret aloud as old field-names often do, but there was none to comprehend. It is by rarest chance that such utterance reaches understanding ears. What is bawled in Bignor will make less stir than a smallest whisper in the streets of Gath.

Stane Street

You may pick up the road at the nether edge of Bignor Tail Wood, half a mile away from the villa, if you are prepared to recognise its unconventional features, and you may follow it thence most of the way into Chichester; but the task is not by any means easy for the first mile or so, so greatly has it been cut about and blurred by ater tracks. Nature, too, has done her best to hide it under a dense growth of brush and timber. Throughout most

of the ascent it is a simple terrace, but of quite unusual width (30 feet or more) and wholly innocent of any metal. Once on the hill's crest it develops into the oddest road in Britain: a great bank 5 feet high and 3 feet wide at top, running between two lateral roadways, the whole measuring more than 90 feet over inclusive of the shallow fosse on either side. As it goes on the thing becomes gradually more of what you expected it to be, and where the lowlands are reached by Halnaker Hill its course is broken now and again by the plough. For the last five miles out of Chichester most of it has been re-conditioned for modern requirements, but until you reach Seabeach it travels lonely in a solitude, and should be as glad of your company as you should be of its guidance. It is easier followed since Canadian muscles levelled so sad a number of Eartham's tallest pines.

Gumber Down

On Gumber Down the road crosses a covered-way, a small replica of the War Dyke, proving the latter to be the older work; and here and there are some of the barrows which are commonly the sole companions of old roads. You are not called upon to believe, therefore, that the tenants of such barrows died on the march and were buried where they died. The simple truth is that most of them died, as men do now, in their homes, but they were buried as far away therefrom as might be, at the edge of the little territory which belonged to their town, their village, or their estate; and as a road offered a ready and recognisable boundary-line, the edge of that territory was frequently the edge of the road. Moreover the road provided a desirable approach to the "burials." Again and again in old charters recur some such phrase as "along the road as far as the (Heathen) Burials."

It is the merit and the demerit of Gumber Down that it is so remote from the world. The nearest village is two miles away, and should you go thither you will probably find no harbourage. This makes greatly for the

grace of Gumber, one of those rare spots which, being famous, are at the same time innocent of the customary tokens of popularity—broken bottles and banana skins and ancient newspapers—which are in England the accustomed tokens of popular appreciation. The worst you are like to meet with here is a learned society on the prowl, and they are not many who have both learning and legs enough to come so far.

Halnaker

The line of the Stane Street heads south-west, plump for the "needle" of Chichester's spire, and just to the right of it, on the further side of Seabeach, the 400-foot sugar-loaf of Halnaker Hill lifts into the air the shell of its abandoned mill. An exceptional mill this, built of good old red brick, and built also with an artistry highly unusual in such things. To find another of its kind one must go to Chesterton in Warwickshire, where is the *Auto-to*-Windmill, as Plato had phrased it, a superb thing which came from the brain of Inigo Jones in the year 1632. A feeble ring-work girds the mill and some four acres of the hill-top. The odd name of the place, rationalised in the fifteenth century to Half-Naked, is Saxon for "Holy Acre" and points plainly to a lost burial-ground, but whether the aforesaid ring-work has any connection with the matter is not yet apparent: there is room for inquiry. Beyond the hill lie the gates of Goodwood, and a few yards away is the ruined shell of Halnaker House, built for the second Lord de la Warr in the days of Bluff Hal. It is not a pretty ruin, nor can the ivy and the jackdaws make it so for all their well-intentioned efforts; but how is it that—with the possible exception of a factory or a workhouse—the ruins of any building which has once sheltered humanity have so strange an *allure*? Only they must be veritable ruins, ruins that have still strength and courage to stand erect, sworn, like Vespasian, to die standing. There is none of that *allure* for example, about "T.R.'s" great house at Bignor, or about the pits men find at Park Brow. Such

things are interesting, but they are not intriguing. Your ruin, it seems, like your wine, must be neither too old nor too young; it must still be above-ground, must still stand up to the lightnings; and these things granted, it may be never so ugly, but it is yet something of ourselves.

My Lady's Garden

The most unusual thing at Halnaker House is a queer octagonal contraption that was once belike the feature of my lady's garden—a sunken garden in fact, its sides descending by terraces to a central pit, which once no doubt held water and haply golden carp. Clothe these terraces with the flowers of their day—sweet Perdita, though she comes somewhat later, will tell you their sweet old names, or Bacon's modest list includes the things that chiefly matter—and put my lord and my lady there in the wondrous costumes they carried so bravely, and Bacon himself must have approved the conceit, though it might be somewhat too small for the taste of Sir Newrich de la War. "Which is strange," as Samuel Pepys would say, for Sir Newrich rarely has about him so many sons and daughters as crowd with their prayers the monuments of the days when Sir Thomas's great cellars invited all and sundry to "Come in and Drynge."

For the peace of his soul and of that of "Elyzabeth his wyf" Sir Thomas de War built (1532) the superb chantry —"a poor chapel" he called it—starred with scutcheons

> Innumerable of dyes and strange device,
> As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings,

Boxgrove

in the Benedictine priory-church of Boxgrove, half a mile away. In the same church rested also "his aunsystorys and his wiffy's mother," so he wrote; and one learns that good spelling is no necessary adjunct of piety, nor any essential in the artistic temperament. Sir Thomas him-

self, despoiled of the manor in 1540, withdrew to Offington by Cissbury and was duly buried (1554) in the church at Broadwater, with the pomp of "a goodly herse of wax and pensels, and viii dozen of skochyons (escutcheons)," and the biggest funeral-feast that Sussex could remember, as befitted "the best housekeeper in the county." There are other tombs, a crowd of them, within the remnant—chancel and choir and transept—of the great Norman church, and the scanty ruins of the Chapter House, abutting upon the north wall, are a thing of delight. Under the same roof are buried those who have since inherited Halnaker and Goodwood, for Goodwood House is in the parish of Boxgrove, and Boxgrove ("Bosa's Dyke") takes its name from one of the great "Chichester Lines," which ran through the parish. The priory was founded in Henry I.'s time by one Robert de Haia, a kinsman of the king, as a cell to his greater Abbey of Lassai in Normandy.

Aldingbourne, two miles away in the flat lands, has a millpond and the remains of a sometime moated house. It has also an earthwork of very unusual sort, which lies inside the Tote Copse, the small clump of trees in the meadow just beyond the millpond. The ground about is very low-lying and the names of Decoy Farm, Withies and Reeds Farm, tell a tale of change. The mill-leet runs past the copse, which is planted within an oval bank built to hold up the water and form a wide, shallow moat surrounding a central island; and in the centre of the island rises a great circular mound of soil. Popular fancy has done its best with the spot; the mound, you will be told, is a fort reared by Saxon pirates on their first landing on these shores. The story, at any rate, preserves a suggestion of times when it was possible for the shallow vessels of the past to sail far into the meadowlands, but otherwise it is all astray. There is documentary evidence that here was one of the many residences of the Bishops

The Tote Copse at Alding-bourne

of Chichester, and that it was once surrounded by an ample park. Upon this mound stood the "great house," and you may yet see the remains of the rough flint walling of the episcopal cellars. The thing is of interest as another example of the transition from the typical Norman dry-fossed *motte* to the typical wet-moated house of the sixteenth century, whereof we saw an instance at Isfield by Lewes. King John stayed here in 1208. There are extant letters written from here to the Bishop by his bailiff with requests for seasonable provision of garden seeds, and for a dog or two that could be trusted to deal with the foxes which literally or metaphorically worried the bailiff and the Bishop's fowls. That was in the thirteenth century, ere foxes had attained to the gentility which comes of paucity. The name of Tote implies that when bailiff and Bishop had gone the way of their chickens, the village folk found the mound an agreeable view-point; for *tutta* is good Saxon for "a spy," and so late as Spenser's time the hedge-poppers would go, cross-bow in hand, "for birds in bushes tooting." It turns up in divers forms upon the map of England, Tote, Toot, Toat, Tot and Tut, and generally coupled with "hill" or some word of the like meaning. To most of us it is more familiar in the form of "tout." Waller's ruffians, marching on from Chichester to Arundel, halted here for the express and godly purpose of knocking down the house. It was never rebuilt, and within 20 years or so the park followed it into the past.

There is no railway station nearer to Bignor and the Villa than those of Fittleworth and Amberley, either of which is between three and four miles away. From the Villa to Chichester's Butter Cross by the Stane Street is ten miles, five of which—as far as Seabeach—must be done on foot. To include Aldingbourne means at least four miles more. The last-named place is four miles from the Butter Cross by the road through Shopwyke, and to Boxgrove Priory by way of the main road to Arundel is only a fraction less.

22. CHICHESTER

CHICHESTER'S Early-Victorian railway station is something of a shock to the expectant pilgrim. So is the prevailing hue of its surroundings, which is that of the local brick, an unhealthy spotted stuff of most bilious complexion—call it not colour—akin to that of the wainscots and waistcoats, wall-papers and dining-room suites of the great Pitchpine Epoch.

The place, you rightly infer, must have prospered through the Mid-Victorian era. Not that it has in any wise ceased to prosper: you need but be here on market-day to learn so much; nay the prosperity of it seems to be too much for any one day of the seven, and overflows into at least five days more. For the prevailing flavour of the city is that of corn and kine, and such as deal therein. *O fortunati nimium!* One begins to smell it betimes on Monday and one smells it all the week. Then Chichester as it were opens the window and gets the place sweetened for Sunday. And Sunday in Chichester smells of Sunday, as it ought to do.

A Place with a Past

It is all in the fitness of things, for if Chichester owes its importance to the Church, its prosperity is due to beef and mutton. There had been a place of the name ever since Cissa, son of Ella, decided to settle here, but 100 years later it was a place of so small account that Wilfrid preferred to plant his see nine miles away at Selsey, nor did Chichester step into history until Duke William ordered the see to be transferred hither.

Chichester has never repented of that step, but the beef and mutton without a doubt were driven in of old, and

driven out again, even in the days of Cissa and before him, just as they are driven to-day—the same silly cluttering batches of panicky sheep that break gustily across your road as breezes "dusk and shiver" across still waters; the same loquacious droves of irresponsible and giggling swine; the same cattle, "mild and onyx-eyed." One likes to think that it was always thus—possibly always will be thus so long as men eat what their fathers ate. The men—and women—that come and go in Chichester are obviously of that kind: 'tis said that you shall see more specimens of the genuine South Saxon breed of men in a day at Chichester market than anywhere else in a year. They are tall and spare, the sort of folk who would be likely to "eat flesh at dawn." As for their womenfolk—there are those who think that Cobbett was prejudiced when he wrote that Lewes lasses were the pick o' the bunch in Sussex.

Long before Cissa came upon the scene there was a British city hereabouts, which in due course became the Roman-British *civitas* of Regnum. It was fortified, of course: standing at the terminus of the Stane Street and at the head of that arm of the sea that was Chichester Harbour, it was of an importance in that day such as is that of Portsmouth in our time. It was therefore one of the things that Rome called *Castra*, and the Saxon miscalled *Chesters*, specifically Cissa's *Chester, Cissan-ceastre*, Chichester. Of his brothers Wlencing, so 'tis said, is remembered in the name of Lancing, and Cymen is forgotten in that of Keynor. Cissa's was Joseph's portion.

Matters Ecclesiastical

Quite fittingly the topographical centre of the place is the Butter Cross, at the Carfax which should have told you that the city was set out in Roman times; equally fittingly the centre in all other senses is the Cathedral, not many yards away. Each is a gem of its kind, and if the Cathedral be not so big as others it is none the less beautiful. Its five aisles make it, in fact, the widest of all English

cathedrals, excepting only York, and its white "needle," replacing an earlier tower and spire which collapsed in 1866, is one of the best pieces of church architecture of its kind. Inside it has an unexpected wealth of beauty, and a "body of history" locked up in stately shrines and tombs. If fault it has, the fault is not its own: one cannot get a satisfactory view of the *ensemble*, so closely do other buildings—not new ones either—nuzzle up to its walls on east and south and west. On the south-west the Palace shuts it in, and one is reminded of the famous problem of the dumpling—one wonders how the Bishop gets into it; but it has its gate, a fine one, if you can but find it, in Canon-lane. Its great hall is roofed with the painted and carven cyphers of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Aragon; its kitchen goes back to the days of Bishop Sherbourne (1508–36), and it contains a dim delightful chapel of Henry III's time. But the greater glory is the garden, stretching away as far as the old bastioned city walls and planted with exotic trees that thrive as if at home. Verily, 'twere worth a mass. The whole of this south-west quarter of the city was anciently set apart for the Church and its official members, and they are still here. You might guess that these quaint old stone or red-brick, red-roofed houses—no ugly yellow stuff for them!—shelter the long years of comfortable canons and delightful deans, though there were no such names as Vicars' Close and St. Richard's Walk to hint it. And Chichester is proverbial for the length of decanal days and canonical years. Men grow old here by decimals, and probably Tithonus was a man of Chichester.

St. Mary's Hospital

There are other bits of antiquity. St. Mary's Hospital is unique, a long rectangular hall under whose unbroken pent-roof is a double row of tiny tenements set face to face along the central passage-way that leads from the western door to the Chapel at the eastern end. Each tenement has its own fortunate denizen, and nowadays all are feminine.

Originally they were of both sexes, the sheep on the right hand, the goats on the left; but Satan entered in, and caused such jealousy that the male beneficiaries have been ejected—whether because they were the makers of mischief or because they were the victims thereof, the reader may judge according to his or her sex. Yet older is the great green mound of earth in Priory Park. It was the *motte* of the castle built here by that same Roger de Montgomeri who began also the Castle of Arundel; for he was lord of both places. It was early dismantled, and the site presently (1216) made over to a house of Grey Friars.

Pudens and Claudia

In the wall of the Council Chamber in North Gate is the famous inscription, found in Chichester (1731) and long preserved at Goodwood, which records how in the days of Cogidubnus, King and Viceroy of the Emperor Claudius, the Gild of Joiners built in Regnum a temple to Neptune and Minerva, "Pudens, son of Pudentinus, giving the ground." There are those who maintain this Pudens to be the same whom St. Paul couples in his *Epistle to Timothy* with one Claudia and others, and the same whom the pagan Martial mentions as coming home to marry "the alien Claudia." Claudia, they assert, was Cogidubnus' daughter, Pudens his son-in-law, and both became Christians. The theory is the matter of the once familiar book, *The Gospel in Cæsar's Household*, but it remains, like so much else, theory that admits as yet neither of proof nor of disproof. Some day perhaps there will be grubbed from the soil of Rome or of Chichester the evidence that is at present lacking. Stranger things have happened in the spacious realm of archæology. In the meantime why not nurse the pretty child of a livelier imagination and possibly a wider knowledge than one's own? One has nursed many things that were nothing like so pretty or so plausible.

There is a good deal left of the city's walls, particularly

along the east and the south-west sides, including four towers; and in their present form they are nearer to Cromwell's than to Cæsar's time, though what may have been their original date is another question. In some part probably they follow the lines the Roman laid down, and the gaps by which the Stane Street enters and the North Street leaves the city, are almost certainly the sites of the original Roman gates. The citizens put up a ten days' fight against the Roundhead Waller in 1643, and Waller showed his appreciation of their pluck by breaking most of the glass in the Cathedral, ruining the organ, and generally playing the Hun. The damaged walls were never repaired. About 1735 a large part of them was laid out as a boulevard, and much of the material of the residue was carted away before Chichester woke up to the value of such heirlooms. It is fairly certain that the British town and the Roman city stood on different sites; the former lay somewhere to the north and north-west where you may yet trace many miles of earthworks that strike across the map in right lines of no plan or purpose that has yet been explained. Some of them are of great size, especially within the purlieus of Goodwood and in the Broyle. In the one case the parking of the ground has saved them; in the other they were safe because the Broyle, which is Norman-French for "heath," was long left unenclosed. These "travelling earthworks" are excellent company for a walk; they take one into places which otherwise one would never visit, and if they don't tell one much, at any rate they do not chatter.

The Old Walls

Omitting the minor fragments, mostly transverse in direction, the two main lines run east and west with an interspace of half a mile or so. The nearer one passed immediately north of the Barracks and the vast asylum at Graylingwell. It runs almost continuously for a full mile on the Broyle and through Oakwood Park, and at

"Chichester Lines"

one time large portions of what was apparently its eastward projection could be traced as far as the Ball's Hut Inn at Slindon, five and a half miles away. The second line is even more imposing; with insignificant gaps it extends from West Stoke through East Lavant across the Valdoe to Goodwood, across the Park, and on again by Waterbeach towards Warehead Farm on the Stane Street. The great earthen wall, 26 feet wide at the base, rises 13 feet above the ditch at its northern foot, which itself is 13 feet across its flat floor and 5 feet below the old surface line. It is difficult to believe that such works can represent the defences of any pre-Roman settlement, and one suspects a possible connection with the great War Dyke which appears to continue the line eastward beyond the Arun. If this be correct, then the Chichester lines were themselves designed as roads, and the difficulties in this explanation are not more than those attending any other. It is a problem to which Sussex might well give some attention ere Time's roller has levelled the last of the remaining evidence. Be their purpose what it may, they give the thinking mind a most abiding impression of the capacity of the so-called "savages" of the pre-Roman time.

The people who dwelt in pre-Roman Regnum had already discarded the hill-top fastnesses of a ruder civilization. They were an agricultural folk who required large level spaces for their operations, and from the contiguity of the sea one infers also that they had some little traffic across the Channel. They had certainly come from Northern Gaul, and as certainly they kept in touch with their kindred there. Regnum was probably a much-frequented port long before the Roman intruded, and when he built the Stane Street on so vast a scale he plainly showed that he intended Regnum to be one of his chief means of communication with the Continent. Lympne excepted, there was no better harbour between this and Richborough. Then, as now, folks with queasy stomachs

dreaded the vexed waters and swift currents of the Straits, and avoided them as much as possible.

The Lavants

Due north from Chichester Harbour across the Downs to Singleton runs the trough of the Lavant Valley. As the railway to-day, so the road would follow it of old, but straight as it is, it was not straight enough for the Roman, who built a new road direct from Chichester's northern gate, through East Lavant, and so past the Trundle and down into Singleton. As for the Lavant river so called, it has for long enough been a "river" in winter only, and a small one at that. The name, which has passed into the speech of West Sussex as a synonym of "winter-bourne," comes from the villages which clustered about its course, the Lavants, the *tuns* of Leofa or Leof-win; two of them still maintain a precarious existence, and a third has disappeared. It is the inevitable result of economic laws: modern requirements call ever for larger and yet larger farms, but larger farms mean smaller villages, or even no village at all. Nowadays the occupants of the larger farms probably live somewhere else, so that not the village only but the "great house" also—once the manor house—has gone to decay. In the old days the owner kept up the "great house," because once a year at any rate he must come into residence with his retinue—men-at-arms or babes in arms—to eat up the year's produce; for this produce was large part of his income, and there was no other means of disposing of it in times when other folks either grew for themselves what they required or had not the means to buy. To-day there remains at the best but one form of produce which may be treated in the ancient way, to wit, the game; but even game is growing scarce, and not a few *soi-disant* squires turn their sport to profit by marketing as much as they can hit. So the big house sinks to be a block of tenements, and the few remaining peasants see their squire only when he drops out of Beyond with a number of others as alien as himself

to pick up a few couples of rabbits and a brace or two of birds.

Lavant Caves

About the spot where the northern line of earthworks crossed the Lavant river, East Lavant has gathered, and you may yet trace the remains of at least two similar lines converging upon the same point from the south and from the north-west. So do a number of roads of a far later date, but ancient ones, as their narrow winding course and their names—River-lane, Staple-lane, Pook-lane and Stocks-lane—imply. The Roman road found a crossing a quarter of a mile further down, and zigzagging through the village, escaped to the big Downs and Singleton by what is now Chalk-pit lane. The plan of the village remains pretty much what it must have been centuries ago, and could have grown up only about a ganglion of roads. The Church, too, bespeaks it a community which was of importance in its own day. It has a beautiful Norman west door and an Easter Sepulchre, and under this latter (which is not in its original position) is a Norman coffin-slab of date about 1100. In Chalk-pit lane you are on the Downs once more, and the world begins again to have features of its own; for the purlieus of Chichester, for all their crowded interest, painfully recall those unhappy folk of Mandeville's imagining who had flat faces, and the farther one wanders in that direction the more featureless do things become. A mile or so up the lane you pass the site of the Lavant Caves, where a ruined brick stairway leads down to a ruined doorway, which, in turn, leads to nothing. The caves have fallen in, and it is too late now to learn what was the origin or the use of this maze of galleries and passages which rambled "by estimacioun" over an acre of the underworld. So slight was the depth of chalk which formed their roof that the wonder is it had not collapsed centuries ago, but on the contrary it was sound enough, until some 35 years since, to keep the secret from all human knowledge. The dumb beasts

knew better, for the teams—so one is told—refused obstinately to drag the ploughs over the spot. So it happened that it remained unbroken turf, and in due season a shepherd elected to fold here his flock. He took his bar to make the needful holes for his wattles, and the bar slipped out of ken. The shepherd found a second bar with like result, and therewith awaked to the conviction that there was " summut " here to be inquired into. Moreover there were two good bars to be recovered. So the exploration began—and was never completed. There were found odds and ends of divers kinds—deer-horn picks, a miner's lamp of chalk, bits of Roman metal-work, Roman *tesseræ*, and the leaden seals of fifteenth century wool-packs—but no answer to the questions when and why? The world, true to its principle in dealing with the thing unknown, took it for granted that this was something either immensely old or immensely immoral—talked sapiently of prehistoric flint-mines, or romanced of dear dreadful wool-stealers and smugglers. All that is certain is that someone made a hole here, and that other someones from time to time used it or abused it. That is human nature; most of us spend our lives in getting into holes and trying to get out again.

Bexley Bushes

Follow the faint line of an old earthwork which runs down the slope eastwards into the bottom and on towards the scattered patches of Bexley Bushes, that splash the turf along the edge of the plantation a quarter of a mile away. The bushes—ancient trees and scrub that have wrestled with the winds for centuries, and are now putting up their last fight against the smooth interference of the golfers—partly cover an incomplete enclosure which surrounds a couple of smaller rectangular *enclaves* and the remnants of a third. The plough has swept part of it away, but more than twenty acres of it remain, and it is just as much a problem as are the caves. A British village, a summer camp of the legionaries quartered at Regnum—both

guesses (and they are only guesses) have been advanced, but the thing bears quite as much resemblance to the remains of a Saxon *tun*; such little *débris* as may be picked up on the arables hard by is certainly more English than anything else, and the site is just such as might have been chosen for a *tun*. The very definitely rectangular form of the smaller enclosures with their formidable moats is unlike that of the steads of the Celt, whose normal form of expression was a circle or something like it. On the hilltop a mile away to the north you will see a mighty example thereof in the great hill-fort, which, because of its figure, the Saxons dubbed the Trundle, that is, the Hoop. There are English people who have so far forgotten their language as to call by that name the hill itself, but of right the name belongs to the camp, and that of the hill is St. Roch's.

Saint Roch's Hill

It is a grand hill, 677 feet in height, and commands the finest outlook of any hereabout. Chichester and the whole Hundred of Manhood—the curious name is said to stand for Manwood, the "Main (great) Wood"—lie at your feet, and Chichester Harbour, with all beyond to the Isle of Wight. The trees of Goodwood—Godwin's Wood—crowd up to it on the left, and you might toss a cricket ball into the grand-stand on the Harroway below. On your right is West Dean dropping to the Lavant Valley, with Bow Hill beyond, where sleep the dead kings above the sombre yews of Kingley Vale: and behind is a billowing sea of leafage, the old-time Charlton Forest, enveloping East Dean and breaking against the northward sky-line beyond Levin Down. The great ring of the Trundle crowns the 13-acre summit with a vallum that still rises 20 feet above the fosse without. Within the area are vestiges of the tiny chapel of the French Saint Roch (or Roque) which was built here probably towards the end of Chaucer's century, at a date when piety was greatly given to such hill-top advertisement. The Saint's name

perplexed later generations, who, having essayed to "rationalize" it in divers ways, finally adopted the form Rook's Hill, and rationalizing still further have evolved a mythical Colonel Rook who wrought great deeds hereabout, inconsistently averring however that the Norman grave-slab which you saw in East Lavant Church is the veritable tomb-stone of St. Rook. Any way the natives have imagination enough to make much of the place: it was "built by the Romans in a single night," they will tell you, and should you venture to criticise their story, they will add that here is buried Aaron's Golden Calf. That, at any rate, is an assertion which you can't disprove, and beside it other dim and distorted legends of the Clubmen of 1645, the Conscientious Objectors of their day, lack lustre.

The chapel was a ruin as early as 1570, and when Stukeley came here in 1723 he did not know whether he was looking at "the foundation of a chapel or beacon or perhaps both"; and he made a drawing—*Itinerarium Curiosum I.*, Plate 43—in which it looks like neither. Thereafter someone built a windmill beside it, which went the common way of such inflammable structures. Then, or before then, there was reared a gibbet for the benefit of some poor wretch who had outraged the King's justice on the road below. Lastly, other of H.M's. officials set here a trigonometrical station for the first Ordnance Survey. You will scarce find a trace or token of any of these fugitive things, but the spade-work of the men unknown who wrought the Trundle makes equal scorn of chapels and gibbets, of trigonometry, and of mills.

A mile and a half farther along the Roman road—Town-lane—brings one to Singleton, a paintable village, nestling about the point where a big east-to-west valley runs into the Lavant Trough, just half-way between Chichester and Midhurst. It is supposed to be the vast *Domesday* manor of Silletone. One of the largest in Sussex, for it contained something

Singleton

like 11,700 acres, it meetly belonged to the biggest man in the county, the great Earl Godwin. The Lavant in those days turned a couple of mills in Singleton, and there was also a church with an endowment of 360 acres. The church is still there, notable to most people only because of its long-winded inscription to a sometime huntsman (1774) of the Dukes of Richmond; but more intelligent folk can find interest in its reputed Saxon tower, its rood-stair, its quaint old timber gallery, and the spacious gloom of it all. The new road along the valley back to Chichester is uninteresting save that it takes you past the church of West Dean, where, amongst other monuments, is a rare wooden portrait-figure of one of the Lewknors. The better plan is to take the oddly straight and unfinished-looking road to Chilgrove, and thence double back along the hills by Kingley Vale to West Stoke, and so home. Best of all, turn eastward from Singleton, and follow the by-road through Charlton to East Dean, whence a choice of roads will bring you through Earl Godwin's forestlands to Halnaker or to Waterbeach, and so to Chichester again.

Duncton Down

Charlton has a house which was once a hunting-box of his misguided Grace the Duke of Monmouth, and thereafter in the "wild unhallowed times" of the eighteenth century the scene of various episodes which were doubtless less suitable for the public eye than for the perplexed paths "of this drear wood," whose "nodding horror" in those days extended east, north and west for miles. The hollows have been largely cleared since those remote days, but it is yet amply easy to lose oneself in the four miles of dense woodland which stretch along the Downs' main flank from Duncton Beacon (837 feet) to the Lavant Valley. One can as easily find oneself again by keeping always uphill, for this must bring one at last to the great Greenway that follows the brow of the northern escarpment and overlooks such gems as Heyshott and Graffham and

Lavington, tucked each into its own combe under a hillside draped with the green and gold of many beech trees. In this lost land you are alone with the back numbers of time. You would feel it all in the fitness of things if the flint arrow of an early Briton stung you in the calf, or out of the greenwood came the great earl himself lumbering after a flying roe. Had you cared to wander yet further into the waste places of Burton Park—thus far you must needs come, if only to visit the elf-church in the park, wherein Dame Elizabeth Goring still flaunts the blazoned costume (cullen-plate) she wore in 1558—and so to Fittleworth, you had looked for encounters quite as odd with exotic fowls and beasts that erst roamed at large the bracken and the briars of Coates Castle; yet so altogether a back number is this delightful land, so utterly apart from the matter-of-fact limitations of everyday geography, that it was merely with a sense of fitness that one came face to face with a cassowary—not the sophisticated literary sort that eats hymn-books—or a kangaroo.

East Lavant is two miles from Chichester Cross, and from East Lavant to Singleton by the Roman road is three miles more. There are railway stations at both places. From Singleton to Chilgrove is three miles and a half, and thence back to Chichester by way of Bow Hill and West Stoke is another seven miles. From Singleton by Charlton to East Dean and thence back to Chichester is eight miles. Duncton Beacon is four miles beyond East Dean, three miles from Petworth station, and a little more from Fittleworth by way of Burton Park. The round from Chichester by East Lavant to the Trundle, and thence back through Goodwood Park, is about ten miles.

23. SELSEY

AT Selsey—Seal's Point—began the conversion of Sussex, when in 680 Wilfrid found through their stomachs a way to the souls of a people who were still so savage that, so Bede gravely avers, until he taught them, they did not even know how to catch the fish that swarmed about Seal's Point. Wilfrid was an obstinate man, who deserved his ultimate success: he had tried before, but failed, and perhaps the interval had taught him that carnal accomplishments may prove the means to spiritual triumphs. Anyhow, he was neither the first nor the last of "fishers of men" who have begun their careers as fishers of other game.

Selsey then was more of a "bill" than now it is, and Wilfrid built his "cathedral" upon a spot which has long since gone under the sea. To this day the map marks "The Park," where now is only water, three miles east of the point, and the tide washes up coins and other relics from the drowned "city." The eight long miles betwixt here and Chichester have never a feature, unless it be Pagham's Harbour running up to Sidlesham Mill, where the sea has once again swallowed up the lands that had for a few years been reclaimed from the wildfowl. The very names of this area, such as Wittering and Bracklesham, have a watery sound, but the conscientious pilgrim will struggle somehow as far as Keynor—Cymen's Ore (shore)—where in Bracklesham Bay landed the first of his South Saxon forbears in 477—and as far as West Wittering to peep at the two great Ernley tombs in its church. Half a dozen vague and muddy lanes straggle

across the flats westward to the edge of the vague and muddy inlets which collectively make up Chichester Harbour, ending usually at forlorn inns, where the pessimist may sit down to wait for the Judgment, and even the optimist can hope for nothing better than some Charon to ferry him across the Stygian stream that separates him from Bosham. Bosham, too, sounds wet, but as an intelligent being you must visit it. You might go direct from Chichester by the Portsmouth road, but that route lacks the element of adventure; it will take you an hour only, and teach you little. But going by way of Manhood, you may consume an entire day, and fix upon your memory for all time the importance of Bosham and the whereabouts thereof.

The Tale of Bosham

At the present time to Bosham's few inhabitants—Hare says they are "remarkably handsome," unkindly adding that this is no common merit in Sussex—the year is a long Lent of dabs and oysters, relieved by a short carnival, what time summer brings hither a number of visitors, who had oddly fancied the place to be a seaside resort. That it never was, nor ever will be, though painters should continue to paint it for ever. It is a place after the very heart of George Crabbe, and might have been the authentic original of "The Borough." Yet Bosa's Ham was for long centuries the most important place in the county, and only Pevensey at the one end and Chichester at the other can substantiate a claim to priority. It figures among the five names for which the cartographer of the *Saxon Chronicle* found room upon his map of Sussex. A vast manor of many thousands of acres, once the exclusive property of the Archbishop of Canterbury, it attracted the cupidity of Earl Godwin, who, of course, had his way and got his wish, as great men will. He "did" the lawful owner and Holy Church most barefacedly. *Da mihi basium*, "Give me a kiss," quoth he to the Archbishop. The Archbishop gave it, and there-

upon Godwin, taking his retinue to witness how sweetly his Grace had acceded to the Earl's plea of *Da mihi Boseham*, "Give me Bosham," seized the manor and kept it. The story is an old one, and possibly a silly one, but the fact remains that Godwin got what Canterbury lost.

The manor descended to Harold, heir to the Earl's lands and to the Confessor's crown. He had some sort of house here, a timber-built affair of two floors; the Bayeux Tapestry figures it with Harold and his companions, armed with drinking horns of most portentous size, quaffing each to the other a God-speed ere they sailed (1056) on the luckless voyage which was to cost Harold his heritage and his life. They make revel on the upper floor, which is reached by an outside stairway, the lower floor probably serving as larder and cellarage. The remnant of a moat, just north of the church, has been supposed to mark the site of Harold's "palace." There is no proof either way.

The Bosham Head

But Bosham's history goes back at least another 400 years to the days when (*circa* 660) a well-meaning Irishman named Dicul, with five or six others, landed here and tried vainly to convert the natives. His effort must have chimed with Wilfrid's first essay, and the South Saxons had as little use for the Scotic as for the Roman apostle. Possibly the present "grey church" stands on the site of the little mud-walled ringwork which Dicul would call his monastery. The fabric embodies Roman materials, of which there would be plenty to hand when it was built; for the muddy soil of all this uttermost corner of Sussex still shows the Roman's footprints on every hand. In Fishbourne was a Roman *circus*, which retained so late as the last century some of its tiers of seats; and this means that there was also a Roman town. The memory of it is probably kept in the name of Walton hard by. In the meadows to the south-east of Bosham one may see very evident traces of centuriation, and from hereabouts came

the celebrated Bosham Head. Various antiquaries have (each to the entire satisfaction of himself and the yet greater contempt of all the rest) successfully identified this colossal stone mask as representing :—1. Jupiter, who had a temple here ; 2, Vespasian, who had a palace here ; 3–26, four and twenty others of the successive Roman Emperors onward to Honorius (who never came here) ; 27, Cissa, who nearly came here ; 28, Woden (see under *Jupiter*) ; 29, St. Christopher (see under *Woden*) ; 30, Sir Bevis of Hampton (see below) ; 31, Bosh, the founder of Bosham, and a very popular antiquary. This very composite portrait now provides a convenient lodgement for saxifrages and snails in the garden of the palace at Chichester.

The church was at the Conquest one of the richest in the kingdom, owning land to the extent of no less then 112 hides, or more than 13,000 acres. It is represented in the Bayeux Tapestry, though not in such sort that one could recognize it without the appended label *ecclesia*. It has a wealth of early masonry—a Saxon tower with a triangular-headed window in the east wall, circular Norman lights to the nave, long-and-short work, and a famous chancel arch. Part of the floor of the south aisle is lifted above the level of the rest to give head-room for an Early English crypt, and of course there are two or three of the tombs which in the first instance hallowed "God's Acre," and still hallow "God's House." That amongst them which has most appeal makes also the least display ; it lies beneath the floor just to the right of the chancel arch, marked only by the figure of a bird. Men say it is the grave of an eight-year-old daughter of King Canute, for token whereof was put above it the Danish symbol of the Raven Banner. Men say further that Bosham was the veritable scene of the famous bit of acting between Canute and the incoming tide ; and if so, his courtiers were probably too much concerned about

"Play Up, Play Up, O Bosham Bells"

their boots to give much heed to His Majesty's moral. Also men say that one of Bosham's bells, the tenor, lies out yonder in the muddy deeps of Bell Hole; godless pirates essaying to carry it off, it fell overboard, and they had perforce to leave it there; but when the rest of the peal is chiming, the tenor bell keeps time and tune. You may hear it if you stand in the right place and the wind be in the right quarter. The tale is by no means so silly as it sounds, for it seems there is an echo to give it countenance—so men say. And in Bosham's church until a short century ago they kept the veritable staff of Sir Bevis of Hampton—or St. Christopher, for there was a doubt about the matter—as to-day they keep the wooden pitch-pipe wherewith the parish-clerk was wont to start *Lord Mornington* and the *Old Hundredth.* Turn we again to the great hills that bring peace unto the people.

The Gate of The Lost Lands

Narrow lanes lead by way of Oakwood Park to West Stoke three miles off, and thence into the silence of Kingley Vale. Mistaken people come here to picnic, but it is an "unco" place for such a purpose; there is a grave-yardy suggestion about the spot and its thronging yew trees which dulls the edge of appetite. One need not be neurotic to feel the uncanniness of it. Yet you have no fear of ghosts here; rather you would be relieved to meet even a ghost. For it is the sense of utter lonesomeness makes it so uncanny. It is the gateway to the Lost Lands. When it befell, or why, is not told, but humanity fled from this region long ago, and you shall pass hardly a cottage in all the seven miles of Down that lie between West Stoke and the Weald. One would think that Cissa had set here his "Mark," that limbo of waste land wherewith your Saxon chief was wont to belt him about. Even in *Domesday's* time it was hardly less desolate than now it is: the Survey names hereabouts only Binderton (Bertredetone), and Binderton to-day is little beyond a name. If it is strange that humanity fled

from the Lost Lands, it is stranger that it comes not back.

But humanity was thick enough here in an earlier day —the humanity which tunnelled for flint in the chalk of Stoke Down, and drew the long lines of "covered ways" across Bow Hill, and built the camp upon the ridge, and piled up the great barrows on the brow, where (so the tale goes) lie certain kings that fell in battle hereabout in 900. These "kings," one fears, were created simply to explain the name of Kingley Vale, but if one may judge the measure of the dead by that of their tombs—and that is the common rule—then these were mighty kings, and they still sleep in the seats of the mighty, overlooking half a world and all the sea beyond it.

The road, a greenway now, goes steadily on, and just where it begins to climb to the height of the hill (600 feet) a jumble of small and shallow circular pits in the turf marks the site of the "British Village." You must take it for granted to-day, but when Hayley Mason made a picture of them in 1839 the pits were really such, and there were recognizable in two cases at least the gangways which had served, he thought, as ladders for ingress and egress. All that is now discoverable to attest their age and purpose is the flint flakes which litter them, with here and there a finished implement. They are probably the mine-shafts sunk by the folk whose habitations were on the hill above. The greenway blunders on and up to the top, recovers itself, and slogs northward along the eastern edge of the great ridge. It crosses over a fine, but short, covered-way, and in another 50 yards you pass Bow Hill Camp. A diminutive enclosure of a plan intended to be rectangular, it covers what little space the narrow ridge affords, not more than an acre, leaving just room for the road to pass along its eastern face, where is the solitary gateway. There is nothing impressive about it except its outlook, which is splendid. The pottery which the moles heave up hereabouts declares

the ground to have been occupied in Roman-British times, but when the camp was first built is quite another matter. It looks as if its builders had seen and copied Roman work. Its south-western angle abuts upon a great fosse and vallum, presumably a pre-Roman road, which slants down the further side of the ridge towards Stoughton. A little further on a roughly made terrace-way descends the eastward slope, and if the light is right, you may trace its further course as a hollow way making towards the Trundle three miles off; and should you care to follow it to the hill's foot you will find yourself standing upon the site of another forgotten town. Visible signs of it there are none, save for the ubiquitous pottery, the road, a ruined barrow, and beside it a queer circular depression opening from the road on the left. These are the sufficient proof of what was; for this depression is yet another *circus*, the town hall of a community which has long since "gone under" in the literal sense of that phrase. The first Binderton? Quite possibly, for just as homesteads have a most stubborn continuity, so have the aggregates of homesteads which we call villages and towns. Binderton once belonged (1217) to Bishop Richard Poor's pet anchoresses at Tarrant Crawford in Dorset, for whose spiritual benefit he wrote that humorously pious work, the *Ancren Riwle*, warning them, amongst other matters, of the perils that attend upon "cackling."

Windmills and Other Mills

Rather remarkable in this part of Sussex is the scarcity of traces of such windmills as once studded all the hills farther east. There was a mill within the Trundle, the ruin of another you saw on Halnaker Hill, and old pictures show that once there stood a third on Stoke Down; but one may walk long miles on the open Downs to the north without finding those peculiar wheeled-cross earthworks, once the steads of "post-mills," which have proved such magnificent booby-traps for the unwary. The fact seems to be further confirmation of the view

that the population of this area has been a scanty one throughout historical times. What there was of it was centred in the lowlands to the south, where there were streams to turn water-mills. Bosham alone had eleven water-mills, and Lower observed that old records show that the water-mills of West Sussex far outnumbered those of East Sussex. Now, as windmills were introduced only in the twelfth century, one has a curious hint as to the distribution of the population some eight centuries ago.

Black Bush House might have been put where it is, forlorn on the hill-top at half a mile from Bow Hill Camp, as a clue to the whereabouts of Goosehill Camp. You would hardly find the camp without such a clue, hidden as it is on the falling face of the hill 100 yards to the east, and assuredly you would never have looked for it in a position so defenceless. It is odd also in its plan, an oval *enceinte* of three and a half acres enclosing another of about half an acre. Each has its own fosse and vallum, and the entrance to the larger faces plainly to the green-way. This plan is not a common one, but Sussex seems to have had at least two other examples of it, the one at White Hawk Hill by Brighton Racecourse, the other on Combe Hill in Willingdon. Goosehill, however, is peculiar in that its inner ring surrounds a number of big pits, much too large for the sites of huts, which cover most of its area. There is a nice problem here for those who care: were they flint mines? and if so, was the camp built to safeguard them? And to what age—or ages—do both belong? He will deserve well, not of Sussex alone, but of the world, who shall answer only these three riddles of the Lost Lands.

Harting Beacon

At Chilgrove you descend for a little while to comparative modernity in the guise of a smithy and an inn, then turning west follow the made road to the top of the valley. The main road goes on half a mile further to East Marden, whence you may swing to the right to North Marden and so up to Beacon Hill and the roof of things; but it were more

in keeping with the rest of the day's experiences to ignore the Mardens' pulsating liveliness and make straight for the Beacon by Hooksway-lane and the western edge of Phyllis Wood. You cannot go wrong amongst this wilderness of scrub if you make for the highest ground in sight; for this Beacon is what a beacon ought to be. Only a century ago it carried one of the official semaphores that beckoned betwixt London and Portsmouth, which not unromantic fact explains the banal name of Telegraph House, a stone's throw to the south. So this forlorn corner of earth was a busy spot in the jeopardous years when the bogey of Napoleonic invasion scared the sleep from men's pillows. Poised here between earth and heaven in a rocking look-out, the telegraph-lad of that quaint age lived the year through, his eye screwed to one or other of the twin telescopes kept permanently trained on the next stations, while above him creaked and groaned the arms of the signal-mast, like colossal railway signals. Barbarous, was it not? And hopelessly inefficient? One of his day's inevitable duties was to signal the fall of the Greenwich time-ball; Greenwich passed it to Whitehall, Whitehall to Portsmouth, and Portsmouth signalled acknowledgement to Whitehall; and the official time required for the double journey was under 45 seconds! No marvel that Shakespeare's Puck retired from business. The measure of the Beacon's all but 800 feet dwarfs all its neighbour hills, though they rise high enough to block great part of the southward and westward view towards Up Park. Northward the world is at your feet once more, and you are conscious that it is another world than that of your previous experience. The geology is changing, and with it the features of the landscape. Sussex begins to wear thin, Hampshire to bulk big. You look down into it indeed, three miles away beyond the copper-clad spire of Harting's church.

The lines of a vast four-sided 40-acre camp girdle the hill-top. They are nowhere impressive, and on the

northern side, where the ground falls abruptly towards Elsted and the Weald, they have vanished altogether.

"Where the County Ends"

Implements of bronze and coins of the Saxon time suggest that this too was once a *munitipium* of the hills, and a mile away to the south-east lies the famous group of mighty barrows called the Devil's Jumps, perhaps related to the camp. Down Pen Hill to the east for upwards of half a mile runs a very definite trench that was possibly the roadway by which supplies reached the telegraph-men, though it may be older; and by a gap in the western defences goes your path. Nothing remarkable at first, it gathers character as it descends, and on Round Down, not half a mile away, it is unmistakably Roman, hard and wide, fossed and cambered. It overlies the faint trail of a covered-way climbing up from below, and dropping down the flank of the hill in a terrace-way, aims direct at Harting, 400 feet below the Beacon, and so passed through the *col* dividing Hemner and Tarberry Hills. Utterly effaced in the lowlands, there is no question of its course and its authenticity, for the Roman thoughtfully forestalled dispute by dropping along the line of it quite a quantity of small change. There are vague and dubious traces of human occupation on both Tarberry and Hemner, and the belief that the former hides something of value is expressed in the local rhyme bidding you "plough it with a share of gold." One meets the like saying in other places, and usually where you may read plain upon the surface the pictograph *Troia fuit.*

At Harting you bid adieu to the past and come back to the present with something of a bump. The pretty village is not exactly modish, but it has the air of wishing that it were so. It is well kept and trim, a well-educated village, which forgets not that here Cardinal Pole was rector, and hither frequently came Alexander Pope to visit his friend Caryll. Its church, in the joint ownership of St. Mary and St. Gabriel, is a spacious piece of work with

half a dozen monuments of note, and a fine Elizabethan timber roof; but when one has been roaming for the best part of a day in spaces behind all date, such things seem thin and have scarce past enough to be called respectable. Is not Harting "the end where the county ceases, and where you come to shapeless things"?

Selsey Station is seven miles from Chichester, the beach a mile further. Bosham is four miles from Chichester by the Portsmouth road, and three times as far by the ferry at West Itchenor; it is four miles from Bow Hill, seven from Chilgrove, ten from Beacon Hill, and thirteen from Harting. From Chichester to Chilgrove by the direct road is seven miles. The railway station for Harting is two miles away (Rogate, for Midhurst). That of Petersfield is twice as far.

24. MIDHURST

NO, Midhurst is not really of the Downland. It is not in a sense any part whatever of Sussex; by the ruling of the map it may be so, but geographically, and therefore in all the visibilities, it is a bit of Hampshire gone astray—small blame to it! You have passed from the chalk to the sand—no common sand either, but sand that is "white as snow and red as blood"—and, therefore, to gorse and heather and pine. In the early spring—and spring comes long before the swallows dare to this sheltered corner of the Vale of Rother—when the gorse is afire in its first glory, the sandy common, white as snow and red as blood, that rolls westward from the little town, has the colour of some more than usually daring piece of Oriental embroidery, and a far-away scent of the

> Cassia, sandal-buds and stripes
> Of labdanum, and aloe-balls

of an Eastern bazaar. No, Midhurst is not of the Downs, but it may not be missed.

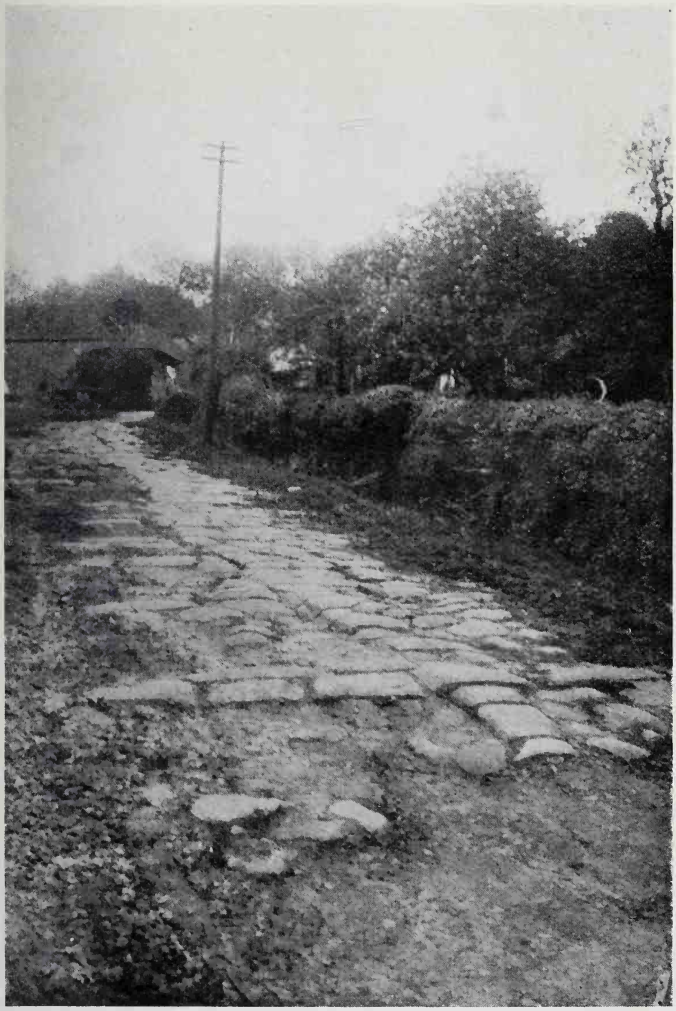
The Romans knew of it, and it is odds that there was a Roman villa somewhere hereabout; indeed there is a story that scraps of tessellated flooring have been found on the Castle Hill, but there is as yet no warrant for the assertion that the place has inherited the site and the name of a supposed town of Mida. But the High-street is indisputably on the line of the Roman road which came in from Chichester and Singleton by Cocking

"The Old Roman Road" at Henley

Causeway and went out by Easebourne toward Fernhurst and Hazlemere. It has been so much and so often reconditioned that only here and there, to right or left of the present line, can you find bits; but at the top of the northward hills (500 feet), where the modern road loops sharply to the left to get down the further slope, the old road—and the telegraph wire—swings as sharply to the right, and passing through the hamlet of Henley, stuck like a swallow's nest on the hill's face, drops 300 feet in less than a mile. The natives call it "the old Roman road," and patches of it are paved with blocks of squared stone. There was vastly more of the pavement ere the authorities interfered to forbid the practice of "cracking up" another piece of it whenever there was a garden-path to be re-metalled or a pig-sty to be built. At the elbow where the road "takes off" for the descent into the valley, the paving has an over-all width of 48 feet, and one of the blocks measures 51 by 20 inches, though most of them are much smaller. If it be impossible to prove that it is a genuine Roman work, it is equally impossible to prove that it is not, and the construction of the road itself is otherwise wholly Roman in character. A turfed terrace, like those of the chalk hills, was out of the question here, while there was plenty of good stone at hand. From quarries hereabout came much of that which went to the building of Arundel Castle.

The sign of the inn at Henley, the Duke of Cumberland, gives a hint of the date when the "Old Roman Road" was still the only road, and the coaches had no choice but to use it. But the paving does not look as if it was laid down in that era. It was there earlier, and the wheels of vehicles heavier and bigger than anything the Roman used, have scored deep into its surface.

The Romans certainly did not lay out any other part of Midhurst, whose streets ramble and twist upon on



"THE OLD ROMAN ROAD," HENLEY

explicable plan, and bear names as odd as their behaviour —Duck-street and Wool-street, Rumbold's Hill and Knockhundred-row, and (best of the bunch) June-lane. You may explore them all in a short hour and they are not so numerous that you need fear to get lost. Only the High-street pretends to the spacious straightness that is expected of an up-to-date thoroughfare, and even so it gets into such difficulties at last that more than one ancient piece of building has had to be swept away of late. The modern traveller in his car is always in such haste to leave ; those of other days, having got thus far, were fain to stay awhile. And Midhurst has an air of hospitality which invites one to linger. This is not expressed merely in the number of its hostels—when Midhurst mustered but 2,000 inhabitants it boasted ten hotels and but a single farm—but meets you in unexpected forms. Where else shall you find the six-inch Ordnance Map of the district framed for your edification on a street wall, and a standing invitation to all and sundry to enter and explore the vicar's garden ? Where else shall you find cutter-built moorhens and barge-like coots going about their business in the great waters of the village pond, cats sunning themselves in the middle of the road, as unconcernedly as if the *genus* boy had no existence ? The " prospect of life " both of cats and coots has mightily increased since the writer was young, but nowhere more mightily than in Midhurst. And there is a hostel by the southern gateway of the town which alone is worth the journey so far, a vast rest-house, timber-framed and many-gabled, that could have sheltered without an effort Chaucer and all his nine-and-twenty fellow pilgrims. It claims to have been old when Chaucer was born, and it bears a sign of King Stephen's time.

The Friendly Town

At this end of the town is the church, the one other essential of an ancient community, and here, too, was built the town hall, when the church no longer did duty

therefor. The town hall, too small for modern needs, serves to-day as a fire-station, and houses also under an outside stairway the pillory, or rather a modern replica thereof. The church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene and the favourite Norman Saint Denis, has no particular architectural merit, but it has a most unusual number of doors, and they are always open. Its best feature is the great tower, but "restoration" has sadly spoilt the interior, which used to boast one of the most splendid tombs in Sussex, "restored" away in 1851 to Easebourne. A quaint painted notice-board (*circa* 1800) admonishes the flock not to come into church with pattens on their feet; and a pair of those useful but forgotten articles is appended thereto. Goloshes are certainly less noisy, and less liable to come off, but they do not wear so well.

The Old Castle

A hundred yards away, overhanging the fussy little Rother, is the mound on which stood the sometime castle of the great Montgomeri and thereafter of the Bohuns. What remains of the footings of its walls has been carefully uncovered and preserved, so that you may see the plan at a glance, and understand why the lord, at the first opportunity, moved his residence to a more spacious site in the green meadows across the river, and there built the first House of Cowdray, which is Norman-French for a "hazel-wood." On the deserted mound was once a chapel of St. Anne, whence its odd modern name of Tan Hill. The old castle has little or no history, and Midhurst is not even named in *Domesday*; cleverly placed in a position of great strength between the Rother and an affluent thereof, it commanded both the former and the bridge which carried the great road across the latter. By this alone you would know that the road is venerably old. Hereabouts were Midhurst's quays in the days, a century ago, when the Rother was a busy river, and the barges came thus far from the Arun and further; and just beyond is the wood where are the Close Walks gloomed by amazing avenues of yew. Has

England any yews to match them? Smothered by tall-growing forest trees they have struggled up a-tiptoe to the sunlight, and stand now in fantastic rows of straight rust-red shafts incredible of height, each with a shag of black foliage at its summit. In Queen Elizabeth's time they were yews of normal sort, trim and well kept, if it be true that she dined here; so this astounding growth represents a matter of some three centuries.

Cowdray Then and Now

The splendid ruins of Cowdray House, possibly the finest thing of their kind in Sussex, embody not merely all the architectural dignity of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" but also the belated fulfilment of a curse. One Sir Anthony Browne, a crony of Henry VIII, was so unlucky as to become grantee of Duke William's great Abbey of Battle; for which a monk thereof prayed that "by fire and by water he and his might perish out of the land." Sir Anthony left a son of the same name, who inherited from a cousin the house and lands of Cowdray: a staunch Roman Catholic, Queen Mary made him Viscount Montague, but he was clever enough also to be a prime favourite with Queen Bess, who paid him a week's visit in the palace he had completed, shot his deer, drank his beer, and immensely enjoyed herself after her virile fashion. From father to son the place and the title descended to the eighth viscount, ere the monk's curse at length came home to roost. An accidental fire gutted the great house (1793), and before he could learn the news the owner, a lad of 22, was drowned in shooting the falls at Schaffhausen. The estate went to his only sister, the Hon. Elizabeth Poyntz, who in turn saw both her sons drown at Bognor in 1815. So ended the line of Sir Anthony Browne.

The great mansion—castle it never was—embraced a square of some 160 feet to the side, facing west towards the pleasant little town beyond the river. The tall towered gateway gave access to a great quadrangle, at whose eastern end was the house, long galleries closing it in on

north and south. You may still recognise the chapel, the great hall and the kitchens, and there survives also a small and dainty porch with vaulting of fan-tracery. All was built of soundest red brick with facings of grey stone, and where the facing has perished the solid core glows in the sunset as if it were still hot with the flames that left it roofless. It is probably the best-kept ruin in the Kingdom; you might eat your lunch off the clean-swept floor of it, but for a sense of desecration. These vast Tudor windows, despoiled of their painted glass and gazing always into the sunset, have the look of blind eyes seeking for the great presences that have long since "gone west."

The odd octagonal building a hundred yards or so to the north was connected with the water supply. One may ramble this way across the park to the church of Easebourne—Essbourne you should call it—where, high above the sleeping figures of his two wives—the second of them was "Magdalen, daughter of William Lord Dacre, Kt., Lord of Dacre, Graystock and Gylsland, and Lord Warden of the West Marches of England for anempste Scoteland"—kneels in alabaster robes and ruff Cowdray's master-builder, Sir Anthony Browne "first Viscount Mountague," half-a-dozen little marble sons and daughters kneeling in attendance below amongst coats of arms galore. He died in 1592, a year after entertaining his Queen so royally. It is the great memorial of a great man, but under a crocketed arch in the church's northern wall is a lesser monument which more effectually haunts one's memory, the nameless figure of a young knight, armoured but bare-headed, a mere boy, his hair falling about his shoulders in the Florentine fashion of Edward IV.'s time. Here, too, are statues of Elizabeth Poyntz and her husband; the former is Chantrey's work and very beautiful, the latter is neither. One of the Bohuns founded a priory of nuns here about 1230, part of whose fabric is embodied in the buildings to the south of the church.

Easebourne

The road takes you back into Midhurst past the picturesque mill and past the Grammar School, whither came to acquire the rudiments the Apostle of Free Trade and Mr. H. G. Wells; but at the time of writing it were yet possible for the unsuspecting stranger to come and go without knowing either fact. The atmosphere of Midhurst might seem to be of a quality to stimulate the brain, as it is said also to be singularly conducive to longevity. Richard Cobden was born a nobody in Heyshott, 2½ miles to the south, and came back famous to buy his father's sometime farm and rebuild his old roof-tree at Dunford House. He is buried at West Lavington, beside the church which Archdeacon Manning built (1850) just before he 'verted. Similar biographical particulars of the author of "The Time Machine" may be looked for in the umpteenth edition of these notes.

Makers of History

Upon Midhurst as centre depends a whole surrounding world of beauty, nor does it matter much in which direction you wander, for all alike are good. Even the great Dr. Johnson owned—and that, mark you, was before the time of Cobden and of Wells—that he could have found enough here to amuse him for four and twenty hours, which admission may give comfort to men of smaller brain who find a week all too short. In no case must you miss Chithurst and the brasses at Trotton. The two places lie side by side some three miles to the west, beyond the gorse and heather of Fitzhall Common on the road to Petersfield.

Trotton's church is a long, lean fabric with one unbroken roofline and the typical Sussex broach spire crowning its western tower. You might easily think it less attractive than the splendid old stone bridge from which you first sight it, and you would never guess what treasures are contained within it. Inside also it is long and lean, but on the floor of its nave lies one of the earliest of

"Sweet Kate" of Trotton

English brasses to the memory of a woman, Margaret de Camoys, of date about 1300. The seventeen scutcheons which once gemmed it with colour have all been torn away, but the elaborate canopy is still intact. Camoys Court was the great house of the manor, which came to its zenith a century later when Sir Thomas de Camoys built—or rebuilt—the church. He and his wife Elizabeth (1419) sleep in brass under superb canopies of French workmanship upon a mighty altar tomb set as close as may be to the sanctuary's rails. Sir Thomas commanded part of the line on that famous feast of "Saint Crispin Crispian," whereon Henry V.'s weak columns of stout Englishmen routed once again at Agincourt the hereditary enemy of their race. His wife has found a yet greater monument in the pages of Shakespeare, for she was no other than that "sweet Kate" whose feminine curiosity Harry Hotspur so teased and left unsatisfied. Within the sanctuary, on right and left of the altar table, are two more tombs of the same type and there is yet another in the south wall of the nave. All probably belong to the same illustrious line. The curious circular frescoed panels which cover the west wall of the church are very unusual.

The Significance of Chithurst

Of Chithurst, a mile away, remains little but the church which was there in *Domesday* time, a tiny artless building, which was yet more so before the little western bell-cote was added a few years back. It has the familiar "Saxon" chancel-arch, narrow and unduly tall, and its chancel and western porch are probably the smallest in the county. But the oddity of the place is not so much the church as the churchyard in which it stands, a veritable barrow if ever there was one, circular and mounded many feet above the natural surface, the top of it little roomier than the building which crowns it. Round three quarters of it runs the ruinated stone revetment which turned barrow into churchyard, and on the north, where has been added a new annexe, the barrow's six-foot slope rises so

steeply that one has to climb it by a duck-ladder. How came this mound here? William Cobbett once found himself worrying over a similar problem, albeit with greatly less reason, at Rogate a few miles further to the west, and concluded that it was the result of the burials of so many centuries, and even so he had to assume that the population of that village had at one period been far more numerous than in his day. But such a mound as that of Chithurst cannot be thus explained; it was there before the church was built, as you may readily see for yourself, and had it been due to burials only, then must the entire population of Chithurst have been buried many times over to build it up so high. It is transparently plain that this little House of God is reared upon a barrow and nothing else, and the question for solution is, how came Christianity to set its place of prayer upon so 'pagan' a site? Well, Saint Guthlac did the like when he founded his famous church of Crowland in 699, and that too with the fullest knowledge of what he was doing. In fact there is evidence in abundance to show that the early Christians of these islands buried their dead exactly as did their pagan forbears, in barrows, on which presently they proceeded to build their churches. Such barrows were not always raised so high as was this of Chithurst, and if they were, the constant rebuilding and enlarging of the churches inevitably spread and levelled the barrows beneath them; but in places like remote Chithurst, where a tiny population was never rich enough or ambitious enough to indulge in much rebuilding and enlargement, the mound usually remains and not seldom it is to this day a circular mound. But a circular place of burial is a barrow. Therefore, it seems, some old Christian graveyards were barrows, and not all barrows are necessarily pagan. Formidable truths to come from this forgotten corner beside the Rother at Chithurst? But is it not always in forgotten corners that one comes upon the precious things lost long ago?

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